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THE BOOKMAN

STEPHEN CRANE

A Note Without Dates

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

MY acquaintance with Crane was brought about by S. S. Pawling, partner in the publishing firm of William Heinemann.

One day when I was in town Mr. Pawling said to me: "Stephen Crane has arrived in England. I asked him if there was anybody he wanted to meet and he mentioned two names. One of them was yours." I had then just been reading, like the rest of the world, Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage". The subject of that story was war, from the point of view of an individual soldier's emotions. That individual (he remains nameless throughout) was interesting enough in himself, but on turning over the pages of that little book which had for the moment secured such a noisy recognition, I had been even more interested in the personality of the writer. The picture of a simple and untried youth becoming through the needs of his country part of a great fighting machine, was presented with an earnestness of purpose, a sense of tragic issues, and an imaginative force of expression which struck me as quite uncommon and altogether worthy of admiration.

Apparently Stephen Crane had received a favorable impression from reading "The Nigger of the Narcissus", a book of mine which had also been published lately. I was truly pleased to hear this.

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On my next visit to town we met at a lunch. I saw a young man of medium stature and slender build, with very steady, penetrating blue eyes, the eyes of a man who not only sees visions but can brood over them to some purpose.

He had indeed a wonderful power of vision which he applied to the things of this earth and of our mortal humanity with a penetrating force that seemed to reach within life's appearance, and form the very spirit of their truth. His ignorance of the world at large—he had seen very little of it—did not seem to stand in the way of his imaginative grasp of facts, events, and picturesque men.

His manner was very quiet, his personality at first sight interesting, and he talked slowly with an intonation which on some people, mainly Americans, had, I believe, a jarring effect. But not on me. Whatever he said had

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a personal note, and he expressed himself with a graphic simplicity which was extremely engaging. He knew little of literature, either of his own country or of any other, but he was himself a wonderful artist in words whenever he took a pen into his hand. Then his gift came out—and it was seen to be much more than mere felicity of language. His impressionism of phrase went really deeper than the surface. In his writing he was very sure of his effects. I don't think he was ever in doubt about what he could do. Yet it often seemed to me that he was but half aware of the exceptional quality of his achievement.

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This achievement was curtailed by his early death. It was a great loss to his friends but perhaps not so much to literature; for I think that he had given his measure fully in the few books he had the time to write. Let me not be misunderstood. The loss was great but it was the loss of the delight his art could give, not the loss of any further possible revelation. As to himself, who can say how much he gained or lost by quitting so early this world of the living, the images of which he knew how to set before us in terms of his own artistic vision! Perhaps he did not lose a great deal. A little gratified vanity, a little interested flattery, but I fear nothing much more substantial. The recognition he was accorded was rather languid and given him grudgingly. The worthiest welcome he secured for his tales, in this country, was from W. H. Henley in "The New Review" and later, toward the end of his life, from the late William Blackwood in his magazine. For the rest I must say that during his sojourn in England he had the misfortune to be, as the French say, *mal entouré*. He was beset by people who understood not the quality of his genius, and were antagonistic to the deeper fineness of his nature. Some of them have died since; but dead or alive they are not worth speaking about now. I don't think he had any illusions about them himself; yet there was a strain of good-nature and perhaps of weakness in his character which prevented him from shaking himself free from their worthless and patronizing attentions which in those days caused me much secret irritation whenever I stayed with him in either of his English homes. My wife and I like best to remember him riding to meet us at the gate of the Park at Brede. Born master of his sincere impressions, he was also born horseman. He never appeared so happy or so much to advantage as on the back of a horse. He was cherishing the project of teaching my eldest boy to ride and meantime, when the child was about two years old, presented him with his first dog.

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I saw Stephen Crane a few days after his first arrival in London. I saw him for the last time on his last day in England. It was in Dover, in a big hotel, in a bedroom with a large window looking onto the sea. He had been very ill and Mrs. Crane was taking him to some place in Germany; but one glance at that wasted face was enough to tell me that it was the most forlorn of all hopes. The last words he breathed out to me were: "I am tired. Give my love to your wife and child." When I stopped at the door for another look, I saw that he had turned his head on the pillow and was staring wistfully out of the window at the sails of a cutter yacht that glided slowly across the frame, like a dim

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ghostly shadow against a grey sky.

Those who have read his little tale "Horses", and the story "The Open Boat" in the volume of that name, know with what fine understanding he loved horses and the sea. And his passage on this earth was like that of a horseman riding swiftly in the dawn of a day fated to be short and without sunshine.

WITH THE AID OF A TWO-CENT STAMP

BY HENRY LITCHFIELD WEST

EVERY once in a while an active mind will yearn to leave the beaten track of accomplishment and seek achievement in new fields. Knowing this, it is easy to confess that a desire to become a writer of short stories once animated my manly bosom. At the same time, it was perfectly apparent to me that I lacked almost every quality upon which to base the slightest hope of success. The limitations of a prosaic and practical mind bind my literary ability upon all sides. I would sooner attempt to conjugate a Greek verb than outline a plot; and my few attempts at writing conversation have been dismal failures. It so happened, however, that a woman of my acquaintance, who possesses a keen regard for literary values, recently related to me an incident in real life which she thought might be used as the basis for a novel. The episode was filled with dramatic and even tragic features, was unusual in many of its details, and had an ending which rivaled the famous guessing contest of Stocktonian memory. I struggled and struggled to weave the proper raiment of narrative form, but the pattern went all awry. The story would not materialize. The dialogue was inane. Action was glacier-like in its slowness and chilliness. The characters were more wooden than marionettes. In short, my novel and true love were both in the same class, for the course of true love never did run smooth.

In my dilemma my eye fell upon an advertisement. It was attractive and promised much. "Successful writers are not born, but made." This was a new point of view. Perhaps, after all, it might be possible for someone to drill more deeply into my inner consciousness and strike oil where I had found nothing but sand. Apparently, all that was required was a two-cent stamp. The outlook was inviting. It led me to search for other advertisements. They were numerous enough. I discovered that there were enterprising people in every direction ready to hold out to me the hand of helpfulness. Encouragement beamed in every line. "There is a big demand for short stories, photoplays and feature articles," asserted one announcement. "You can learn to write at home in spare time. Jack London says so." This seemed conclusive, especially when it was added that "he and other great writers have endorsed our home-study course." If I could only follow in the footsteps of Jack London—well, if I only could!

Other doors to fame and wealth were open wide. "Make money writing" was displayed in bold type by one

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advertiser, and proved an incentive to send for a free booklet, "Writing for Profit". Another concern offered free to writers "a wonderful little booklet of money-making hints". Another asserted positively that "story writing taught by mail" was a reality and not an experiment. Another urged action in terse, convincing sentences: "Cultivate your mind. Develop your literary gifts. Master the art of self-expression. Make your spare time profitable. Turn your ideas into dollars." Were you inclined to be still skeptical? Then read further and learn that one student received over $5,000 for stories and articles written in spare time; that another pupil earned over $1,000 before completing her first course; and that a busy wife and mother is averaging over $75 a week from photoplay writing alone. Is it any wonder that now upon my desk there lies a wealth of material, a genuine embarrassment of riches, a perplexing multitude of opportunities? Never before, it seems to me, were so many spiders engaged in trying to parlorize a struggling little fly.

My first reaction is admiration for the art of enticement developed in the highest degree. If I were foolishly to believe all that the letters and the literature assert, I would be even now among the gods on Olympus. The signers of the letters already count me among the elect. "Dear friend", says one of them, "your request for our booklet brings to us the hope that we are addressing this letter to one whose story creations will, in a few short months, appear in our leading magazines." I would like to share this blessed hope; but when I observe that it is also expressed to hundreds and perhaps thousands of others in the same stereotyped form, it is not nearly as impressive as it ought to be.

Another concern, before which I bow in grateful appreciation, tells me that its pamphlet "is filled with Inspiration, Warm Hope, Valuable Guidance, Helpful Facts, that will make you glad all over with the anticipation of a successful literary career." Heaven forbid that I should be so cold and callous as not to thaw out under the influence of Warm Hope! There is nothing left for me to do but to accept the advice of the letter, take the book, shut myself in a room all alone, and read it free from interruption. "It is for you to decide," I am impressively informed, "whether a life of Authorship shall be your aim, or whether you lack faith and determination to grasp the principles that help writers win." Lack faith and determination? Never, never, never. When there is flaunted in my face "the fact that the great Shakespeare wrote,—

> The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
> But in ourselves, that we are underlings,—"

and when I am told that the little book "will open the door to that Author's Heaven—the Golden Kingdom of Royalties", I am willing to yield and trust myself implicitly to fate.

Lest there should be a momentary wavering ere I dig into my slender pocketbook for the necessary funds to start me on the highroad to success, I am warned not to be influenced by my experience in the past. "Forget all that," says the letter. Neither am I to be "affected by the setbacks, disappointments, and uncertainties of yesterday"; and I am particularly cautioned not to be "held back by what well-meaning but inexperienced critics say". Ah, there's the rub! Some of my friends tell me that I can no more

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write a story than I can build a house. Out upon them, with their jealousy and ignorance. Much rather would I listen to the voice of the good angel in another pamphlet:

> Do not permit yourself to be led astray, in your ambition to write, by the well-meaning advice of your friends. You will easily be led to lose courage through an adverse or incompetent opinion. There are among those numbered as friends some who are jealous of your success. They hate to see any one getting ahead of them and deliberately seek to discourage.

Indeed, this note of warning is so universal that I am constrained to believe that many a would-be author, who was ready with his fee to enter the temple of mail-order literature, has had his footsteps turned aside by interference which he fondly supposed was based upon friendship. Otherwise, the galled jade would not wince.

No, positively no, I will not be discouraged by my heartless and selfish friends. On the contrary, I read the following with a receptive mind:

> Neither Law nor Medicine nor any other Science or Profession holds a more exalted place than that of the Profession of Authorship. This being true, it proves to you that
>
> NO MATTER HOW MODEST YOUR PRESENT POSITION IN SOCIETY, THERE IS SCARCELY A LIMIT TO HOW HIGH YOU MAY GO IN THE FORTUNES OF LIFE, OR THE PROSPERITY YOU MAY ATTAIN, AFTER YOU HAVE MASTERED THE CORRECT PRINCIPLES OF WRITING! THAT IS THE BIG THING FOR YOU TO REMEMBER FROM THIS MOMENT ON!

One must be adamant not to be thrilled by all these capital letters, reproduced on a multigraph machine with a ribbon of the loveliest shade of robin's-egg blue. They stir the soul with a g-r-r-and and g-l-l-orious feeling. You know, as the letter says, that now is the time. The offer is limited. "This is the Morning of your Opportunity! The Sun of Success Peeps over the Horizon! Act NOW! Remember, He who Hesitates is Lost!"

This is not all. Let us get away for a moment from the spectacular and exclamatory and listen to the sordid and practical. "Writing", says another letter, "is an easy, pleasant, lucrative and growing business, and you merely show native shrewdness and the 'money instinct' in deciding to take up this line of work." Ah! that deft touch about "native shrewdness" and the sly reference to the "money instinct". How did the gentleman whose name is signed with a rubber stamp to this epistle know that I was both shrewd and acquisitive? He seems to know me better than I know myself. In fact, these teachers of the gentle art of short-story writing are very partial to money-getting. Their very similes smack of the coffer and the till. "Dame Fortune", one letter tells me, "is rapping at your door with a hammer of pure gold." One of the "systems" is described as being worth its weight in the same precious metal.

Another tempter of my savings account emphasizes the fortunes that await the writer, telling me that Sir Walter Scott made a million dollars by his pen, and that Mark Twain earned a million and a half. Then follows a staggering array of figures. "Alphonse Daudet received $200,000 for a single novel; Lew Wallace received $400,000 royalties on 'Ben Hur' and 'The Prince of India'; Victor Hugo was paid $80,000 for 'Les Miserables'; Hall Caine was given a check for $50,000 for 'The Christian'; 'Trilby' earned its author, Du Maurier, $400,000; Robert W. Chambers's books and stories bring him an income of $70,000 a year." And so on, page after page, with a sprinkling of the names of other men and women who have made "independent fortunes" with their pens. It is a far cry from these princely sums to the letter of the student who modestly—but truthfully

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—acknowledges the receipt of a check for $12 for a story sent to a magazine. Let us hope that for this author there are other checks and at a higher figure.

Everything is grist that comes to these mills. The pictures of George Ade, Booth Tarkington, Edna Ferber and other well-known writers, together with flaring announcements of their incomes, are prominently displayed. Notice, also, the use that has been made of an article which Charles Hanson Towne, editor of "McClure's", once wrote for that publication. Everyone who knows "Charlie" Towne knows that he has a big and generous heart and that the dispensation of happiness is with him a daily joy. No wonder, therefore, that he was tempted to say a kindly word to the struggling and obscure writers who believe that the only open sesame to the pages of the popular magazines is a famous name. He denied that editors were in a conspiracy to crowd out the brave unknown, but asserted, on the contrary, that the literary firmament was constantly being scanned for the appearance of a new star. "Just as no author can live without editors", he said, "so no editors can live without authors." Very true; but Mr. Towne would doubtless be surprised to know that his utterance is now a part of the advertising output of a short-story-teaching concern, under the engaging title, "To the Young Author Everywhere the Managing Editor Speaks."

An announcement in "Collier's" that $7,500 would be distributed as a bonus to short-story writers has been a godsend to the two-cent-stamp people. Like Mr. Towne's article, this is the voice of authority; whereupon, out in the wilderness, scores of pen-scratchers seize the first available pad of white paper, send in the requisite fee, and follow with a deluge of written sheets. A natural desire to see some good in everything leads me to remark that Mr. Towne's encouraging words, attractively dangled as additional bait upon the seductive advertisement, may possibly result in one or two real discoveries. It reminds me of the lavish way in which nature distributes acorns in order that one oak may grow. There is this difference. Nature gives freely, but the teacher of the would-be author does nothing without pay.

The literature which has reached me is voluminous and interesting. One book alone is over one hundred and fifty pages—a generous return for the small investment of a two-cent stamp. There are thirty-three pages devoted to the "literary department", and these I have read with keen curiosity. They inform me that the head of the department has long been known as "the editor who loves to help young authors", and this appeals to me in the very beginning. It carries with it a sense of sympathy, makes me feel that here is some one who is *en rapport* with my aspirations, and encourages me to make him the confidant of my literary ambitions. I enter this sacred presence, however, through an anteroom known as "the introductory course". "Beginners who are not sure of their ground",—in which class I find myself,—"and those whose training does not yet warrant the higher course, will find this introductory course of great benefit as a foundation." My trembling hands are to be firmly grasped by those who have already climbed the ladder of success by having their own work accepted; and if, like Silas Wegg, I am tempted to drop into poetry, I am to be brought into contact with one who claims the soulful gift of transforming my feeble lines into gems of purest rays serene.

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This brings us naturally to the matter of method. It is not enough that the pages should glow with roseate pictures of golden ducats pouring into the lap of the short-story writer. These are alluring but not convincing. Back of them all is the serious fact that, first of all, I must part with my hard-earned dollars. There is a possibility that fame and fortune await me; but I take a chance, while the other party takes my money. What, then, is the plan of instruction?

There are three or four "systems", each claiming infallibility as to method and largest results. In each case it is necessary, as the initial step, to enroll as a student. All ages may apply. Charles Dickens was the author of "Pickwick Papers" when only twenty-four years of age, while William De Morgan was sixty when he wrote "Joseph Vance". The fees vary from $40 to $60, which, it must be admitted, are reasonable enough if the investment will bring in thousands. One concern advertises its fee as high as $97.50, but generously announces that the student will be accepted upon the payment of $48.75, the remaining half to be paid after he has actually sold $1,000 worth of stories or photoplays. Under this arrangement the "system" loses nothing and may eventually profit. Authors are proverbially unbusinesslike; their would-be teachers are cast in a different mold.

Although all the lessons are by mail, the groundwork of instruction is to be found in books, sometimes furnished free, but more often to be purchased at an additional cost. One of the volumes begins with the anecdote, the fable, and the parable, and carries the literary aspirant into the details of short-story writing—the theme, plot, setting, dialogue, character-portrayal and climax. Another book, more elaborate in its details, deals with the expression of emotions, love interest, pathos, and mirth. It is admitted that the writing of dialogue "is one of the most difficult things to learn in short-story writing", because the hard-hearted editors—the adjective is mine—"insist upon having it written correctly". When this has been mastered, the student deals with the plot or theme. "This", we are told, "is probably the most important part of short-story writing. Here you have a chance to show your originality. At this point your work in short-story writing should be almost complete. From here on you will progress with leaps and bounds."

You leap, so to speak, into the possession of a beautiful diploma, ornamented with a golden seal, which, according to the pamphlet, is furnished free of charge. The plaudits of the world will ring in your ears. "Think of what your family and friends will say if, after getting our system, you suddenly blossom out as a real author. All the world will pat you on the back." Surely, there is much virtue in an "if". In the contemplation of this entrancing prospect one is apt to overlook the warning that "under no circumstances is tuition money returned to the student".

These pamphlets also contain much information, more or less valuable, regarding the marketing of written material. One concern announces, with remarkable detail, that there are 24,868 publications in the United States which buy short stories. The "editor-in-chief" of another system states that he has "arranged with several hundred publishers of daily, weekly and monthly periodicals, including practically all that buy manuscripts, to give consideration to manu-

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scripts sent by this department." Still another boldly asserts that he "holds the key to the editor's desk". There are a few letters to prove that some material is actually sold, but careful search fails to reveal any reference to rejection slips. These, of course, are the sad realities of the author's existence. I remember a friend of mine who humorously papered his wall with printed regrets that his contributions were unavailable. This is the dark side of the curtain happily concealed from those who are seeking fame and fortune with their pens.

In all that I have written I have quoted literally from the mass of material which has been sent to me—a quantity so large that the cost of preparation, printing and postage must have been enormous. There is every evidence that these concerns are doing a profitable business; and they doubtless will continue to do so indefinitely, because the desire for authorship is one of the most curious germs that finds lodgment in the human brain; and it is the most difficult to eradicate. The pamphlet which says that "the exhilaration of seeing the product of your brain on the printed page is indeed one of the greatest thrills that a man or woman can experience", does not exaggerate the fact. Moses must have felt the same thrill when he wrote the ten commandments upon the tables of stone; and it makes a stronger appeal today than ever before.

It is not surprising, therefore, that these concerns flourish. As to the good which they accomplish, let us not be overcritical. Granting that many details of their so-called "systems" are absolutely without value, we must admit that there is real helpfulness in the process of editing upon which the teachers of short-story writing lay so much stress, even if the editing is a mail-order process. In my own experience I recall the editor of the little weekly paper whereon I began my journalistic career, who, with patient care, while I looked over his shoulder, condensed, rewrote and otherwise improved my boyish contributions. It is easy to understand that the amateur story writer can be greatly benefited by advice and supervision, if given by competent authority. It must be a fact, however, that a very large proportion of the material submitted is utterly hopeless. Even the most enthusiastic teacher cannot enclose originality and talent in an envelope and transmit it through the mail. Neither can he impart, much less sell, the faculty of expression, the dramatic instinct, the innate sense of humor.

After passing through much tribulation, however, some of the stuff is unquestionably sold. There is no record of the successes and the failures; but in one instance, where an editor accepted ten stories, he added that the rejected manuscripts were being returned by express. Even careful editing had not saved this bulky output from an adverse fate. The fortunate ten, on the other hand, are to experience an ecstatic joy. They are actually going to break into print. Why should not their happiness be mine? Almost have they persuaded me to try to become a short-story writer. Already I have become imbued with what one of the pamphlets calls Divine Confidence; and maybe, if this article is accepted by THE BOOKMAN, I will offer myself and the resultant check as a willing sacrifice and let one of these "systems" experiment on me. The mails are still open, and at the drug-store on the corner I can still buy some two-cent stamps.

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LORD DUNSANY

Personal Impressions

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

ON a gusty night in October, an Irish peer—the eighteenth baron of his line—stood in the rain in front of a little theatre at 466 Grand Street, in the heart of the Russian Jewish quarter of the great East Side. He was easily distinguishable, because of his extraordinary height and the hulking army overcoat which housed him from the drizzle. Two or three hundred strangers—for the most part, Jewish people of the neighborhood—grasped him by the hand, patted him on the back, and asked him to scrawl his name on the fly-leaves of many books which they produced from pockets and presented proudly. The tall man was treated both as the host and as the guest of an unusual occasion. Suddenly there came a flash of lightning and a crash of thunder. "That must be Klesh," said Lord Dunsany; "he has come a long way from India."

The Irish peer himself had come a long way from Dunsany Castle and Messines Ridge, for the specific purpose of seeing a couple of plays which he had never seen before—"The Queen's Enemies" and "A Night at an Inn"—and finding out why so many commentators had made so large a noise about them. I could not be present at the Neighborhood Playhouse on this particular occasion; but I asked the author afterward to tell me how it felt to see a full-fledged performance—with an audience and all—of a couple of plays which he had sent overseas in manuscript. All the other playwrights I have ever known have worried and worked over their manuscripts, day after day, throughout the initial weeks of rehearsals and the secondary weeks of "tryouts", and have been heartily sick of hearing their own lines repeated, long before the date of a metropolitan first-night.

Dunsany answered that this unusual experience of his had proved once more that you can't tell much about a play until you see it on the stage. "A Night at an Inn" exceeded his own expectations, and he was surprised to note the thrill which it communicated to the audience. "It's a very simple thing", he said,—"merely a story of some sailors who have stolen something and know that they are followed. Possibly it is effective because nearly everybody, at some time or other, has done something he was sorry for, has been afraid of retribution, and has felt the hot breath of a pursuing vengeance on the back of his neck." With "The Queen's Enemies", on the other hand, the author was a little disappointed. "When I wrote these two pieces", he told me, "I thought that 'The Queen' was a better play than 'The Inn'! Now I know that 'A Night at an Inn' is the more dramatic of the two."

"But don't mistake me," he continued, " 'The Inn' is a more effective play than 'The Queen'; but it isn't so fine an undertaking. Suppose that I should give a block of wood to a sculptor and ask him to carve it, and sup-

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pose that he should cut it very well; that is 'A Night at an Inn'. Suppose, next, that I should give a tusk of ivory to the same sculptor and he should carve it not so well: that is 'The Queen's Enemies'. It isn't so dramatic a play as 'The Inn'; but it is intrinsically finer."

"Why do you think that?" I inquired.

"Because of the idea," the author answered. "The idea of 'A Night at an Inn' is rather ordinary: that, I suppose, is the reason why it hits the audience so hard: and, as several critics, like yourself, have pointed out, it is an idea of the same sort that I had used before in 'The Gods of the Mountain'. But I like the idea of 'The Queen's Enemies'. I heard about an ancient queen of Egypt who invited all her enemies to a feast of reconciliation and suddenly drowned them. This meant nothing until I could imagine the motive for this extraordinary deed. Several months later, the motive occurred to me. The dear little queen had done this for the very simple reason that she didn't like to have any enemies: she wanted to be loved, not to be hated. The rest was easy; for the play was made when the motive was discovered."

"Do you always begin with a motive?" I asked.

"Not always," said Dunsany; "I begin with anything, or with next to nothing. Then, suddenly, I get started, and go through in a hurry. The main point is not to interrupt a mood. Writing is an easy thing when one is going strong and going fast; it becomes a hard thing only when the onward rush is impeded. Most of my short plays have been written in a sitting or two. The other day"—he said in December—"I got an idea for a short play in St. Louis. I began the composition on the train and finished it before we arrived in Chicago. It's a little piece about a monk who grew a halo. I hope that you will like it."

"How about 'The Gods of the Mountain'?" I asked.

"I wrote that in three sessions", Lord Dunsany answered,—"two afternoons between tea and dinner and another hour on the third afternoon. 'A Night at an Inn' was written between tea and dinner in a single sitting. That was very easy."...

"No trouble about the dialogue?" I suggested.

"Dialogue isn't difficult if you have been around with men a lot, and listened to them. Somebody says something; the next man doesn't quite agree, and unobtrusively suggests a reservation; the third man says, 'No, not at all, the truth is....' And that is dialogue."

"But the writing?"

"Well, of course, there is such a thing as rhythm," Lord Dunsany answered.

"You agree with me, though, that the dramatic value of a play stands quite apart from any literary merit it may or may not show in the writing of its dialogue?"

"I do, indeed. Don't damn me as a 'literary' playwright. You have read ten of my plays; but I have already written more than twenty. The best of them are still unpublished. I am holding them back, in the hope that people may be forced to see them before they have a chance of reading them."

"That reminds me of Pinero," I replied. "Ten years ago, Sir Arthur started a friendly habit of sending me prompt-copies of each of his new plays; but he made me promise never to read these printed texts till after I had seen the plays in the theatre,—

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particularly if I should be called upon to write critical reviews of them."

"I can understand that," said Lord Dunsany. "I misjudged 'The Queen' and 'The Inn' until I saw them acted."

"If you write a play so quickly", I suggested, "I infer that the whole thing must be planned out in your mind before you start to write it. Among magazine men, I am known as a quick writer. I publish more than half a hundred articles a year; and most of them are turned out in a single night. But, before I sit down to write the first sentence, I have been thinking for three or four days, in the subway, between the acts, or when other people were talking to me. In the real sense, the task has more nearly consumed a week than a day. An impromptu speech takes only three or four minutes; but sometimes, with me,—if the occasion is important,—it spoils a day or two beforehand. I can't imagine anybody writing 'The Gods of the Mountain' in a few hours, confined within three days, unless a long period of preparation—much of it subconscious, to be sure—had gone before."

"Sometimes," Lord Dunsany said, "I have thought the matter out, and know exactly what I am going to do; that was the case with 'The Gods'; but at other times, I just get started and follow a mood as a hunter follows the hounds. I will give you an example,—'King Argimenes'. I saw a king in rags, digging up a bone, gnawing at it hungrily, and saying, 'This is a good bone'. I started the play with no idea whatever of its subsequent development. I merely wrote along, to find out what would happen."

"I have always thought so," I replied ungraciously. "You know, of course, that this is one of the few plays of yours that I don't especially admire. It seems to me inconsequential, and not built up to a climax."

"That must be because I didn't know the end when I started the beginning.... Of course, it is better to have things planned", the author added, "and not to trust entirely to the impulsion of a mood."

In recording this conversation, I have anteceded the chronological order of these haphazard personal impressions. As a matter of fact the first time that I met Lord Dunsany was at a public dinner in his honor, at which I endeavored to do my duty as one of the speakers. It was a good occasion, of the customary sort. When we were coming away, I asked him if he were growing tired of publicity. "Publicity?" he countered quickly. "You don't call this public! You ought to have seen our trenches under Messines Ridge. That's the most public place I have ever been in. We were in a valley. The Germans were on a hill. They could see down to our boot-tops." He looked at me and asked, "How tall are you?" "Six feet one, or thereabouts." "I am six feet four. Our trenches were only six feet deep. I shall never fear 'publicity' again."

On a subsequent occasion, I asked Lord Dunsany to tell me something of his life in the army. "I was brought up to be a soldier," he replied. "I wasn't sent to Oxford or to Cambridge, but to Sandhurst. I went through the South African affair and the whole of the recent war. I have this to say about military preparation: it doesn't educate a man, it merely trains him. A trained man can do one single thing with almost mechanical perfection; but an educated man can do almost anything that he is called upon to do. I was merely trained. It is better to be educated. The college is a better place for this than the army."

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At another time, I touched upon the point that Lord Dunsany had not yet enjoyed the dubious experience—so common to the rest of us—of peddling his plays from manager to manager. I told him that most of the American playwrights to whom I had presented him were required, by the nature of the game, to devote much more of their time to the practical task of "placing" their plays than to the more attractive task of writing them. Lord Dunsany answered: "That may be the reason why ten or a dozen of my best plays have not yet been acted. I have never had the time to peddle them. Ninety-seven per cent—or thereabouts—of my actual life has been spent out of doors in the pursuit of various athletic activities,—such as following the hounds, playing cricket, hunting big game, or serving as a professional soldier. The remaining three per cent has been spent in the writing of my tales and plays,—the records of my dreams. What time is left for peddling my literary wares?... I have recently written two or three plays, of full length, which treat of contemporary life in London. How does one sell these things in London or New York?"...

This question surprised me, until I made the astonishing discovery that I had actually earned more money from a single "failure" in our commercial theatre than Lord Dunsany has earned from all of the "successes" in our little theatres that have made him famous. When "The Gods of the Mountain" was put into rehearsal at the Haymarket Theatre in London, he was offered ten pounds for the world-rights in perpetuity. This contract struck him as inequitable; and he requested that the world-rights should be limited to five years. This period has long ago elapsed; but the author received less than fifty dollars for the first five years of the actual existence of what is probably the greatest short play in the world. It is gratifying to record that he has since developed, by experience, a business-sense that is more practical.

"Writing plays," he told me, "is the one thing I most dearly love; but I cannot talk of it at home, in County Meath. My aunt would be scandalized if she should hear that I have written plays; my neighbors would dismiss me as insane; everybody else would think me a fool; I had to come to your country to find a sympathetic audience."

I told him that Sir Arthur Pinero, after the comparative failure of "Mid-Channel" in London and the comparative success of the same piece in New York, had said to me jocosely: "If it were not for America, we couldn't keep alive." Lord Dunsany said, "Your public is surprisingly alert." Having been a lecturer myself, I answered adversely: "When people seem to like our speeches, and swarm around us to request us to sign books, we naturally think that they have brains." To this he answered, "That is not the point. In your country, I have met many people who are not ashamed to talk of art. In England, nowadays, the subject is laughed away from the carpet.

"When 'The Gods of the Mountain' was first produced at the Haymarket Theatre, one rather snobbish critic said that the play was bad, for the mere reason that it had been written by a nobleman. He ordered me back to my ancestral castle, just as Keats was ordered back, a century ago, to his apothecary pots. Why should Keats have been despised, in a period of aristocracy? And why should I be despised, in a period of democracy?

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It isn't my fault that I try to write beautiful tales and effective plays.

"It is only in your country that my attempts have been appreciated. I have no fame in England. I have scarcely any ranking among the authors of my own country; you know many more of them than I do; but I am grateful to your nation for the incentive to carry on. Poets thrive upon appreciation; and I need the sort of encouragement that has been granted to me by your hospitable people."

"How about that division of your life," I asked, "three per cent of which, according to your smiling statement, has been devoted to your writing, and the overwhelming remainder to athletics?" "I have found this out," said Lord Dunsany, "that you must not talk of art to the majority of men who follow active lives in the open air,—like cricketers, or huntsmen, or soldiers. On the other hand, I have found out that, among artists, you may extol without embarrassment the virtues of the athletes of the world. Why is it that the men of action are always afraid of the men of dreams, whereas the men of dreams are never afraid of the men of action? It must be because the dream is always stronger than the act. Jeanne D'Arc is evermore more potent to win a battle than a regiment of British soldiers. That is because this peasant girl of long ago has been made real by the imagination of millions of people. Nothing can, at any time, be realized but what has been imagined.

"I like the active life in the open; and, after four or five years in the war, I actually feel uncomfortable in a room with the windows closed; but the active life is very lonely. I can talk to a man of letters like yourself about cricketing or lion-hunting or soldiering, and you will be interested, because artists are interested in everything. But I cannot talk about my dreams to cricketers or soldiers or lion-hunters; they would think that something had gone wrong with me. I was very lonely in the trenches; and it has been a great pleasure for me to meet so many writers in America and to find that most of them are sportsmen as well."

"What do you think of the effect of the war upon the drama?" I inquired.

"Four years of hell and heroism have trampled down the immediate actual, and reminded us of the insistence of the perennial real. We have learned that idealism is the only absolute reality. The stricken world must reawaken; and the theatre should be resurrected with it. The time has passed away for such faithful but depressing records of the drabbest aspects of our current life as the 'Night Lodging' of Maxim Gorki, an act of which I saw the other day. A moment has arrived for reminding the theatre-going public that such a thing as splendor is still to be discerned in the records of experience. Let us set before the public splendid images of beauty; for beauty is truth, despite the critic who tried to send Keats back to his apothecary pots."

"Keats died without knowing whether he would be famous or not," said I. "You are famous at forty. You have been luckier than Keats."

"Yes, I have been lucky," he replied, "thanks mainly to your country; but that is as it should be. I am not speaking personally; but, after all, I am a poet, and poets ought to be appreciated in their lifetime. In England, a poet has to die to be appreciated. Look at Rupert Brooke; they wouldn't read him while he lived. In England, I am merely a lord."

"Aren't you at all bored by being

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lionized in this country?"

"Not at all: I like it," he replied.

Lord Dunsany is a man who—whether you agree with him or not on any given point—is undeniably alive. He is excessively tall, loose-jointed, raw-boned, rather awkward, and encumbered with a large head and enormous hands and feet. He admits jocosely that, at home, he is generally regarded as the worst-dressed man in County Meath. He shambles along with a drooping posture, accentuated doubtless by his long and cramping experience in the trenches under Messines Ridge; but his mind is neither awkward nor drooping. He talks fluently and well; and his nature is so frank and simple that he is a very easy man to get acquainted with. I have been with him at moments when he was not merely tired but also physically ill; and, at these moments, he has shown a persistent eagerness to converse with many new acquaintances with the utmost cordiality.

Coincident with the recent visit of Lord Dunsany to America, has come the publication, by his American publishers, of a new and revised edition of the only extant biography of the Irish dramatist, by Edward Hale Bierstadt.* There is a new preface, in which the biographer sets forth several interesting comments on the earlier edition made by Lord Dunsany himself; six lengthy letters from Lord Dunsany to various correspondents have been added to those previously published; the appendix now contains a speech called "Nowadays" which Lord Dunsany delivered at the Poet's Club in London in July, 1912; and a very interesting schedule is published for the first time of the dates and places of all the writing done by Lord Dunsany in a typical year, 1912. Critical comments on "The Murderers" and "Fame and the Poet" have been added to the previous text. Mr. Bierstadt's book is readable and valuable; and it has been improved by the augmentations made in this new and revised edition.

*Dunsany, the Dramatist. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Little, Brown, and Co.

DISCOVERED: A NEW LITERARY FORM!

BY CARL GLICK

BRING out your encyclopædias and your dictionaries. Draw up, you critics, and be prepared to take sides. There has been discovered a new literary form.

It is the filler!

What Shakespeare did for the sonnet; what O. Henry did for the short story (and everyone has been doing it since); what Edgar Lee Masters did to vers libre:—so some day will some young genius come along, make the filler his vehicle of literary expression, immortalize it, and then go on his way merrily jingling the dimes in his pocket.

II

"What is the filler?" I hear the curious horde of college professors exclaim,—that bloodthirsty crew who take all the enjoyment out of literature by their overzealous attempts at literary criticism.

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So far only one definition has been found. Various magazine editors have described the filler as that "short humorous piece which is always welcome". But to please the more erudite, the filler is to the novel what the sonnet is to epic poetry. And to the layman, the filler is that little bit of prose, put on the bottom of the page where the short story was too short, and something had to take up the room. To the author it is that little one-pager which sells for one dollar and a half or, in moments when the editor so forgets himself, for five dollars. But rarely do editors forget themselves!

It has a style all its own. It must be brief, pungent, have a soul, and yet a crack. In short it is a whole Victorian novel told in seven lines. The lament of literary history will be that the Victorians did not discover the filler.

III

You can, in a filler, tell a whole life story. You can bring a tear to the eye of the reader, and then dash it away with a smile. Or you can bring a smile to the reader, and let him wash it down with a tear. Or you can leave him puzzled whether to laugh or to cry.

It is rather more lyrical than epic. It must have the personal touch. A direct word. We know in the filler that the author has lived and suffered, and has observed and learned much from his neighbors. At least, the author, in his filler, must be conscious that he has lived and suffered.

There is no limit in subject-matter. The filler can deal with a description of what seems to be a race-horse, which turns out to be the picture of the wife of our best friend. Or it can be abstract and deal with life in general. Maybe it is no more than a passing incident. Or perchance it is the author's own life story, subtly disguised.

The best fillers are the briefest. In fact, the filler should mean a great deal and say little. You should never call a spade a spade in a filler, knowing that your reader who is familiar with spades will discover what you mean. In truth, the more mysterious you can be, the better will your reader like your filler.

IV

Of course, all college professors when they find a new literary form thrust upon them, which they did not discover, will exclaim, "Piffle, piff! There is absolutely nothing to it. The sonnet, the novel, the short story, is still good enough for me."

But they will immediately give their classes a talk upon the filler, and criticize it harshly. They may even have every student write a filler, just to prove there is nothing to it.

Then some day some critic will carelessly say something about the technique of the filler. And on that day the filler will come into its own as a literary form. But on that day the filler will also be ruined.

When the professor discovers that the filler has a technique all its own, he will draw up rules concerning it. And what fun he will have with his classes, all busy writing fillers that conform to rule.

Meanwhile, of course, the filler goes merrily on its way, untechniqued, and unrestrained. And the writers of fillers are happy, for they have no rules to follow.

When the college professor discovers the filler, he will write an essay for "The Atlantic Monthly". And one of his pupils will have as his

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thesis, "The Early History and Conduct of the Filler, With Its Influence upon Politics and Economic Conditions of the Time". And woman's clubs will talk about the "technique of the filler" in hushed voices.

Not only that, the professor will assign a number of fillers to his class.

"Each", he will say, "contains an universal truth, and has a deeper meaning. I want a one-page essay on this hidden meaning, and comparisons with other literary forms."

And Susie, and Jennie, and Archibald will ponder and ponder, and then find a meaning the author never meant.

V

It is hard to say what the future of the filler will be. But one other thing besides the college professor can ruin it. And that is when the author of short stories can find enough to write about to fill up the entire page.

Meanwhile, we go on discovering this new literary form!

THE LONDONER

LONDON, *January* 1, 1920.

THERE is no doubt at all that the book of the season here has been the "Life" of Samuel Butler, written by his friend Henry Festing Jones. This long and very full biography has been accepted immediately as one of the great "lives" in the English language, and all lovers of literature who have had the time to tackle its two big volumes have been acclaiming it and describing their delight in the adventure. Personally, although I have bought a copy (a thing I rarely do with a new and expensive book), I have not yet been able to begin upon it. I shall therefore return to it in a future causerie, because a book of this kind does not grow stale in a month. It is bound to enjoy the success of something more than a season.

* * * *

Among novels the outstanding success has been Compton Mackenzie's "Poor Relations", which has delighted readers by its departure from Mackenzie's recent kick-and-run methods of go-as-you-please authorship, and has sold as many copies as the publisher could supply. Unfortunately, the difficulties of book-production here do not decrease, and I fear that many of the readers who clamor for new books will have to go empty away—for the present. A new edition of any successful book, if the sale be very rapid, may sometimes miss its public, for it takes a long time to put through the press. For one thing paper has a way of taking months to make, and then it has a way, if it is urgently wanted, of getting lost on the railway. Finally, some printers (the more honest) have sought their only refuge (silence) when asked for a date for the delivery of goods. The inferior printers—I mean, the morally inferior printers—promise and fail. Many thoughts have coursed through the minds of publishers this year, and among them is the thought that publishing is not what it was in days when difficulties were fewer and profits larger. It may be taken as true, I

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think, that publishers are not now making anything like the profits to which past days had made them accustomed. By this I do not mean that publishing was ever necessarily a gold-mine, although some dead publishers have left money to their "heirs and assigns". I only mean that it becomes increasingly hard to make a profit upon any new book.

* * * *

An illustration of this may be found in the recent correspondence in the "Times" Literary Supplement. Hugh Walpole, knowing that he was going to be away from England for some months, wondered, I think, how he might keep his memory green among us. He had arranged for a cheap uniform edition of his writings (being the youngest English writer to achieve such distinction); he had published "Jeremy"; and he was happily inspired to write a letter that has tickled up all the publishers to a fine degree of frenzy. He said that the first novels of all our future geniuses were in danger of suppression because publishers could no longer make a book pay its way upon the small sale attainable by such works. He added a hint that first novels might be issued in a cheap style, so that they *could* be made profitable. Now of course this last thing excited the publishers more than the deadliest insult could have done. It gave them a peg upon which to hang their replies. Because it is well known to anybody in the publishing trade or near it (How that reminds me of Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark!"), that most novels are already published in a manner as cheap as common decency will allow. Take a copy of any novel, and look at its paper. Take a look at the printing. Take a look at the binding. In each department you will find that no expense has been wasted upon luxury. Walpole suggested paper binding. He has not heard the booksellers on the subject of paper bindings. He has not heard them refuse to stock a paper-bound book. And he was not aware when he wrote that the only thing which cheapens a book is its production in huge numbers at a profit sometimes of only a farthing a time. He knows better now. The Publishers of England (that guard our £ s. d.) have told him. Walpole is with you, in the States; but while he is away the battle here "rages loud and long".

* * * *

Nothing will come of it, of course. That would be too much to hope for. Already one publisher is carrying on a vitriolic correspondence with one of his authors, and another publisher is being worried by the Secretary of the Society of Authors. It makes merry reading for the amateur; but to those who see the futility of it, the discussion became tiresome before all the publishers hurried to compute their losses on first novels, and their splendid triumphs of prescience regarding the sales of first novels, and the terms upon which they would be kind enough in future to publish first novels, etc. I do not know why it is that I should so hate publishers when they begin to complain; but so it is. At heart I sympathize with them. They make very small profits in comparison with men in other trades. They are often helpless creatures, who have to be told what to publish by hacks whom they scandalously underpay. And yet I hate them as a class, however much I may like individuals of the species. It must be, I suppose, that author and publisher, like oil and water, are hostile properties.

The other evening I listened to an amusing debate between an author and

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a publisher. The author spoke first, and so he had the advantage of choosing the ground; but the publisher spoke last, and so he had the advantage of the last word. What I noticed was that the author, belonging to a class which is supposed to be the vainest in the world, said nothing in praise of his craft. He was facetious about it. All he did was to ridicule the publishers as a body, and impute incompetence to them. This may have been the amusing course, but it left the publisher in a posture of both defence and defiance. He had not only to explain away, by contradiction and other means, the charges of the author, but he had to extol his own craft. This he did, handsomely. It is a feature of the discussion begun by Walpole's letter to the Literary Supplement that all the publishers have extolled themselves with delicious naïveté. I really think that the palm for complacency must be removed from the brow of the author and handed on to the publisher—to whom it rightly belongs. I could give reasons (I mean, examples) but I refrain.

* * * *

Talking about debates and authors and such like things reminds me that I have recently heard another contribution to the vexed question. A meeting of a journalistic club here listened the other evening to an address by no less a person than W. L. George. Its title was "Novels and Novelists", and George had in the chair the Editor of the English "Bookman"—St. John Adcock. Before I go on to speak of the lecture, I should like to say a word about Adcock, who is one of the most popular journalists in London. He is a writer of neat verse and a critic who never fails to find the best that can be discovered in any work he may have to deal with. This fact, while it naturally and inevitably detracts from the "zip" of his reviews, gives them a quality of geniality which is noticeably absent from other reviews of the same books written by young men more conceited and pretentious. No man is quicker to recognize merit and to bring it to the notice of others than Adcock. That is his peculiar excellence. He may praise things which ought not, in strict justice, to be praised; but when he does that it is because he appreciates the value of encouragement, and from no unworthy motive whatever. His presence in the chair at the George lecture was a pleasing phenomenon, and I was personally glad to see him there. I had been a little afraid that George would make hay of my own prejudices, and in fact I had been warned that he would do so. This was not the case, however. His address was most reasonable—what one person present described as "sound". It was sensible and good tempered; and it was also outspoken, a thing which should be noted as a sign of health.

Besides which, the lecture was amusing. George divided the active novelists of our day into three groups. The neo-Victorian, embracing Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, and Conrad. The Edwardian, embracing Mackenzie, Lawrence, Walpole, Beresford, Swinnerton, E. M. Forster, Cannan, and himself. And the neo-Georgian, embracing James Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, May Sinclair, Romer Wilson, Virginia Woolf, and Dorothy Richardson. He did not stay long with the neo-Victorians, because his time was short and because their work was familiar to all. All he did was to say that in their work were to be found at least the vestigial remains of the "story" with which their predecessors had made us familiar, and at the same

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time a preoccupation with politics and social problems which brought them definitely into line with such writers as Charles Kingsley. Having made this point clear, George cleared his throat and went to the real subject of his speech. He was out for the blood of the neo-Georgians, and he shed a little of the blood of the Edwardians by the wayside. As I had been tempted sometimes to wonder whether the Edwardians had any blood in their veins at all (and not only a fluid that varied between a kind of sap and ink and water), I was pleased to find them bleeding rather profusely. It was good.

Taking the unfortunate Swinnerton as the key to his discourse, George said that he found the Edwardians did not care a tuppenny loaf for "story", and that they seemed to have no political or social ideas whatever. Instead, he said, they were out for the dissemination of moral ideas—of what they thought about life and character, and so on. Philosophy, he thought, they had none, in the sense of a reasoned and coherent view of the universe and its human inhabitants. He illustrated. He then came to the neo-Georgians.

Well, now, the neo-Georgians did not come off very well, but extracts from their works were read aloud in order that the audience should form a judgment for itself. There were murmurs of assent to all that George said of these. The only writers to come off well were Virginia Woolf—whose new novel "Night and Day" seems to be making the Bloomsbury intellectuals extremely excited—and Romer Wilson. The others were almost execrated by the respectable gathering of journalists and writers of old-fashioned novels. It was explained to us that the neo-Georgians were out for the pictorial, that they were trying to paint in words. They are, of course, endeavoring to reproduce all sorts of sense-impressions, from sights and sounds to smells and all the instinctive reactions to those impressions. They have no story to tell, no social philosophy to impart,—nothing but the repetition of words of the "stick beat dog, dog kill cat, cat eat rat" simplicity, which are supposed to make the reader twitter with a sense of actual happenings otherwise unobtainable. George paraphrased one extract as it might more readably have been written by an Edwardian, and again there were hoarse murmurs of agreement. It was delightful.

Then we had all the old novelists on their legs one after the other, beginning with a man who has written more books than there are years in his life. I was, however, glad to see this pleader for rose-colored optimism in our novels, heartily jumped upon both by George and another Edwardian. Among the people present, apart from the old boys, whom I will not name, I noticed Thomas Burke, a young writer who seems to have a great following in the United States, Grant Richards, the publisher, Warwick Deeping, and Ward Muir, a very clever journalist and a writer of whimsical novels. The occasion was a meeting of the Whitefriars Club, a body of journalists and others associated with the literary world. It is an old-established affair, and has a weekly dinner with some distinguished speaker giving a half-hour's exposition of some subject on which he is an authority.

* * * *

Talking a little while ago about Adcock's generosity in criticism reminded me of a nice little fuss which has been proceeding here. Bernard Shaw has a new book out, and to the first play in

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it he has contributed a characteristic preface. Everybody here knows what Shaw is, and I should say that among intelligent people who know his character he is extraordinarily loved and respected. They know that —as Clutton-Brock once said in introducing Shaw to a meeting which was to be lectured upon some wartime topic—everything Shaw says about the British Empire or the English people must be taken with a grain of sugar. Salt Shaw supplies plentifully from his own store, and he rubs it in; but the sweetness which is in his nature does not come out before an unperceptive audience, and so it has to be supplied by some such warning as this. Well, Shaw has this characteristic preface, and occurring in it are some sentences which are calculated to make the suburban mind rear. We might have known that they were there, and I should have thought that this would have been enough for most sensible people. By some extraordinary chance, however, the Squire-Shanks federation, to which I have referred on another occasion, fell foul of this preface. There was one spiteful review in "The New Statesman", and then there followed a most astounding attack by Squire himself in "Land and Water". In a sort of would-be rallying Shavian way, Squire insinuated that Shaw ought to be tarred and feathered. He let himself go, and the result was a mess. There was also a sequel.

The sequel did not come from Shaw himself, because it is well known that Shaw cannot get angry. He, I believe, sympathized with Squire's annoyance. It was Massingham, the editor of "The Nation", who rapped Squire over the knuckles, and told him that he could learn manners from Shaw. Then up rose Arnold Bennett, full of a righteous love of liberty in the press, and said that it was absurd to suggest that, being younger than Shaw, Squire had therefore no right to criticize Shaw in any terms he liked. Bennett added that he spoke as a lifelong admirer of Shaw. But he had not read the book when he wrote, and his argument that many worse things had been said about himself was not strictly to the point. Because it is always the spirit of a review that matters, and while Squire is a very able young man, he has not got a very rich sense of humor. I say this, notwithstanding his book of brilliant parodies. As a matter of fact, I believe these parodies show a mind acute and derisive, but not a mind of any warmth and color. Now it is a curious thing, which everybody must have noticed, that there are some people from whom we can take almost anything, and others from whom the slightest remark of a teasing kind is intolerable. So it is in this case. From Shaw, who once wrote a very rude letter to me, off his own bat, so to speak, I could not receive anything that I should resent. But if you come away from the rich, blarneying, humorous insults of Shaw and meet a man who says the same things with ever so slight a tinge of malice or indignation or spite, you at once feel the things to be different. They *are* different. They are not said out of love and nonsense, but out of some feeling quite distinct. I think that what made many readers resent Squire's article was not that he cursed Shaw, but that he did it unfunnily.

Meanwhile Shaw, undisturbed by all the fuss, and also, I expect, unperturbed by anything else regarding himself, is engaged upon another play which is to bear the suggestive title "Back to Methuselah!" The subject of this play links onto that philosophic

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belief which has been at the bottom of so much of his work. The notion is that mankind can get anything it wants by desiring it collectively with sufficient intensity. It is at the bottom of his "Man and Superman", because, for all the common misunderstanding of the title of that play, the "superman" is not woman at all. His idea, whatever its originality or unoriginality, is that by desiring it strongly enough, we shall get a superior race of men. In the new play Shaw takes the present life of man as altogether too short for his full growth and development. Man, he says, cannot in his present span of seventy years learn all that it is essential for him to know. He will always be an imperfect child as long as he is content with seventy years of life. He wants at least three hundred years in order to cope with the vastly increased knowledge now at the command of unorganized individuals. By wishing to live for three hundred years, man will eventually so increase the possible length of his days that he will at last attain the three-hundred-year term, and when he has done that he will be able to tackle life and the entire body of possible knowledge. He will open the way to a splendid new species, almost omniscient.

* * * *

This notion is only one sign of the times. Wells, I am told, believes that a feature of the future will be a great step in the direction of cooperative knowledge. That is, there is growing up the feeling that intellectually the individual, as he exists as present, is played out. He needs to know so much more. There is so much waiting to be gleaned in the fields of knowledge, and so little chance that, with his present finite capacity for assimilation, he will be able to harvest the grain, that something must be done to coordinate the arts, the crafts, and the sciences. Wells has had some experience of practical difficulties in connection with the League of Nations. The society which he has done so much to organize for the purpose of developing the League of Nations idea, found it necessary to appoint different committees in order to deal with all the various aspects of the problem. A big committee, in which individual members were given special jobs, could not cope with the enormous mass of detail and information that needed to be digested and employed. Everything had its subtleties. Everything called for special knowledge—of different faiths, of territorial problems, of politics, languages, economics, products, psychology, domestic habits, and so on. Committees were formed to make researches into these aspects. Thus joined, the members were able to concentrate upon still more direct questions and details. Extending the idea, Wells saw that while one man working in his study or his laboratory or in the streets or the business life of the community might all the while be duplicating the work of another man, a stranger, this could not happen if there were a sort of joint effort in which all whose interests led them to a particular branch of study might engage in common endeavor. It did not occur to Wells to extend the life of man. His interest is less philosophic than practical. His idea is to get something done *now*. Nevertheless, there is enough in common between these two ideas to make them worth mentioning together.

* * * *

Arnold Bennett's new play has been running here for a number of weeks. It is, as I believe I have mentioned, based upon his novel "Sacred and Pro-

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fane Love", called in America, I think, by the name of its heroine, Carlotta. I have been reading the play, and I am surprised to find how closely and how cleverly the translation from the novel to the play has been made. It certainly needs a master hand to translate a book for the stage. But Bennett had a theme so sharply and effectively handled in his own novel that it comes quite clean and slick in four acts. I have lately been wondering whether the act division which exercises such tyranny over our playwrights might not give way to something rather more elastic. We have seen in Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" how it can be ignored, and an almost panoramic succession of scenes substituted. Well, this notion is borne out by Tolstoy's "The Living Corpse", which has just been produced here under the title "Reparation", with our latest actor manager, Henry Ainley, in the chief part. This play, as you probably know, was left in a fragmentary state by Tolstoy; but as it has been pieced together it constitutes a good argument for a play that is divided simply into scenes. Comparing the stage version with the anonymous translation published in book form in America some years ago, I find that at least one scene has been omitted entire; but the play is given here in about nine scenes, and it does not lack coherence.

There is something in this, I am sure, for all our young dramatists (and some less young than the others) have been reported as strongly influenced less by the technique than by the success of "Abraham Lincoln". That means that we shall presently have a surfeit of chronicle plays. I hate the idea of that, and have no wish to see all our ancient heroes and historical characters butchered to make a London holiday. What I am rather suggesting is the possibility of plays more on the model of "The Living Corpse", domestic dramas in which we follow the development of plot and character from incident to incident. At present all sorts of things are allowed to interfere with verisimilitude, for the sake of getting the whole action into the allotted space of three acts. One advantage a greater number of short scenes would have is that scenery would have to be simplified. No, I am *not* forgetting that some people called the Elizabethans did something of the kind of thing I have been praising. Why should we not go back to this old technique? If William Archer is right, vide his articles in "The Observer", we can now write much better plays than the Elizabethans. Archer ought to know. He has seen most of the plays produced in England for the last thirty years or more.

* * * *

I have been reading the second book of one of the neo-Georgians mentioned by W. L. George in his lecture. It is called "If All These Young Men" and is by Romer Wilson, the author of "Martin Schuler". It is a weird affair, and I am not sure that I can see what the author is driving at. She has taken a short period round about the blackest period of the war—when the Germans were driving us back in the 1918 spring offensive. And she has gathered together the dumbest lot of young people I have ever met in a book. They say some silly thing, like "Yes", and it is fraught with significance. They suffer from an incurable introspective habit, and catch only the tails of all kinds of thoughts about life and love and human suffering, etc. But yet there is something that prevents the book as a whole from being

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ludicrous. It may be the author's youthful earnestness. More probably it is her subdued and slightly perverted talent, which, if it is allowed to gather robustness, may bloom into something more considerable than its present blossoms might suggest. The trouble about work of this kind is that it may fall into the hands of the cliques, who will perhaps say it is mystically perfect, that its vagueness is the authentic sibylline voice of genius tackling the subtle essences of life, and that sort of thing. It would be a great pity, because eccentricity is never good in art. Newness, yes; but newness that is comprehensible. Not something that can be imitated with ribaldry. Miss Wilson's sense of humor could do with a tonic. I am afraid that is true of a number of our young writers, particularly the poets. But I cannot deal with the poets this month. I must write about Sassoon's collected war poems and Osbert Sitwell's "Argonaut and Juggernaut" in the next "Londoner".

SIMON PURE

DRINKWATER'S LINCOLN

BY MONTROSE J. MOSES

IT is not my intention to hound John Drinkwater's play "Abraham Lincoln" back into history, any more than it was his intention, at the first, to take it "as is" *out* of history. What I want to do is to show how life, though greater than drama, sometimes moves with the precision of drama, and is the stuff from which plays are made. Personally, I take the play neat, swallow it whole, and am warmed by the sincerity of the brand; there is no play in recent times more true to its form; none with fewer words, and those simple and unpretentious. In these days when the experimenters are trying to find the right mode of expression for democracy, for community drama,—when they are experimenting with pageants and chorals,—here comes a drama: in a form as old as Shakespeare—the chronicle; with conventions used before the Elizabethans—the chorus or interlude; in a style as old as the Bible,—and grips the up-to-date devotee of the theatre with the use of detail as familiar as any first-reader story to the child.

Arnold Bennett writes an introduction to the printed play, telling how marvellously simple Drinkwater's success was with "Abraham Lincoln" in London. Yet how unexplainable that people should wend their way to Hammersmith, to the little theatre in which it was housed;—which is as if New Yorkers, instead of flocking to Forty-second Street, the pulse of theatre life, should pilgrimage to Two Hundred and Sixtieth Street and the Bronx, nearly twelve miles away and off the line, to see something not throbbing with sex, not thrilling with lurid melodrama—except where Lincoln's life had melodrama in it,—and containing no story other than the one we have studied in our histories.

But Mr. Bennett, as far as London is concerned, gives every explanation for this phenomenon of success except the right one. He claims that the

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knowledge of Mr. Drinkwater, as a dramatic technician, is accountable for it. Now, while the author has had a vast amount of experience as director of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, and while, in "Abraham Lincoln", he uses his materials with the reticence and balance of a poet and an artist,—all of which one feels in the reading and the seeing of the play,—the artistic workmanship of the piece is only one of the elements which make it what it is. Mr. Bennett claims that this drama is a success because Drinkwater had the wit to select as its hero one of the world's finest characters. This also has a grain of truth in it, and makes me feel like delivering a sermon to the American men of the theatre for not having as much wit. Still, Mr. Bennett might have said the same thing had Drinkwater selected some other great man of history for his central character. It is not a burning comment. He claims that the theme is handled with simplicity, which all the more throws before us the gigantic import of the subject. The theme *is* great, but so are the causes of the recent war, and the signing of Magna Charta, and the French Revolution, to *chassez* back and forth in history. That statement is only partly true. Again, Mr. Bennett gives Drinkwater the courage of his convictions in selecting Lincoln, but I don't believe that explains satisfactorily why the poet, of English birth, selected a hero of American origin, for the delectation of an English theatre-going public. The reason lies deeper. Finally, Mr. Bennett sees the success of "Abraham Lincoln" due to the actor employed to assume the leading rôle. Now, undoubtedly a bad actor will destroy any value an historical drama may have to the outward eye, and will misinterpret the lines of any poet, however true those lines may be to the character they represent. But here, also, Mr. Bennett fails to reach the crux of the matter.

What, then, has made "Abraham Lincoln" so popular in London that kings, queens, chancellors, counsellors, and cabinet members have been to see it once, twice, and even thrice? I think we may lay it to the same cause which made the chronicle play so popular with the Elizabethans, after the Spanish Armada—a wave of patriotic emotion which delights in recounting, either in legendary or historical form, the struggle for human liberty, and the preservation of the moral decencies of life. But if that is so, why did not Mr. Drinkwater select a theme more closely allied to English tradition? He chose instead a subject applicable to the entire Anglo-Saxon civilization. However much Lincoln may have sprung from the pioneers of Illinois, he also sprang from the strongest traditions of the English-speaking people. He spoke, as a man, with the force of the Bible, and he stood up against an issue which involved the moral stamina of mankind.

I take it that Mr. Drinkwater resorted to the chronicle-play form for several reasons, some of them technical. The incidents which would best reveal the character of Lincoln covered a long period; they were separated by details leading up to the climaxes, which in some way would have to be explained. In order to draw these episodes closer together, there would have to be interludes, or choruses, which would advance the spiritual development of the piece, and show, at each interval, the character of Lincoln, moulded firmer by the event. It gave him an opportunity of experimenting with a form which had been reduced to rigidity in the blank

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verse of the past; and an opportunity to show that choruses might be written freely, and somewhat in accord with modern poetic theories. It offered him the chance to illustrate that a poet might select an historical theme, and be true to it in its main outlines, yet take liberties with facts to such an extent as to shock the literalist, even though reinforcing the richness of the character portrayed.

For instance, into Lincoln's Cabinet, Mr. Drinkwater introduces a new member, an expediency which allowed him to put upon the shoulders of this extraneous person all the opposition to Lincoln, which, evenly distributed among the legitimate members of his official family, would have resulted in a confused impression, and a striving to be exact. Another instance of poetic license, which does violence to history, yet improves the impression of Lincoln: when, in the final scene, the President goes to the theatre, and impending doom hangs over him, he is applauded by the audience gathered to witness the performance of Taylor's "Our American Cousin", and, standing in his box, he makes a speech, which, in part, is none other than his second Inaugural Address. Such are the liberties Mr. Drinkwater has perfect right to take, provided he does no violence to the spirit of history. The fact is, he makes clear-cut the import of character, by so doing.

The poet, for his better purpose, has, therefore, the privilege of shaping history to his artistic ideal. It does not detract from the canvas that, in the first act, Lincoln is rather reticent about accepting his nomination. Taking the full events of history, we know that he planned with the Republicans for the success of his candidature. But there is a letter extant, addressed to T. J. Pickett (April 16, 1859), which shows that he considered himself unfit for the honor, and rather a detriment to the cause than otherwise. It was this aspect of Lincoln's stand Drinkwater selected to begin with.

Barring these perfectly legitimate licenses taken by the poet, and barring certain minor flaws due to the fact that Mr. Drinkwater is an Englishman rather than an American, the play of "Abraham Lincoln" is true to history in most of its detail, and truer than history, inasmuch as it presents Lincoln to us large and human and immortally great. I agree with those critics who have called attention to the fact that the Lincoln servant is more Anglo-Saxon (Birminghamshire) than Springfield, Illinoisian. I smile with others over the pidgin-English of the old negro minister who calls on the President at the White House; but I can't say that, as negro dialect, it is any worse than the dialect of Edgar Allan Poe, in "The Gold Bug". We Americans were never able to catch the rhythm of the negro speech until Joel Chandler Harris studied it, and embodied it in his "Uncle Remus" tales. So we can't blame an Englishman for what the average American writer in the past was not able to do.

Step by step, I could tabulate Mr. Drinkwater's sources in the writing of this chronicle play; or rather I could fix the sources of Lord Charnwood, the historian followed by the poet, who dedicated the finished product to this English writer of the standard English life of Lincoln. As a reader of Lincoln's letters I always find myself afterward with certain phrases ringing in my ears, with certain rhythms of the man beating in my brain. This is what has happened in the case of Drinkwater; he has taken freely from the letters and speeches,

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and mingled recollected expressions in his dialogue. He has made creative material out of commonplaces—shaping, moulding them around the gaunt, tragic outlines of the great figure. He has taken human anecdotes, official irritations, and kneaded them into his scenes. And the art of it all is that one does not feel they have been hauled in by the neck in order to illustrate a fact or point a moral. I can justify every move made by Drinkwater; and to the flaw-picker I can yield only in the statement that maybe sentiment has spilled over into sentimentality in the scene between the President and the negro minister.

I call "Abraham Lincoln" a great play, not in the sense that it has overpowering style, or is monumental in its structure: but that it gives us Lincoln in all his moral breadth and all his meaning for the future. I think that, if we are headed for a greater theatre in America, the Drinkwater play is destined to be a part of the repertory of any truly representative list of plays. Does it not sound rather strange, is there not something truly wrong with us, when we have to say that an Englishman has probably thus far written the typically American drama!

There are only a few characters that stand, historically, stedfast as a star. Lincoln is one of them. In these meteor days, we ask ourselves, can we expect to look upon his like again? That constitutes one of the fascinations of the Drinkwater drama,—it is so fundamentally sound, so tragically beautiful in its central character. Arnold Bennett confesses that he wept over the spiritual struggle of this great soul. "O Captain! My Captain!" wells up in your throat somehow. It is the glory of our common sense that we can weep over common sense.

The play in New York has created a stir. Special matinées are being given for the children, blocks of seats are being sold to organizations, the frivolous are leaving the theatre overawed by it. The papers are carrying double notices of it. And it has taken an Englishman to prove to us that we have been neglecting what is at our very door. How many attempts of a theatrical nature have been made with American history? I have seen Washingtons on the stage, played by actors who were required to stand with their backs to the audience, and to speak in sepulchral tones which might either be the voice of the Father of Our Country, or the voice of the Ghost of Hamlet's murdered parent! I have seen Grants and Lees on the stage, with beards that were woolly, and with bearings not as favorable as wax figures in the Eden Musée. I have seen Alexander Hamiltons that looked like George Arliss, and youthful Jeffersons that bore a faint resemblance to historical figures drawn by Howard Chandler Christy. When "Abraham Lincoln" was first spoken of for America, everyone exclaimed, "If only Chapin were alive." Probably there are readers who recall that actor's remarkable delineation of the President in a play as mildly adequate for Lincoln, as Parker's "Disraeli" was for Disraeli. Who, we asked, could play Drinkwater's Lincoln? And it is the hope of the dramatic profession,—as it is the hope of the country that in a log cabin such a man as Lincoln could be born,—that in the wilds of the one-night circuit, such an actor was found, and drawn into the limelight of Broadway. I could praise the makeup of Frank McGlynn,—more the Lincoln of Barnard than of Borglum,—but I would rather praise his spir-

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itual understanding—the quiet beauty of his awkward hesitancy, the positive firmness of his speech when he forged ahead, the spiritual loneliness and agony of the mood and expression. Nothing was theatrical, nothing forced. I can imagine no better delineation.

Thus, in reviewing the printed play, and in mentioning the acted representation, I render my own tribute to Mr. Drinkwater's excellence. He has done a fundamental thing: he has reached more than national emotion; he has gone beyond it and given his audiences a taste of what universal moral fervor is. Lincoln is not for America alone: he and Magna Charta stand at the root of Anglo-Saxon civilization. That, Mr. Arnold Bennett, is the reason for the play's unqualified success in London and New York.

BLUE WATER

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

THERE'S nothing between me and Spain
But water, blue water,—
And yet I strain my sight in vain
Into the radiant expanse;
That dear wild land of far romance
I must set sail to gain.
Blue water, blue water
That holds forgotten ships,
That lays the long cold silences
On panting human lips,
What makes your restless billows clean
As if the past had never been,
Blue water, blue water
Where the swift gull dips?

There's nothing between you and me
But water, blue water,—
Across the soul's relentless sea
Never a ship can find the way.
I may go back to Spain some day,
But always there must be
Blue water, blue water
Between us tossing cold.
Although its waves are crystal clear
We know what dead they hold.
Though we have no more dreams to drown
We dare not sail where those went down—
Blue water, blue water!
Where our hearts grew old.

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BOOKS OF THE DESERT AND THE MOUNTAINS

BY LEROY JEFFERS, F.R.G.S.

AMONG the lovers of nature there is an ancient dispute as to which has the greatest charm,—the desert, the mountains, or the sea. Fortunate is he who knows and loves his California, for in this favored state he need not choose between them as they are all present in superlative degree. For many summers I have roamed over its beautiful and majestic mountains, strolled on its poppy-strewn headlands overlooking the purple sea, or wandered along its colorful beaches in company with the mountains and the waves. Again I have traveled in midsummer over its burning deserts, rewarded by their ever alluring, mysterious charm. Let him who has done likewise turn to "California Desert Trails" by J. S. Chase, and he may renew many a happy memory.

The Colorado desert of southeastern California, of which this book is mainly descriptive, extends from San Gorgonio Pass and the eastern slopes of the San Bernardino, San Jacinto, and Santa Rosa mountains in a southeasterly direction to the Colorado river and the Gulf of California. It is crossed by the Southern Pacific railway, and has attracted much attention by its fertile Imperial Valley transformed by irrigation, and its unwelcome Salton Sea. To the north of the ranges bounding its upper margin lies the great Mohave Desert which is traversed by the Santa Fe and the Salt Lake routes.

Most fascinating have I found the California deserts when viewed from the snow-crowned summits on their borders. There, amid the cold of 10,000 to 14,500 feet altitude, my eyes have wandered downward through the many zones of plant and animal life to the rich browns and purples of the desert and the opal hues of its shimmering lakes. Irresistible was their call, and I glissaded down the upper snowy slopes, descended perilous chimneys, and hastened along tremendous canyons to reach at last their waving palms and tropic heat. Their sands have often burned my weary feet, their vanished waters tried my soul, but still I long for desert air and rest beneath their wondrous stars at night.

At Yuma on the Colorado river the temperature is often higher than 110 degrees in the shade. The river is wide and of chocolate hue, flowing between low red banks that are lined with green. On the streets are date palms and cottonwoods mixed with mesquits, while brilliantly dressed Indians visit the trains with baskets and bead work. Going westward across the desert we pass the Chocolate, Chuckawalla, and Cottonwood mountains, ranges of death from which many a prospector never returns; while across the mystic waters of the Salton Sea are the Superstition and Santa Rosa mountains. In centuries past the Gulf of California covered this area, but the Colorado river, bearing a heavy burden of silt, formed a widening delta which eventually shut out the sea, leaving a great lake whose outlines are still clearly seen on the

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walls of the surrounding mountains. In recent years evaporation reduced this inland sea until the Colorado burst its banks in 1905, remaining uncontrollable for two years. The area of the Salton Sea was thus increased to nearly 500 square miles of water about 80 feet in depth. Much of the Colorado desert is below sea level and one valley now covered by water is a few feet lower than the famous Death Valley region north of the Mohave. On the hazy blue waters of this vast sea the pelican fishes, and at night the coyote haunts its desolate shores.

At Indio and Coachella are hot springs and groves of date palms and figs. Here the desert is thickly strewn with the diminutive fossil shells of a mollusk that once inhabited the lake. The oasis of the Coachella Valley is rapidly becoming a great date-producing centre, and the only one in this country. At Palm Springs one may visit Murray, Eagle and Andreas canyons in the San Jacinto range where there are giant fan-palms (Washingtonia filifera). It is proposed that they be included in a National Monument to give protection to this unique tree which is not found elsewhere in the United States.

As we approach the gateway to the Pacific at San Gorgonio Pass, the mountains close in about us and we gaze upward at the snowy heights of San Gorgonio and San Jacinto. Parched and brown are their slopes, and seamed with deep canyons. On one side the peaks of the San Jacinto range overlook the desert and the Salton Sea; on the other side the orange groves and the blue Pacific. I have forced my way through the manzanita and thorn bush of their canyons and over the giant granite blocks of their summits to the terminal peak of Mt. San Jacinto at 10,805 feet, where there was a wonderful view of the region, with a thrilling glimpse into the depths of San Gorgonio Pass, thousands of feet beneath me.

Of greatest importance to the traveler are the desert sign-posts which direct him to the nearest good water. We have a western area of about 570,000 square miles which it is unsafe to penetrate afoot without this information, and the United States Geological Survey has commenced the work by placing sign-posts and developing the scanty springs in the Colorado and Mohave deserts. George W. Parsons, of Los Angeles, is the author of the movement, which he describes in the privately printed pamphlet "A Thousand-Mile Desert Trip". For seventeen years he has appealed to state and national governments with a result which will save innumerable lives. In midsummer the desert is sinister with temperatures of 125 to 130 degrees in the shade, and 140 degrees or more in the sun. One can travel afoot but a little way without water.

On one occasion after making a difficult descent from the mountains to the desert, I found the afternoon heat so great that I could not hold my hand on the duxbak clothing of my back, and was compelled to lie down every twenty steps. There are great areas of absolute desolation where the valleys are white with alkali like snow and even the gray sagebrush is scant; where the sand and the rocks burn day after day beneath the pitiless sun and no rain falls for more than a year. With only the cruel mirage to guide them, unnumbered hundreds have lost their way in these deserts, gone mad with thirst, torn off their clothing, and have fallen to die when they were only a short distance from water

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which was unmapped and unmarked. Many have found water that seemed a godsend to them, but which was dangerously full of mineral salts,—and they too have lain down to a horrible death.

Electrical storms of great violence occur in the mountains with cloudbursts whose waters sweep down the deep and narrow canyons, choking them with boulders and destroying all life in their pathway. Below are the bad lands where travel is slow and difficult. Sand-laden winds sweep over the desert cutting and killing all life in their reach. Of trees, the scrawny mesquit is the most widely distributed. In its search for water it may send its roots 40 or 50 feet downward, and its scant shade is ever a boon to the traveler. Here are the pale gray smoke-tree and the leafless palo verde, the shad-scale and the creosote bush with its sticky leaves and irritating odor. The giant cactus or Saguaro rises in fluted columns, often like candelabra, to 40 or 50 feet in height. Everywhere one meets the thorny ocotillo or candlewood, a variety of bayonet-pointed yuccas and inhospitable agaves, and the dreaded cholla, with its uncountable spines. Lizards and rattlesnakes dwell here and, lurking in the shadows, is the deadly sidewinder. I have found it lively work riding at top speed for mile after mile, leaning from side to side as I guided my horse in and out through the desert growth. On foot in the hot, heavy sand one can seldom pursue a straight course for any distance, for he must be constantly on guard to avoid a thorny encounter.

The early spring is the desert's resurrection. For a few brief weeks an indescribable multitude of brilliant and wonderful flowers burst into bloom. Bushes that live without leaves now deck themselves with delicate flowers. One may see solid acres of pinkish-purple abronias, or desert verbenas, and everywhere are flowers with which one is unfamiliar. The supreme beauty of the desert is its color. In flower time, who can adequately picture its charm? Later the eye rejoices in the myriad colors of the sand and the brilliant hues of the rocks over which a faint lilac light is suffused. In the clear, dry air of the desert, distance is shortened and far away details seem near. Violet and purple are the mountains, olive and drab is the desert, with here and there the red and yellow and black of the lava rock; but over all, enriching its color, a mysterious veil is drawn. Nowhere else are the sunset colors more vivid and nowhere do they blend with the landscape in such glorious harmony. Clouds of brilliant white and gold and deep rose glow in the eastern sky; purple, orange and carmine linger in the west. Meanwhile the desert is suffused with rose and its cliffs and mesas are transfigured with heavenly light. As the purple shadows pale to gray, and the silence of the night enfolds the scene, the stars appear, offering their warm and near companionship to the lonely traveler.

The desert owes much of its charm to the mountains that gather around it. On their soft and colorful outlines the eye ever lingers in reverent contemplation. On their forested slopes we are dependent for our fertile valleys, for they receive and treasure the snow and the rain which give birth to our rivers. No mountains in America are more delightful than are the Sierra Nevada of California. On their eastern, or desert face, their vertical summit cliffs present for miles a most striking escarpment above Owen's Val-

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ley. Their canyons have magnificent walls and beautiful lakelets and are aglow with a great variety of flowers and trees. The western slope of the range is heavily forested, being the home of the giant sequoia, while its canyons are of unequaled charm and grandeur, having the greatest waterfalls to be found in the mountains of America. With many summits over 14,000 feet in height, among whose rugged crags the glaciers linger, and with a multitude of polished granite domes that afford scant foothold to the climber, the Sierras are a paradise for the mountaineer. It is little wonder that our greatest mountaineer, John Muir, made his home for years in the heart of these mountains. In "The Mountains of California", "The Yosemite", and "Our National Parks" he wrote of them as their intimate friend with an understanding love and a beauty and richness of expression which no other writer of nature has equaled. Muir's most valuable contribution, and the secret of his marvelously true descriptive power, was his clear recognition of God as the infinite Personality who is working in and through nature. The Creator was not hidden, but revealed by an evolutionary process.

John Muir was always at home when alone in the mountains, and nothing gave him greater enjoyment than a long stroll over difficult mountain and canyon country. In his last book "Steep Trails", he tells us in fascinating language of many of his adventures. Perhaps his experiences on Mt. Shasta, 14,153 feet in height, will illustrate his fearlessness as a mountaineer. Like our other northwestern snow peaks, Shasta is an ancient volcanic cone that has been considerably worn down in height. Although it is lower than Mt. Whitney, which is 14,502 feet, it has a more striking individuality, for it rises in snowy slopes 10,000 feet above the surrounding country, while the western height of Whitney is only about 3,000 feet above the general plateau. In summer the lower slopes of Shasta are carpeted with miles of sweet-scented flowers of many varieties, a multitude of butterflies and of happy insect life filling the air with color and music.

Muir tells us of his ascent of the mountain in November, 1874, when it was robed in deep, soft snow, and the fierce wind lifted the drifts, hurling them far out like a great glistening flag from its summit. Starting from his camp near timber-line about one o'clock in the morning, he worked his way up the steep slope through the intense cold and the silence of the night. Frequently he sank to his armpits in the mealy snow, but thrilled by the beauty about him, he reached the summit at 10:30 A. M. Although Muir had brought no coat, he remained to enjoy the view for two hours until he was forced downward by icy clouds to his camp. The next morning the storm broke and continued for about a week, affording him much enjoyment but alarming his acquaintances who sent an outfit to his rescue.

In the following April Muir led a party which surveyed the summit of Shasta, and two days later he again ascended with a companion to make barometrical observations. During the morning they enjoyed the vast expanse of sun-illumined clouds that filled all the valleys beneath them, and which rose on every hand in peaks and mountain ranges as if they were permanent features of the landscape. Storm conditions had developed by noon, but a final observation was to be taken and Muir decided to remain. Just as they finished at three o'clock,

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the fury of the storm was upon them, beating them with hail and endangering their lives by continuous lightning. The temperature fell below zero and the wind threatened to sweep them away. At first they must traverse a long, dangerous ridge flanked by precipices, and darkness was almost upon them. No one who has not encountered a blizzard on a peak above 10,000 feet can realize the difficulty and danger of the situation. Although Muir would have continued the descent, his companion refused to attempt it, so they retraced their steps to a group of fumaroles near the summit, where they passed the night rolling in the boiling mud and fighting for breath amid the fumes of poisonous gases. The force of the storm compelled them to lie prostrate while they were frozen, blistered, and starved; but by morning the storm ceased and they were barely able to descend to warm spring weather at the base of the mountain.

Especially dear to the heart of John Muir was the great Kings and Kern river region with its magnificent canyons culminating in a wilderness of giant peaks, including Mt. Whitney, 14,502 feet, the highest elevation in the United States. It is proposed to include this area, comprising about 70 miles of the crest of the Sierra Nevada, with the already existing Sequoia National Park, renaming it the Roosevelt National Park. As a memorial to one who was foremost in his untiring efforts to protect and preserve our national wonders, nothing more fitting can be created.

In "Travels in Alaska" John Muir told us in exquisitely beautiful language of his explorations of Alaskan fiords, his study of their glaciers, and his perilous trips over their hidden crevasses. In "The Land of Tomorrow" by W. B. Stephenson Jr., who was formerly United States Commissioner at St. Michael, we find an entertaining account of this land of glaciers and gold, and of the work of the pioneers who are developing its resources. His reference to the flowers and birds of Alaska tempts me to renew my acquaintance with them; and how many of us mountaineers are awaiting the completion of the government railway to visit the Mt. McKinley National Park with its giant among North American mountains. The finest fiord, glacier, and mountain scenery of Alaska has been seen as yet by very few travelers. The coal, copper, gold, and platinum of this wonderful northland have hardly been touched, although the annual production is over $32,000,000. The astonishing life story of the salmon is told, —one of the most marvelous things in nature; and the author mentions the unique Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes which the expeditions of the National Geographic Society are making known to the world.

With the exception of John Muir's finest work, Guido Rey's "Peaks and Precipices: Scrambles in the Dolomites and Savoy" is by far the most beautifully written of all books for the lover of the mountains. Although published but five years ago, it is out of print in this country. In it the very spirit of the mountains illumines the soul of the author, who awakens his love for them in us.

As librarian of the American Alpine Club, an organization with membership limited by higher qualifications than other mountaineering clubs in North America, I have gathered the literature of mountaineering in a special collection at the main building of the New York Public Library. By

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this consolidation of the books of the club and of the library we have established the largest library on the subject in North America. We have compiled a selected list of titles which has been published by the library, and we are gathering a large collection of photographs of the finest mountain scenery in all parts of the world. As manager of the Book Order Office of the New York Public Library I have gradually purchased a similar collection of books, comprising most of the titles in the main library, for home use through our branch libraries.

In 1915 it was suggested to the American Alpine Club that all our leading mountaineering organizations be invited to unite in a bureau with headquarters in New York. Early in 1916, nine clubs and societies united in this manner under the title of the Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America. The membership has been increased by some of the geographical societies, by some of the bureaus of the national government and by societies and institutions which have common interest in the preservation of our finest scenery and in the protection of plant, flower, tree, bird, and animal life in its natural environment. These organizations now number 31 with an individual membership of over 60,000 as follows:

American Alpine Club, Philadelphia and New York.
American Forestry Association, Washington.
American Game Protective Association, New York.
American Museum of Natural History, New York.
Adirondack Camp and Trail Club, Lake Placid Club, N. Y.
Appalachian Mountain Club, Boston and New York.
Boone and Crocket Club, New York.
British Columbia Mountaineering Club, Vancouver.
Colorado Mountain Club, Denver.
Dominion Parks Branch, Dept. of the Interior, Ottawa.
Field and Forest Club, Boston.
Forest Service, U. S. Dept. Agriculture, Washington.
Fresh Air Club, New York.
Geographic Society of Chicago.
Geographical Society of Philadelphia.
Green Mountain Club, Rutland, Vermont.
Hawaiian Trail and Mountain Club, Honolulu.
Klahhane Club, Port Angeles, Wash.
Mazamas, Portland, Oregon.
Mountaineers, Seattle and Tacoma.
National Association of Audubon Societies, New York.
National Parks Association, Washington.
National Parks Service, U. S. Dept. Interior, Washington.
New York Zoological Society, New York.
Prairie Club, Chicago.
Rocky Mountain Climbers Club, Boulder, Colorado.
Sagebrush and Pine Club, Yakima, Wash.
Sierra Club, San Francisco and Los Angeles.
Tramp and Trail Club, New York.
Travel Club of America, New York.
Wild Flower Preservation Society of America, New York.

The association is cooperating with the National Park Service for the creation, development, and protection of our national parks and monuments, for all true mountaineers and travelers are vitally interested in the preservation of our most beautiful scenery from commercial ruination. The annual bulletin of the association gives the officers and data of each society, and it calls attention to the activities of various departments of the government that are of interest to the mountaineer. The claims of various regions to become national parks and monuments, and the enlargement of existing parks, are noted. As these projects come up for governmental consideration, the association presents the views of its members and gives wide publicity to the plans of the government. Believing that acquaintance with the literature of mountaineering

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California Desert Trails. By J. S. Chase. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Steep Trails. By John Muir. Houghton Mifflin Co.
The Land of Tomorrow. By W. B. Stephenson, Jr. George H. Doran Company.

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and outdoor life is essential to intelligent cooperation, the association has encouraged and assisted its members in the formation and enlargement of reference and circulating collections of books. Public attention is being called to many important but little-known scenic regions by illustrated aricles in current magazines and by illustrated lectures which are being given before leading clubs and societies.

LITERARY ADVENTURES

BY ARTHUR BARTLETT MAURICE

IT is the province of a writer for THE BOOKMAN to place particular emphasis on one aspect of I. F. Marcosson's many-sided "Adventures in Interviewing"; to let the "captains and the kings" depart, but to hold out a restraining hand to those pages in which the author has told of his contact with certain of the men and women of letters of our time. In swift and necessary dismissal be it said that Mr. Marcosson's life as an incorrigible and irrepressible reporter has brought him into professional association, more or less intimate, with many of the great soldiers and civilians who led the Allied cause to victory, as well as with a score of dominating political and financial figures of our own country in the two decades that preceded the war.

But of chief interest here are the glimpses he gives us of Sir James Barrie in his Adelphi Terrace home overlooking the Victoria Embankment; of James Lane Allen in the days when the notes of "Flute and Violin" were first falling like music upon the ear; when Frank Norris was throbbing with life and ardor and trying to write up to the name of "the Boy Zola" that he flippantly applied to himself; of David Graham Phillips standing at a high desk and scribbling from midnight to dawn on small sheets of yellow paper; of H. G. Wells and Arnold Bennett crossing mental rapiers in the Reform Club of London; of John Fox appearing on the lecture platform "for the exclusive benefit of his creditors"; of Eugene Field pulling the trigger of an army pistol that happened to be loaded; of O. Henry eating in a New York Syrian restaurant, or watching through the window of his room in Irving Place for the passing face that would bring to him the suggestion for the ordered and probably already paid for story.

James Lane Allen was the first figure of literary distinction to come within the range of Mr. Marcosson's be regarded in the light of a man of life, for Henry Watterson can hardly letters pure and simple. When the shy Kentucky schoolmaster was emerging as a personage by virtue of "The White Cowl" and "The Blue Grass Region" stories, Marcosson, then a reporter on the Louisville "Times", interviewed him for his paper, thereby laying the foundation of an enduring friendship. It was Mr. Allen who showed the younger Kentuckian the way to breaking into the magazines. Once, some years later, when everybody was reading "The Choir Invisible", Marcosson, walking down Fifth Avenue

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after the play in company with Mr. Allen, spoke of the tremendous earning power of the present-day novelist, adding: "It is impossible for a writing man to starve these 'best-selling' days". "You are much mistaken," replied Mr. Allen; "I was as near want in New York as I ever care to be." Of Mr. Allen's working methods Mr. Marcosson tells: "He writes only during the forenoon and at a desk which must have a sloping top as a relief to eye strain. All his later books have been written at a desk scarcely three feet wide. His first drafts are written with a stub pen. He has always been particularly fussy about his writing materials. I have known a scratchy pen point to throw his whole mental focus temporarily out of gear. After he has made three or four handwritten drafts of a chapter he dictates it to a stenographer. The typed version is then revised again and again."

It was after a correspondence that had covered years that Mr. Marcosson met the late Frank Norris in the life. That was in 1901 when Mr. and Mrs. Norris (he had married the Blix of the story of that name) were living at the Anglesea on the south side of Washington Square, an old building much frequented by writers and painters. Marcosson dined there at a little table placed by a large window through which could be seen the stately Arch gleaming through the trees. When they sat down Norris said: "We could have taken you to a fashionable restaurant but we wanted you to dine with us as the boy and girl used to dine in 'Blix' ". That was the only meeting. In the autumn of 1902 Norris, in San Francisco, on the point of chartering a schooner and sailing across the Pacific as Jack London subsequently did, was stricken with appendicitis and died at the age of thirty-two. He had already finished his "Epic of the Wheat", and had he lived he would have carried on his planned series dealing with the Civil War. His idea was to divide his novel into three books, each dealing with one day of the struggle that marked the turning point of the war. He regarded the Battle of Gettysburg as the supreme event in American history.

David Graham Phillips, according to Mr. Marcosson, had a method all his own. Long experience on a morning newspaper begot in him the habit of night work. No matter how he tried he could never write successfully during the day. He usually began about midnight and labored steadily until dawn. His chirography was fine and frequently difficult to decipher. The yellow sheets were copied with wide spacing by a typist, after which the incessant revision was resumed. Unlike most novelists and playwrights, who usually select a title and then build round it, Phillips invariably wrote his story first and then named it. The original draft of "Susan Lenox" was considerably over 500,000 words. He wrote that book by hand at least three times.

Interviewing Mark Twain at the time that the creator of "Huckleberry Finn" was at the New York house at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street, Mr. Marcosson found his quarry smoking a stogie in bed, wearing a mussy nightshirt, and with his long white hair tousled up. On the writing board propped up before him were four or five sheets of manuscript. To the interviewer he read an incident of the boyhood life of H. H. Rogers, suggesting that it would fit well in a projected interview with the Standard Oil magnate. "Why can't I print your story as a signed article by you?" urged Marcosson. Smilingly,

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Mark Twain replied: "It is impossible. I am owned body and soul by a publishing house and everything that I write must go to them."

It was in the war days, when, to use his own phrase, he was commuting across the Atlantic, that Mr. Marcosson first found J. M. Barrie, and found him "without doubt the most silent human being I have ever known." There is a decided literary flavor to the Adelphi Terrace neighborhood in which Barrie lives. Underneath the Barrie apartment dwells John Galsworthy, Granville Barker formerly resided on the floor above, a door or two away is the Savage Club, and just across the street George Bernard Shaw is quartered. In his study Barrie usually sits cross-legged like a Turk, smoking a pipe. There are few waking hours in which he is not pulling away at a briar. He has a bewildering assortment of them. Unlike Mark Twain he does not smoke in bed. Marcosson found that one certain key to unlock the Barrie silence was the magic name of Stevenson. There was a fine communion between the two. Stevenson repeatedly invited his fellow Scot to visit him at Vailima: "Take the boat at San Francisco and then my place is the second on the left." Of his failure to make the pilgrimage Barrie said: "I regret it above all other things. It was the only spot in the world that I had any craving to visit."

Mr. Marcosson claims to have had a part in introducing Barrie to the stories of O. Henry. The American's first enthusiasm over his subject met with no response, but two months later Barrie told him that he had read all the O. Henry books that he could find, and then proceeded to give his version of some of the tales, ranging from "The Trimmed Lamp" to the one yarn of all likely to confound a Briton, "The Rose of Dixie". In appreciation he wrote a letter to O. Henry's daughter. Of O. Henry himself Mr. Marcosson has considerable to tell, introducing anecdotes and impressions that escaped the attention of William Sidney Porter's official biographer. For example every reader has at times been puzzled by the lack of connection between the introductions of certain O. Henry stories and the stories themselves. That was due to the procrastinating manner in which the author worked. Some of the very best of the tales were done for a New York newspaper that contracted to pay $100 a week for a story a week. The last call for "copy" was Saturday noon. The editor's first act on the preceding Monday morning was to send a note asking: "Where is this week's story?" The invariable answer would be: "I am just sitting down to write it. Can you send me $50 by this messenger?" After a few rash compliances the editor made it a condition that at least part of the story should be in his hands before the money was advanced. That accounts for the lack of connection. O. Henry was playing for time and money, and did not know himself when he wrote the introductions what the story was to be about.

Adventures in Interviewing. By Isaac F. Marcosson. John Lane Co.

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BOOKS FROM SPAIN

BY ISAAC GOLDBERG

OUT of the increasing number of books that come from Spain and various points of Spanish America, treating of various aspects of the modernist literature, several recent publications afford a fairly synoptic view of the epoch, as well as an intimate acquaintance with salient figures. It is not only Spain and this country that are awakening to the men and movements of Hispanic Americans; it is Spanish America itself.

Volume X, First Part, of Julio Cejador y Frauca's monumental history of the Spanish language and literature is largely devoted to modernism; the professor's view is by no means an altogether favorable one, nor, to my mind, always a logical one; it is, however, replete with bibliographical aids, multifarious comment and important data, and if it does not satisfy us entirely with what it gives, it indicates where else we may go for other and different views upon some one of the most interesting epochs in modern comparative literature.

The modernist renovation of Castilian poetry and prose arose, of course, in Spanish America, traveling thence to Spain itself, entering that country during the depressing days after the war with the United States. The reform had been flourishing on this side of the ocean for about a decade, having been given its impulse by the decadent branch of the French symbolistic school. The effects of that influence, however, were so diverse and so widespread, that the word *movement* does not adequately cover the phenomenon. Modernism was really a synthesis of movements; it took from such opposing forces as Parnassianism and Symbolism whatever it found most adaptable to its own purposes, and fused the various elements more or less harmoniously into an autochthonous product. Spanish prose and poetry were in need of renovation, and the new breath blew, as so often, from France. It is here that Señor Cejador y Frauca seems biased and unjust. To him the France that thus helped to effect a lasting reform in Castilian literature is a nation ever seeking for mere novelty; a psychopathic, erotic, egotistic, neurotic, effeminate, decadent people worthy, from the literary standpoint at least, of all the strictures that Max Nordau once drew up against the whole era of so-called degeneration. He is uncomfortably aware of the aberration committed by the numerous "ists", and none will dispute his reiterated condemnations of the individual products; where he errs, I believe, is in condemning any movement as a whole. The modernist awakening, large as it may loom to Spaniards on both shores of the Atlantic, is itself but a phase of an entire world-attitude; it is, to use a homely but rich term, one more piece of evidence in the modern striving for selfhood; it produced aberrations, to be sure, but is that the fault of the era or of the individual? The new writer may not always be right; the new spirit, however, is right every time.

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What may be at the bottom of the professor's objections is the consciousness that the modernists exposed Castilian literature to a host of foreign suggestions. Pío Baroja, the brilliant, epigrammatic, discursive novelist; Jacinto Benavente, the resourceful, many-faceted dramatist; such poets as Salvator Rueda and Jiménez, and such littérateurs as Valle-Inclán,—these men alone would justify the modernist influence in Spain, if modernism really needed justification. As well judge a rainstorm, however. The renovation was bound to come; it was an historical necessity, not a personal whim; and movements, like men, have a right to be remembered for their best works.

While the volume under consideration is excellent in many of its details, the total effect is marred by the generally hostile attitude to the modernists,—a hostility that sometimes refuses to recognize modernist traits where they are clearly present, as in the case of the Cuban poet Julián del Casal. The book is arranged according to a rather interesting plan: the authors are treated in chronological order, but that chronology is determined by the year in which the author's first important book appeared.

This is particularly helpful for those who are fond of studying influences,—a form of study, by the way, that is beginning to be recognized as not without its disadvantages, as sometimes tending to conceal the vital forces that furnish the soil for all literature.

Modernism, in its wider sense, is by no means a phase of Castilian letters that has vanished into the past; since its inception it has undergone various reorientations, beginning with more or less superficial imitation, progressing to a sense of racial solidarity, concentrating later upon the purely continental element as opposed to the "hand-across-the-sea" sentiment toward Spain, evolving toward social themes,—all in a prose and poetry rejuvenated by the fertilization of foreign language and thought. At present there is a strong current of what is called "literary Americanism"; the dream of Bolívar, which looked forward to the continental union of all the republics into a sort of United States of South America, is as yet far in the future, but what is denied political fulfilment may be effected in literature. Precursors of this self-assertive literature have been recognized in writers that preceded the modernist era; today the phase counts several names, at least, of the first rank, a thorough study of whose works should be deemed imperative by all North Americans who hope to gain a full understanding of Hispanic America's attitude toward us in the present and the very near future.

The book that comes from Cuba, by Max Henríquez Ureña (one of two brothers who have performed important labors in the propagation and interpretation of Spanish American letters), is an excellent introduction to the two famous figures of which it treats. Rubén Darío, as I have tried to show in a recent article in THE BOOKMAN, was among other things remarkable for the fact that in his life and labors he summarized the modernist epoch, after having provided the initial impulse by his prose and poetry. I need not, therefore, dwell upon this section of Henríquez Ureña's book; that part on Rodó, however, repays attention, for José Enrique Rodó is unknown in this country, despite his affinities with such spirits as our own Emerson.

That there is not necessarily any

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close connection between a country's economic importance and its literary significance, in so far as the production of great single figures is concerned, seems to be shown by the cases of Darío and Rodó; the former was a Nicaraguan by birth; the second, a Uruguayan. Few Spanish Americans so quickly and so lastingly endeared themselves to their generation as did Rodó (1872-1917). His dynamic, personal philosophy was peculiarly a product of the epoch and as peculiarly suited to the renovating spirit. He, too, as he announced in his famous critique of Darío's "Prosas Profanas", was a modernist; he was profoundly sensitive to the needs of the new day, yet no less appreciative of our debt to the past, which simple-minded futurists imagine may be wiped out by mere fiat or manifesto. He was classic in his serenity, his repose, his beauty of thought and language; yet he was a modern of moderns, ever mindful that constant change and readaptation form the prime condition of a full, genuine life. His fusion of past with present is shown even in the symbolic titles which he adopts for his works. His very first notable essay—"El Que Vendrá" (he who will come)—was a sort of prophetic query, to which he was the answer. His "Ariel", which has been called the intellectual breviary of Spanish American youth, is a magnetic call to the idealism of youth amid the material pursuits of modernity's hurly-burly. His "Motivos de Proteo" presents the high-water mark of his literary and philosophical activity; if "Ariel" is a breviary, then this is a miniature Bible of the human personality. "Rinnovarsi o morire" (self-renewal or death) had been D'Annunzio's cry; Rodó turned the slogan toward life: "Reformarse es vivir" (self-reformation is life). None was ever more cognizant of the constant need of self-renewal; none ever realized more deeply the meaning of "know thyself"; after you read Rodó's volume of protean thoughts (for was not Proteus the ancient sea-spirit who was ever different yet ever the same?), you feel that you have but scratched the surface of your potentialities. In this sense the Uruguayan is an optimist, but not such a one as Dr. Pangloss, that Voltairean great-great-grandfather of our own Pollyanna. Nor is there anything of the a priori method about Rodó; his inquiry into the human personality is founded upon an intimate knowledge of the leading men of all the ages; that investigation carries him from the individual to society, which is none the less in need of constant readjustment in the light of new knowledge. Rodó's chief contribution to Spanish American culture has been termed a novel dynamic ethics; he has been characterized by Pedro Henríquez Ureña (brother of the author of the present studies, and well known in this country as a teacher, lecturer, and author) as belonging to the family of "Epictetus, and of Plutarch, of Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, Luis de León, Raimonde Sebonde, Emerson, Ruskin,—the family over which, shielding it with one of his archangel's wings, the divine Plato presides".

Rodós' influence upon modern Spanish prose was profound. He has been named, by González-Blanco (a Spanish critic who has devoted much attention to his literary brethren across the sea, and who, for all his logorrheic divagations, possesses the erudition implied in his statement), as the greatest writer of Spanish prose, on either side of the ocean, in the twentieth century. It is a prose which, in

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the words of Rodó's chief commentator Gonzalo Zaldumbide, contains "pages of so radiant a serenity that they inspire the same melancholy as days that are too beautiful". His chapters are illuminated by secular parables of such beauty that some of them are included in the Uruguayan school curriculum; they could stand alone as anthological specimens of a linguistic charm that is useful as well as ornamental.

It is in his "Mirador de Prôspero" that his best journalistic and magazine work has been gathered; here are revealed and emphasized his dominant traits of fairness and tolerance; his essays upon such outstanding forces as Simon Bolívar, Juan Montalvo, Rubén Darío, J. M. Gutiérrez and his epoch,—to choose but a few,—are worthy of comparison with Emerson and Macaulay. He knew the secret of framing a man in his age, of relating the man's labors to his times and his personality. The literary cameos that adorn the same collection belong with the rare parables for their combined beauty and utility. In one of these, "Los Que Callan" (those who are silent), he seems to have summed up his own reverent attitude toward art. The silence of these spirits in the face of creative beauty,—

> . . . . is neither humility nor pride. It is simply the complete possession of a boon that carries its end and its recompense within itself, and for this reason contains itself within its own amplitude, without aspiring to issue from itself impetuously; like wine, which, when it has matured, forgets the restlessness and the seethings of fermentation; or like the splendor of the serene night which, ecstatic in the soft glory of its lights, does not publish it with the flashes of the lightning or the music of the sun . . . .

"Los Que Callan" is one of the fundamental passages in Rodó; it gives us to behold in him just such a potent figure as he speaks of,—just such a hushed worshiper of beauty as he describes. Radiance, serenity, an insight that is none the less clear for its depth, classic repose combined with a dynamic conception of modernity, eternal intellectual youth,—these are the distinguishing attributes of a power whose influence should not be confined to the Spanish tongue.

Max Henríquez Ureña's study is a most sympathetic and understanding presentation of the two men he discusses; he grasps the essential significance of the Dionysian and the Apollonean leaders of modernism,—Darío and Rodó; he exhibits a rare combination of enthusiasm and critical perception.

The Spanish American short story has before it an almost virgin field; to us of the North, nurtured on a less emotional outlook upon things, some of the tales in Ventura García Calderón's anthology may seem a bit preachy, more than a little sentimental; but I believe that is an illusion of language, for the average North American story, short or long, has a surplus of sentimentality that hides behind a mask of cleverness and "technique". On the other hand there are tales in the present collection that are rich in local flavor, athletic in the concise adaptation of subject to style, strong in appeal. Javier de Viana, who has been likened to Gorki and Kipling, is represented by several tales, the best of which achieves a certain chaste naturalism—terms that to some persons would appear hopelessly contradictory; Manuel Ugarte and Alberto Ghiraldo contribute two of the stories most illustrative of the indigenous note; the pampas and the gauchos are rich in possibilities that have been exploited upon the Spanish American stage and in a "school" of poetry and fiction, usually in a ro-

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mantic vein; Ugarte and Ghiraldo, however, approach the subject in contemporary realistic fashion.

It is of Rufino Blanco-Fombona, whose "Democracia Criolla" (creole democracy) is here included, that I should like most to speak—both because he is a figure of international importance and because he represents an attitude toward our country that is regrettably hostile to the point of fanaticism; yet which is not utterly without foundation, and therefore to be met in a generous spirit that shall point out the error in hating an entire nation because of the misdeeds of a few,—unfortunately a powerful few.

Blanco-Fombona is a man of action; even his fiction is born of that action. He is at once poet, sociologist, critic, historian, novelist, publisher, and editor, performing all these tasks with a versatility that is surprising, even in a race of versatile spirits. His worship of Bolívar has made of him one of the recognized champions of a self-determining Spanish America; in season and out he has fought its battles and advanced its cause; he is naturally of a bellicose nature, gifted with an uncanny faculty of indignation. He has suffered the lash of the despot in his own country (Venezuela), and his exile for many years nurtured a bitterness that has colored almost everything his pen has written. Yet there is something distinctly noble in this ardent paladin of liberty; he flays his native country as harshly as ever he has flayed our own; at bottom of all his hatreds is an intense potentiality of love. Whatever else one may think of him, he is sincere, and that sincerity has meant incarceration and exile to a patriot who feels the expulsion from his beloved soil.

"Creole Democracy" is written, as are all of Blanco-Fombona's short stories (and his two novels, for that matter), in a terse, rapid, stark style; Henri Barbusse, who has since become internationally famous, reviewed the French versions of the Venezuelan's tales more than fifteen years ago, paying them the rare compliment of mentioning Maupassant, Daudet, and Villiers D'Isle Adam in the same breath. The tale portrays the inability of the natives to understand a popular election; to them it is a war and before the day is over a man has been slain. Even when apprehended the criminal does not realize his crime. The man killed was his enemy, wasn't he, and mustn't enemies be done away with?

This writer's skill with the short story, however, is not the rule with Spanish American short fiction. Yet there is something attractive about the flexible conception of the tale that is held by the various writers chosen for inclusion in the anthology. Who would have asked Gutiérrez Nájera, for example, to write with any less of the homiletic touch and the discursive manner? I have heard of a young instructor in one of our colleges who condemned Hawthorne for not having written his tales according to contemporary standards; such as he would condemn Gutiérrez Nájera—and be the only losers. Some day it may occur to our preceptive critics that however much a single standard may be desirable in morals, art may be as polygamous as it pleases. Are there not nine muses?

Historia de la Lengua y Literatura Castellana. Comprendidos Los Autores Hispano-Americanos. (Epoca Regional y Modernista: 1888-1907. Primera Parte.) Por Don Julio Cejador y Frauca. Catedratico de Lengua y Literatura Latinas de la Universidad Central. Tomo X. Madrid.

Rodó y Darío. Por Max Henríquez Ureña. Sociedad Editorial Cuba Contemporanea. La Habana.

Los Mejores Cuentos Americanos. V. García Calderón. Casa Editorial Maucci. Barcelona.

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Much of the variety in the collection is due, of course, to the fact that it is not, like Mr. O'Brien's annual gathering, limited to a year's output. It had a wide sweep of decades to choose from; such as it is, it reveals promising possibilities for the short story in Spanish America, where self-expression in verse has so long been the great rule for ebullient youth. Arrangement by chronological order would not have harmed the primarily literary purpose of the book, and would have been of assistance to those who enjoy studying the evolution of genres. Also, an index of titles only, without the names of the authors, is rather disconcerting; inasmuch as the volume is part of a new series designed to make the works of Spanish Americans of easier access to Europeans and North Americans, the presence of a few biographical remarks and a modicum of notes would not hurt.

COMPLAINT DEPARTMENT

How I Became a Murderer

I DID not intend to kill Job Wandover. Indeed, I did not, yet perhaps his death may be explained as may most murders—unless a man strikes another down in blind passion. Job Wandover was in my way. He had been a singularly successful man in the southwestern town. His cattle had thriven. His cowpunchers had stood by him, even when he added to his acres by dispossessing Hank Ruddell at the point of a pistol. The railroad was built across Wandover's land, and he cut up half a section for town lots.

When he was elected to the legislature, fame and fortune seemed smiling upon him. People had forgotten the Indian wife of his squatter days, and Wandover was to marry Eugenie Dalmain; that is, if Brent Dickerston could not prevent it.

"This is a matter between gentlemen," Brent had reminded Job with harsh significance in the courtly words, on the day after the Christmas ball.

I liked Brent—hearty, straightforward, independent, with no Indian wives or other accessories of a shady past. Brent had not dispossessed any earlier settler at pistol-point; neither was he the owner of land available for town sites. He was the one lawyer in Carape whom everyone could trust. While not a member of the legislature, he, nevertheless, had done good work in drafting the Morris bill, a long-demanded measure for taking the primary out of the hands of the bosses; and it had finally passed, though only by the skin of its incisors.

Just which of the two men Eugenie Dalmain would choose might be decided partly by circumstances....

I threw myself so entirely into the story as I wrote, that when I had completed its many chapters and mailed them to the magazine that had published most of my stories, the world seemed a howling wilderness. It did not howl for long, however, for the

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editor was kindly prompt in his reply:

"I am somewhat disappointed in your story, to which I have given a thoughtful reading. Permit me to remind you that our public is not an easy one to suit. When an author does well at a thing, readers are bound to keep her doing it over. You do murders exceptionally well, and I am inclined to think that if you merely have Job Wandover struck down by the man whose land he seized,—Hank Ruddell, is it not?—his reappearance later in the story may injure a well-earned popularity. I do not venture to suggest plot changes, but trust to your ingenuity to arrange them."

Is there not something mediæval in that letter, hiding its grossness with fair ornament? Aside from the one phrase, "You do murders exceptionally well", it is innocent enough. Do you blame me now? Do you sit in judgment upon me? Look at the terrible temptation that beset me. Consider how I was forced to choose between—a well-earned popularity and murder.

I chose. I seized my pen and in one short hour that pretty, harmless—varying the words of Spartacus—man was slain. I saw the corse, the mangled corse,—and knew I had added to my popularity, knew that in a thousand homes a thousand readers, young people, and older ones, too, would be made the happier, and the world made to seem to them a brighter and more beautiful place by my masterly description of Job Wandover's murder.

As for Job, he died, you feel, to sate the thirst for bloodshed; became a martyr like those of the days of Rome, with the important difference that he died, not in "The Arena" (which never printed stories) but in one of the other magazines.

And I? My blood was up. It was clear that for me the path of glory must follow devious ways. I began to study penology for the sidelights it threw on new and illuminating methods of committing murder. I found that picturesque bloodthirstiness is not easily sustained. I went to museums to see collections of daggers. I kept a scrap-book of murders cut from the newspapers. I consulted chemists about poisons, and made a study of bombs. I made a comparative table of methods of murder employed in one hundred novels.

And it paid! My work sold. From appearing in the smaller magazines, I found entrance into the large. The best publishers took my books. Everybody read them. I sometimes longed to write a novel in which the longevity of all the characters should be the notable thing. Then would come a letter from my publisher:

"Automobilists are asking for your books. Something especially to suit their fancy might be a good move financially. Will you try something of the sort, say a startling murder in an automobile?"

Thus the good impulses of my soul, the struggle of my spirit toward action that should be free from the mark of Cain, were stultified; and once more I sought—this time with fiendish energy—to evolve a startling murder in an automobile.

I was fond of the victim. He had his faults, and I sincerely tried to add to them until the reader would feel reconciled to his untimely end. But for every fault I added, a counterbalancing good quality showed itself. Wilman Robington was a spendthrift, but the poor received his largesse. He was weak, but with a consciousness of his weakness that made him warn others against himself. When he had been engaged for a few weeks

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to Rosamond Dalrymple, and realized after wild games at the Midnight Club how much harder for a wife than for a fiancée such a course would be, he went to Rosamond and on his knees begged her to break the engagement, said he was not strong enough to break it himself. He reminded her that Wayne Parminter had always followed her with admiring eyes.

"Tell me to clear out," he begged. "Command me to leave the premises and I'll never show my face here again. I'm as sure as I am despairing that Parminter would give his eyes for your approving glances."

Now I could not murder that man. Should I be ashamed of my chicken-heartedness, or proud of the insight that saw, in the poor fellow abasing himself before the girl he loved, a self-abnegation that proved largeness of soul?

I tried to take a practical view of it. I told myself that Wilman Robington was not fitted for his part. He would never make a murderee, for he would not treat anybody badly enough to incite a murderer.

Really, there are so many things to be provided for that the uninitiated reader, peacefully perusing a gory chapter, takes small account of how some toiling pen has provided those delicious details for his delectation. I was in a peculiar and most uncomfortable position. My publishers were hurrying me for my story. I was equally anxious to receive the comfortable check that would give me a trip to the Islands, and here I was with a perfectly impossible murderee in the automobile and no possible murderer in tow.

How I longed to flee with Wilman and Rosamond to some happy clime where they could be joined in a perfect union, his weakness forfended by her self-reliance, her pride glorying in his humility. How I would show the interplay of character, the one the complement of the other—but my publisher writes:

"I feel that your own quick sense of the present demands of readers will prevent your going far astray, but some not unfriendly critics are noting a growing tendency to character delineation. Be warned—even though they say it in praise. The public on whom we must depend does not care for character delineation. It may, in the indefinite future, but this year it wants action, and more action. Automobile accidents, murders—we feel that you are at your best here—these are the things demanded. We hope that you will not be misled by any attraction in other fields, but will continue to write what countless readers are learning to associate with your name."

Just as a convict is sucked down by the force of public opinion into the whirlpool from which he thought to escape, so I was hurled back from my innocent wish to unite two lovers and provide them a home amid Arcadian delights, hurled back into the depths —to renew my grewsome task of committing murder.

I am hardened now. I kill a man in an automobile as unconcernedly as I once killed my engine. I plan a murder as other women plan a new gown or a party. And it pays. The figures of my yearly income you may read in the columns of literary gossip. It pays, yet, low as I am sunk, I shudder when I try to put into words what I really am. Look in Who's Who, and you will find me listed as magazine writer, author of—a long list. It sounds well, but the specious sketch can not hide from me the truth as to what I am—a paid murderer, like the

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hired assassins of the Borgias. My publishers, the firm of Penink and Company, demand a man for breakfast, as the saying was in frontier towns, and I must butcher him to give the readers holiday.

Dear, gentle readers, not for my soul would I interfere with your guileless pleasures. Read on; gloat over each new chapter in which I strangle or poison or drown or stab. Read on; crowd the news-stands for the parts of my continued stories. Crowd the libraries, and read with thumbs down, as the Romans watched the gladiatorial fights. See, the gladiator has the martyr, or is it another gladiator?—prone on the sands of the arena. Shall the victor be merciful? He lifts his face to the populace. He watches for a signal. The thumbs are down—*woe to the vanquished.* Read on, read on; I can not do without my yacht and my Mercedes.

—LAURA BELL EVERETT

Cobwebs on the Family Library

NOW what's the use of having books when you can buy a yard or two of this?" drawled the furniture dealer as he fitted into the unit bookcase he was showing me a gaily painted dummy bearing the titles of Dickens, Scott, and Gibbons; "no expense, no fuss, dusted with one sweep of the arm, sanitary. Say! you take this set of shelves and I'll throw the library in!"

As a dinner tale this never failed. I am retelling it now, after some years, with the postscript, "I half agree with him."

"You!" my friends exclaim. "You?"

If I have come to be something of an iconoclast on the subject of the old-fashioned family library, it is only after viewing it experimentally from several sides, three of which I will here dilate upon: first, that of an inheritor and collector as well as an omnivorous reader of books; second, that of a housekeeper who is interested also in the manifold activities of the world; and third, that of adviser to a prosperous public library.

I stopped at the librarian's desk one day just as she was posting a label "ephemera". "These?" I inquired, running my eye over a pile of pamphlets; "surely, but then most of our books are—the whole twenty thousand." She looked startled, then amused. "May I keep my Emerson?" she queried, a starry look of adoration in her eyes.

"Well, you may keep him a month or two longer," I retorted; "I suppose your scholarly father read him to you as mine did to me, with that same look in their eyes; but do you realize that Emerson was not a classic in the days when our fathers sat at his feet? He was a young stranger, only a little their senior, spreading heretical New Thought. O Literature, thy name is Ephemera!" I chanted teasingly, "even Emerson."

"What is this heresy?" put in an older trustee who had caught the last of the conversation; "prove your case that literature is ephemeral."

So I, who had passed from the awfulness of the idea into the humor of it, began: "Start with science. Almost every book more than two years old should go either to the waste-paper pile or to the basement reserve. Mechanics, factory management, medicine, nursing, technical books—full as the past five years have been of discovery and new knowledge, would not many of our volumes absolutely mislead a modern student? Would you

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let your farmer fertilize and plant a corn-field in the haphazard fashion suggested by a farm book of a dozen years ago?—if you want twenty-five bushels instead of a hundred and twenty-five, yes. The same book would show a picture of a one-horse plow instead of a modern tractor, while another on transportation would not even mention motor trucks or aircraft. Cookbooks would antedate cold-pack methods of canning. For information on the government of Russia or the boundaries of Austria, would you select a book even a year old? For a paper on American art would you exploit Moran, Bierstadt, and Rogers rather than Sargent, Homer, and St. Gaudens? Biography: the important old Lives have been revised, corrected, amplified. Instance how the publication of 'Letters to a Stranger' overturned all the earlier biographies of Balzac. Books of every period are constantly being sifted, the chaff rejected and the gold incorporated into new books; while new editions of standard works are as essential as new garments in standard articles of dress."

"But the novelists—keep your hands off Dickens—" I took up my earlier cue: "Doubtless your mother pored over Dickens as mine did and read him aloud to you; but do you suppose Dickens was a classic in their day? No, merely a new novelist, a voice of youth crying in the wilderness of 'standard literature'. I rejoice that some of his novels are in perennial demand; but take the private collections of our friends. Do you suppose a single volume of Dickens or Thackeray or Scott has been taken down and read through in the past ten or fifteen years?"

"Not from mine, at least," he admitted.

"No, people read their contemporaries, especially such authors as recognize the general laws of progress, changing fashions in ways of thinking and modes of action. 'Every generation makes its own translation of Homer.' My generation swore by Hardy, Kipling, and Stevenson. To-day's, measures its wits, its resources, its increasing intellectual enlightenment against Wells, Conrad, O. Henry, Blasco-Ibáñez, Rolland. Most books die of being themselves. They cannot like a human being learn new methods. Even in essays and criticism the author must voice the thought of the day in the language of the day, use its allusions, its slang, its political and personal references, interpret the past possibly but in terms of the palpitating present, state the ancient truth in the manner in which that generation requires. Professor Phelps's dictum outweighs Lowell's. Consider the array of cherished books your great-uncle bequeathed to you—"Noctes Ambrosianæ", Jeffrey, Landor, Sidney Smith, Leigh Hunt. Every browser among our display cases would pass them by for "Walking-Stick Papers", "Literary Lapses", or "Per Amica Silentia Lunæ".

In the recent revitalizing of our town library, founded fifty years ago, we discarded several thousand volumes, long past their usefulness; but just because it is a public library, a storehouse of the occasionally-wanted as well as of the much-in-demand, most of the books were catalogued and reshelved. Just here, however, began first stirrings of doubt about the utility or worth of my own bulky library. I had been about to order new bookcases—recall the dummy dialogue above—for the acquisitions overflowing tables and chairs. "I won't!" I said with sudden common sense; "I

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will clear out enough old books to shelve the new." Thereupon began the sifting. First went the absolutely useless, kept hitherto from the ancient awe of "books". With the call for reading matter for the soldiers went practically all my fiction, books in the French language, much poetry and such text-books as were desired. The librarian was asked to show me all her order sheets, and whenever I could supply a needed book I gave it. The volume would be almost as accessible to me at the library as at my house. This item alone reduced my stock by some hundred volumes and saved as many dollars for the library.

Having thus passed through the stages of inheriting, collecting, hoarding, enduring, and finally dispersing the greater part of a family library, I have concluded that the ordinary private residence is no more the place for a comprehensive library than it is the place for the loom, the butter churn, or the cobbler's bench. As well keep a spool of every shade of sewing silk, lest once in twenty years it be needed, or a barrel of molasses, as thousands of books for a possible emergency. The public library must become the central depot for the mass of books used by any community. Common as the public library is now, it must become ubiquitous; and by a more flexible system of interlibrary loans, traveling libraries, hand and post deliveries, by augmented, trained service and by ample financial support, meet the daily needs of individuals and families. Memoranda lists for each day should include the personal call at the library or the telephone order, as much as the call at the market or department store. Under such a system all sorts of difficulties and queries will be met promptly and efficiently by telephone, or by notes made and delivered by post or messenger; while the personal call at the library will mean delightful browsing among the newest and best books, magazines, posters, exhibits; and study in attractive and comfortable surroundings. Already the children have become the wisest and the most appreciative patrons of the modern library, the poorest sharing literary treasures with the rich, and the rich sharing with the poor in judicious oversight of reading given by the modern librarian. The long-lauded opportunity of the favored child turned loose in the family library, pales before the opportunity offered every child in the modern public library.

Under changed conditions of life—the vogue of small apartments, the expense of storing or moving possessions, lack of servants—large numbers of books become an incubus. For many years I have myself, unaided, twice annually, dusted, moved, and replaced my books. For one book I might occasionally want I kept a lot I did not. Lord Acton used to say that his library was so large that though he knew he had several copies of a book it was easier to send out and get a new one when wanted. This year, with my depleted collection, I can read a new book in less time than would have been required to dust my discarded ones. Considering cookbooks, I put six in the stove and baked a fine cake therewith; and during the cold winter of 1917-18 a handy pile of discarded volumes by the fireplace furnished warmth and cheer as I read beguiling books from the public library. To spend time cleaning books which one might otherwise spend in reading them, or cash in moving them which would otherwise purchase coveted volumes, is to overlook equivalents; and accentuates the philosophy of the He-

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brews who advocated "the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain."

The usefulness of nine-tenths of every private library having in my opinion shrunk away, the remaining one-tenth rises in importance. All dead wood being eliminated, and the classic or occasional relegated to the public library, what remains is easily housed and cared for. The ideal collection for the average person of this day includes the latest unabridged dictionary, a standard encyclopædia of latest edition, the most recent atlas of convenient size, and a small French dictionary published since the war. To these should be added the old books which by actual check you and your family reread and consult frequently; also a few volumes endeared by association, personal marginalia, and cherished autographs. To this background add weekly, or as often as possible, new books in the several sections which most interest you,—science, history, economics, travel, poetry, drama, fiction, these to be known as ephemera, and frequently passed on to the public library. Only in exceptional cases are books to be bought as decoration or furniture or from the superstition that a man's culture is reflected and symbolized by the number of books he harbors. Oftener it reflects only his decorator's. The humor of the rich man's library, the contents of which he knows nothing of, is possibly equaled by that of the person of moderate means whose library is no longer a luxury but a conventional fetter. There were forerunners of this theory even in days when books were scarce. Edward Fitzgerald owes his immortality to his keen passion for retaining only the concentration of things, his fastidious selection and pitiless condemnation, and his custom of tearing out of books leaves which he considered valueless, and of welding a dozen attenuated volumes into one. Carlyle supposed "there never was a man who had so much to do with books who owned so few,—I have never purchased a book which I could do without or which I did not mean to read through"; and in later time there was Henry James's "fair chamber all beautified with omissions."

I repeat that this is all iconoclastic to the theory on which I grew up. Theories are commendable when they serve the occasion and rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves. That is the law of life. Permanence is death.

Then perhaps, when we are well initiated into this utilitarian attitude, along will come some New Thoughter to teach us the honor and joy of owning every book we handle, and of not depending for any mental pabulum upon the common stock of a public library!

—LUCY ELLIOT KEELER

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RECENT FRENCH BOOKS

BY A. G. H. SPIERS

A CLEVER reviewer, writing of "Colas Breugnon", entitled his article, "Sparkling Burgundy". Adopting the same vein, I am tempted to head this notice of a different book, "Egyptian Deities". This heading is not suggested solely by a desire to defy the illustrious femininities, both men and women, who would rob us of the few delights still left for him who is man enough not to need a nurse; it is suggested also as a counterpoise, a salutary commentary upon the publication of praise so excessive as to injure the real appreciation of Adès and Josipovici's excellent "Le Livre de Goha le Simple". Mirbeau, who saw this novel in manuscript, spoke of it as nothing less than "une des plus grandioses manifestations de la pensée"! Can human thought have fallen so low?

Adès and Josipovici are Egyptians; and they write of their own land, old Cairo. Their book is the story of a mental defective who passes from a vegetable existence to that of sentient and affective humanity. Different things contribute to this development; but the greatest of these is the "eternal feminine". The breadth of Goha's experience leaves little to be desired. A statue of Isis, an affectionate slave Hawa, and Nour-el-Ein —the artful second wife of a savant— all help him along his way: not to speak of Nazli-Hamen, the unconsoled widow who most opportunely at the end of the book, seeing him pass naked before her window, offers him marriage, wealth, and a position of esteem. The effect upon the clouded brain of Goha is one of superposition and interpenetration; all his experiences stand along the course of his awakening consciousness "like villages along the bank of a growing stream". The authors have been very clever, and very human as well, in working out this idea; and they have been also deeply human in depicting the necessary accompaniment of affection, the capacity for pain. At a moment when, sensing at last the individuality of human life, Goha's heart swells with tenderness for all men, even for those who have cruelly mocked him, the persons who have been kind to him are all pursued by an evil fate. A great, compelling revolt then arises within him; and there is blood on his hands, the blood of his own child, before he has suffered his way to an appreciation of the realities of life.

"Goha" is, then, no ordinary book. I can hardly recommend it to the reader with a blue or Comstocking approach to literature; but it will prove most interesting to others. It is well written—soberly, strongly, and without effort; and it presents a novelty in the type of the exotic novel: it substitutes for the usual sporadic and generalizing glimpses of Mohammedan traits and habits, the continuous and steady observation of the growth of the chief characters.

We have all, so it seems, been sadly mistaken! First, the Rider Haggard

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we loved thirty years ago—he who Rode while Rudyard Kipled—is not sleeping: he is writing still in his best vein, though in a foreign tongue. Secondly—and here we rectify an error of centuries, an error as old as Plato—the mysterious, the dream-awakening isle of Atlantis was no imaginary land; what is more, it never was swallowed up by the sea! It exists today, isolated by the deserts of Africa and ruled over by the last descendant of Neptune and his beloved Clito, the enspelling Antinea.

The discovery of this last, world-shaking truth has already cost one gallant French officer his life, and it will soon, no doubt, cause the death of another. Even now, he may already be standing in niche no. 55, one of that ring of mummified but radiant adorers in the great hall where, when their number has reached one hundred and twenty, they will gaze for all eternity upon the central image of her for whom they so willingly made the supreme sacrifice. If you wish to learn about this isle, how one may reach it, the proofs of its existence, the treasures of its library (containing, if you please a *complete* copy of the "Critias"!), and the adventures of the one white man to break, temporarily, the fascination of Antinea, you must read Pierre Benoit's "L'Atlantide".

Just one word of warning, however! Do not begin this book late at night. I assure you, on personal experience, that you will not put it down before reading every one of its three hundred and fifty excellently written pages. Primrose dawn was peeping when I crawled into bed.

Labor and its problems are so absorbing at the present moment that we welcome an authoritative book upon the subject, whether this book describes the conditions in our own or a foreign land. Pierre Hamp's "Les Métiers blessés", written by one who is already known for such works as "L' Enquête" and "Le Travail invincible" and who was for a time a government inspector, gives interesting data and points of view upon this question as it exists in France.

The French are faced with difficulties that are ours also; but these difficulties are modified by two things which either do not exist or exist only in an attenuated form, in the United States. The first is the upheaval created by the war, with the consequent loss of foreign markets, the overcrowding of the metallurgical trades and the growth—in unfavorable regions—of works which it was impossible to erect in the neighborhood of the raw materials, because of the German invasion of the Northeast. The second is a matter of tradition and national taste; the French, a people of artists and artisans, are being forced to realize that commerce, industry, and factory methods are necessary to the nation that would hold its own in the modern world. It is true that certain writers of strong radical tendencies, have proclaimed internationalism and free trade as the only salvation of France; under such conditions, they argue, the French workman, for instance, need not go counter to his aptitudes: he might continue to produce highly finished handwork, leaving it to the workman of other nations to furnish society with those articles more economically produced by standardization and the slave-driving methods of the factory system. But this is not the view of Hamp. "Une nation se trouve aujourd' hui en danger de défaite, non pas parce qu'elle ne sait pas se battre, mais parce qu'elle ne sait pas fabriquer," he says; and else-

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where: "Si l'usine puissante fait le pays riche et fort, l'esprit du penseur et de l'artiste a la sécurité, la dignité et, s'il faut, l'orgueil."

"Les Métiers blessés" is, therefore, a discussion of the methods by which France may take her place among the industrial nations of the world. In the broad field of national psychology, Hamp seeks to destroy the Frenchman's feeling of the superiority of the artist, the professional man, and the office-holder over the business man and the traveling salesman. In the narrower field of industrial production, to which his book is more especially devoted, he studies the reforms that might lead to a greater output. Hamp is familiar with the ideas current in other countries: he quotes our anti-loafing laws, for instance, and the kind of training given at the Bliss school; and whether he is aware of it or not, certain of his suggestions are in line with the Whitley report and with our Colorado plan. But he recognizes the folly of transplanting directly the methods of one country into another, and he bases his ideas primarily on an observation of French labor. He quotes, with statistics, the good or bad results—both as regards the material produced and the physical and emotional reaction of the workmen—of experiments made in various French works; and he sheds light upon the general temper of the French worker, not the least interesting data of his book being the hostile replies of individuals and brotherhoods to articles which he wrote in the socialist "L'Humanité". The French unions, or at any rate the powerful Union des ouvriers mécaniciens de la Seine, evidently resent any attempt to force their problems into general, national discussion.

Referring particularly to the French workman's dislike of factory production, Hamp considers it the last phase of the struggle against machinery. More than his colleague in other lands, the workman of France has taken a delight in the production of his hands. But, says Hamp, "La recherche du bonheur au travail ne peut être une entreprise libertaire en réaction contre les lois économiques." If work in accordance with these laws does not give happiness, let it at least, by a shortening of hours and an increase in pay, supply comfort. The rôle of machinery must be increased, not diminished; thus will the worker ultimately attain a greater freedom. In the meantime, there are data to show the advisability of developing an intra-factory organization that will allow or, if necessary, compel a closer relation between the workman and his wages on the one hand, and the administration and receipts of the company for which he works, on the other.

At a moment when our senate (with a small *s*) has given so humiliating an exhibition of insularity, it is with something akin to shame that one notes the interest of the French in America and the Americans. Novels, military works, magazine articles; studies, appreciations, descriptions without number (Colette Yver's "Les Cousins riches", Réquin's "La Course de l'Amérique à la Victoire", "Grandes Minutes américaines" in the "Revue des Deux Mondes", "Silhouettes américaines" in the "Nouvelle Revue", etc.) all testify to an appreciation not only of the aid which we were able to give France, but also of the lessons to be learned from contact with the feelings and methods of a foreign civilization. Many of these praise the work of the American Red Cross,—the A. R. C. as it is designated by Roche-

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brune ("La Croisade de l'A. R. C."); none is more gracious in its praise than Paul Junka's "Notre Oncle d'Amérique". The author tells of her visits to the storehouses, the cantines, the refuge for mothers and children, in Paris; she describes the work of medical groups associated with the A. R. C., one of her best chapters being that devoted to the making of new faces for the horribly mutilated; and, in the course of these accounts, she points out the many different ways in which, from the sewing and knitting of women in this country to the adoption of 3,444 orphans by members of the A. E. F., our people gave both labor and money to the common cause.

But that which is most delightful in "Notre Oncle d'Amérique" is the spirit in which it is written. It is Paul Junka's evident intention to bring out the delicacy and tact which enabled the men and women engaged in this work (many of whom she mentions by name) to enter into the most intimate preoccupations of the French without hurting the sensibilities of an independent and self-respecting nation. She makes us proud of ourselves, and she makes the French realize the "sentiment soumis à une stricte discipline", the efficient, result-bringing affection which animated our efforts. She may be flattering us; but she writes with such grace and sincerity, and with so little "gush", she dwells so pleasantly upon our sympathy for her country, that her book has indeed made her that which she desires to be, —"un missionaire du souvenir",—one who spreads abroad the memory of a worthy action, as beneficial to us who gave of our surplus as to the sorely pressed people who accepted our gifts with such becoming dignity.

Henry Bordeaux's recent election to the French Academy has revived interest in the writings of his earlier career. "Une honnête Femme"—originally published in the "Figaro" and included in the same year (1903) in the volume entitled "L'Amour en Fuite"—now comes to us considerably improved. Unusually simple in plot, it is mainly a psychological study of the effect upon a weak husband of the self-possession and courage of a devoted wife. Bordeaux's style has changed since writing this novel and his revision has not succeeded in making it conform to his later manner. "Mme. Marolaz jouissait allégrement d'une réputation assez difficile à maintenir en province, celle de posséder la plus mauvaise langue de la ville." The tone of this passage and the levity with which Bordeaux describes the society of Annecy, its futile ambitions, its petty interests and its joy in gossip and scandal, do not represent the attitude of the novelist who came to feel the social responsibility of literary men. And there appears further, in this book, the evident desire to make a success of a serial story. The chapters end upon suspense; and the author seems to cry: behold, I will now perform a trick for you! For, although the original subtitle does not appear on the cover as now issued, the working out of the plot reminds us constantly that this story was originally called, "Une honnête Femme ou le Silence est d'Or". It is the enigmatic silence of Germaine that is the subject of the book: it so perplexes and tortures Paul that it becomes

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Le Livre de Goha le Simple. By Albert Adès and Albert Josipovici. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

L'Atlantide. By Pierre Benoit. Paris: Albin Michel.

Les Métiers blessés. By Pierre Hamp. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.

Notre Oncle d'Amérique. By Paul Junka. Paris: Perrin et Cie.

Une honnête Femme. By Henry Bordeaux. Paris: E. De Boccard.

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stronger than all the allurements of the unscrupulous Berthe.

We find here, it is true, certain ideas which I have already pointed out to readers of THE BOOKMAN as characteristic of Bordeaux's best works. It is the church which keeps Germaine and Paul from an open rupture; and it is a tardy recognition of the beauty of family life that opens Paul's eyes to the dignity and charm of his wife: "Jamais il n'avait ressenti plus profondément la force des liens de la famille et leur supériorité sur toutes les autres passions de l'amour." But "Une honnête Femme" lacks the contact with real life of "Les Roquevillard" and "La Maison"; this requires characters more typical than Germaine, and a greater influence of material surroundings than that which determines the behavior of Paul.

THE BALANCED RATION FOR READERS

BY GRANT M. OVERTON

LET us suppose ourselves in the office of a Specialist. A mental Specialist. "Who's loony now?" you ask, very naturally. Well, he isn't that kind of a mental Specialist, if you know what we mean. He is a Specialist who prescribes for people who have read not well but too wisely, and are suffering in consequence.

We catch the Specialist murmuring something. There are, he seems to be saying, different kinds of literary food with differing values to the consumer. The particular consumer to whom he is talking is a very lowbrow sort of a reader indeed—that is, if we may draw an inference from his rather loud rejoinder, as follows:

"Oh, sure, I un'erstand. There's a book my wife bought tells all about it. I forget the name, but it's bound in oilcloth. You c'n use the cover, some way, to divide a pie into 'xactly six pieces.

"There are pro— pro— that's it, proteins. And fats, or starch, or something. Carb— yeh, carbohydrates. The idea was to take a little protein, take a little starch, and take a little carbohydrate. Too much of any one was bad. Too much protein made you nervous—wasn't it? Too much starch made you low-spirited. And excess of carbohydrate made you a regular Jasper Jazz.

"Used to think there was absolutely nothing in that stuff. But lately, I've been feelin' kind of queer. Tell you what, Doc, you might give me something to fix me up. Been eating too much at the 89 cent counter, I guess. Hate to spend money, but if a few $2 meals will set me straight, I guess I better afford 'em."

Whereupon the Specialist smiles benignly, as Specialists can, and sits him down and writes a Literary Prescription. This is it:

℞ 1 vol Charnwood's "Abraham Lincoln"
Tinct Wilkie Collins ("Moonstone")
Essence Amy Lowell's "Can Grande's Castle"
Pulverized De Morgan

A month later (maybe) it is our privilege to overhear part of the patient's report to the Specialist. He is saying:

"Gosh all hemlock! as Socrates said —his dying words, I'm told—but that

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was some awful mixture you prescribed for me, Doc! If it hadn't been for the Wilkie Collins in it, I'd have chucked it out the window after the first spoonful. However, I feel better now, so I suppose you'll take the credit. What's that? You'll take the cash and let the credit go? Say, that's a good one. I read that in a book o' verse some one gave me as a Christmas present. Only decent poetry I ever read. If there'd been any poetry in that prescription you gave me I wouldn't be back here. Well, it's worth $5 to know there's such books in the world. Much obliged, but it's me for some reading matter!"

We may permit ourselves to be invisibly present while a lady concludes her consultation with the Specialist.

"I beg your pardon?" she is asking, quite perfunctorily, for she rushes on with: "Why, no, doctor, I really can't say I ever heard of it. 'The Dear Visitors'? 'The Young V-i-s-i-t-e-r-s.' By a 9-year-old! Isn't it extrawnary how precocious children are these days! Yes, it's simply extrawnary. Only a week or so ago my 14-year-old daughter sent me from school some extracts from a book she has been writing. Fancy, a *book!* You cawn't imagine the title she had given it, you cawn't possibly. 'The Journal of a Disappointed Woman', by Barbara N. Rebellion. A pen-name, you know. Of course I pooh-poohed it, but really it was not so awfully inferior to Marie Bash— Bash— yes, Bashkirtseff, if you know what I mean. I shouldn't be the least surprised if she disobeyed me and offered it and some publisher took it.

"Well, of course if you say I need it, I'll take this tonic. No, you needn't write a prescription. I have a perfect memory. I'll just ask the book clerk for a copy of it."

If we conceal a dictograph in the bookstore, it will probably record the following one-sided conversation on the lady's arrival there:

"Is this the book clerk? I want a tonic. 'The Fair V-i-s-i-t-o-r-s', by Sir James Barrie's 9-year-old daughter, Maisie. Isn't it a coincidence— Sir James and Maisie and Henry James's book, 'What Maisie Knew'! I beg your pardon? Oh, it's Daisy. You say it might well have been called 'What Daisy Knew'? I think it very doubtful I shall like it, so you might give me something new by Mrs. Wharton, if you have it. 'In Morocco'? I don't care about the binding. Oh, that's the *title.* Well, I must say I don't think writers should be allowed to select such ambiguous titles, if you grasp my meaning. Yes, you may wrap it with the other."

Returning for a last glimpse into the Specialist's consultation room, we hear a third patient in a tragic utterance:

"Bring on the pulmotor, Doc, and hitch my wagon to a star. I'm all in, down and out; you may cross my hands on my heart for me, as I hope to die and go to a place where there ain't no 'Six Best Cellars', and a man can not only raise a thirst for Edgar Saltus but satisfy it on something stronger than 2.75 'Ludendorff's Own Story'. When the gods go, the half-gods arrive; and von Tirpitz's memoirs aren't a patch on good old Nietzsche and Schopenhauer.

"I've never been a well man since I read, marked and inwardly tried to digest May Sinclair's 'Mary Olivier: A Life'. Some volume, I'll call it. I can see May going through the garret and picking up all kinds of stuff and smelling a million smells and saying to herself, 'This is the Life.' And no one to guide.... You suggest a sea voyage?"

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Evidently the Specialist does, for he hands the patient a slip of paper on which he has penciled:

℞ "Mare Nostrum"
Sig: As needed

The patient glances at it, asks if he may use the Specialist's telephone, receives permission to do so and talks into the instrument as follows. Just this, and then we are done with our eavesdropping:

"Hello, hello! Reserve a stateroom on the 'Mare Nostrum' sailing for Mediterranean ports. The name is John B. Reviewer. R-e-v-i-e-w-e-r, yes."

II

We interview the Literary Specialist.

"That last case", he assures us, "is the most desperate, and Mr. John B. Reviewer will be a lucky man if he comes all right again, ever. He has made the old, old mistake—forced to it, no doubt, by the nature of his occupation—of trying to assimilate things for which his palate has no carefully established tolerance. Some people can eat cucumbers and raw fish for the first time and enjoy them. But not many. Some people can read Russian writers like Saltykov and Sologub right off the bat—swallow them whole. The number, outside Russia, is few.

"The affair of the book reviewer", the Specialist adds musingly, "is poignant, as they say, but since he is, as they also say, rapidly becoming extinct, like the Harlem goat and from the same cause, malnutrition, we can do little more than allude to him sadly. The book reporter is better off.

"You see", he says, in answer to our puzzled expression, "the difference between the two is that between being the whale and being Jonah. The book reviewer was the whale. He ate the book alive and was sorry. The book reporter is Jonah. He descends into the book's interior and comes out, safe and sound, exclaiming: 'This is a whale of a book! Say, listen! I'm going to tell you the biggest fish story you ever heard!' And he proceeds to put it all over Zane Grey's latest work of non-fiction."

Much enlightened, we ask the Specialist if the majority of his cases are not just ordinary readers. He nods pityingly and, apparently referring to the ordinary reader, quotes that famous line of Horace, as translated by Millard Fillmore Adams, "Eheu, the poor boob!" The ordinary reader, he gives us to understand, has an apparently incurable faith in the book—any book—as a comestible and nutritious object. A delusion with saddening consequences which he has undertaken to treat as well as he can. But there is the greatest need, he declares, for the formation of a literary diet squad to conduct detailed experiments. Let the ease of assimilation and the nutritive qualities of all varieties of reading matter be determined, once and for all.... Our Specialist remarks that the idea of a literary diet squad is by no means original with him. Not new at all, no. If we wish to trace it to its earliest source we had better scrutinize the "Collected Works" of Gelett Burgess or run through the Uniform Edition of Oliver Herford. Perhaps—he cannot be sure—Don Marquis hints at it in his "Prefaces".

We ask him to tell us more on the subject, and he says he will write a little article for us. The following striking utterances are excerpted from the article, and we offer them without comment for the consideration of thoughtful sufferers everywhere.

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III

"You've met the man who, at the sight of food, cannot refrain from eating? Thousands of readers are like that. Some of the saddest cases of dysanagnosis are the result. 'He who runs may read,' you say? Far better, often, if he who may read were to run.

"The first-aid treatment for the sufferer from dysanagnosis (or reading-upset) is not as well-known as it should be. On the walls of every library in the country the following few and simple safety rules should be conspicuously posted:

"1. Take the book away from the victim. Do this as roughly as possible, first blindfolding him if necessary.

"2. If the victim is standing, make him sit down. If he is sitting, make him rise and walk about briskly. In any event, restore both the victim and the book to circulation.

"3. Administer the proper antidote at once and liberally by reading it rapidly out loud. For example, if the victim has been made ill by 'Hedda Gabler', pull down Shakespeare from the emergency shelf. Do not delay. Smash the glass and turn the handle. Do not become confused and going to the telephone tell Central: 'I want to report a policeman. I want a fire,' &c., &c. When the proper antidote is not immediately available, whip up the whites of two eggs and resort to artificial respiration if all other means fail, as almost invariably happens.

"These, I should say, are the fundamental things to do or guard against doing, as the case may be. But it must be obvious that such crude measures have little in them that is scientific, and so, inexpressibly reassuring. What we imperatively need is not measures purely remedial and decidedly heroic, but a program that is both constructive and preventive. And now I come to the literary diet squad.

"A large number of varied persons must, from the outset, compose it and be the subjects of our experimentation.

"Every type of book must be tested on every type of reader in a series of thousands of carefully watched tests.

"The object of these tests must be to determine the presence or absence of *thought-grams* and *emotion-watts*, and the response to them in readers.

"Let us be precise. Let us define our terms before we begin juggling them around.

"A thought-gram is that impulse received in reading a book which, if converted into muscular action, would lift one gram one centimeter in one second.

"An emotion-watt is that energization received in reading a book which, if converted into muscular action, would generate one tear of a cubic centimeter size and a milligram weight in one second.

"Now let us take a healthy, normal young man of twenty-one, with no intellectual taint in his ancestry, and seat him in a chair. A Morris chair. We will hand him a copy of Bergson's 'Creative Evolution' opened at the first page. We will place a thermometer in his mouth and record his temperature at five-minute intervals. We will test his knee jerks. A delicate apparatus under his feet will register his impulse to rise and translate into muscular action the thought-grams liberated by his reading.

"With our hand on his pulse we shall have taken the last precaution.

"The experiment should not last longer than a half-hour at a time, but should continue for some days. When it is finished we are ready to make graphs. The uppermost line is the

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young man's temperature, the line below is his foot-pressures, the bottom line is his pulse. If he laughed or cried the fact may be noted in the margin. A mean of these three lines, as modified by his knee jerks and his temper, will give us our result.

"But he is only one subject. We must have dozens of subjects. A mass of data will soon begin to accumulate, and fifty years from now we shall be able to recommend Bergson's book with confidence to be read by such-and-such a person at such-and-such an age with the maximum benefit—or minimum harm, perhaps.... People will use libraries as they now use mineral springs and books will be sold by prescription only. There's a fortune in it.

"Emotion-watts require a similar technique. It may be argued that not every book moves to tears. This is a misconception. Not every book, it is true, liberates tears. Often the tears are merely generated and remain unuttered, as it were. Suppressed tears are exceedingly common but their presence can always be detected by asking irrelevant questions. A little psychoanalysis will disclose the truth. Often the subject will confess, shamedly: 'I wanted to cry, but was deterred by the hope of a happy ending.' Here the accuracy of the whole study has been vitiated and the results must be discarded entirely.

"Dry and tedious groundwork, I admit, but absolutely indispensable if we are to have a safe foundation upon which to calculate the balanced ration for readers of all sorts in all circumstances and at all periods of life.

"What, you may ask, is a 'balanced ration', exactly? I can answer in a nutshell. It is one of those things that everybody has heard of but nobody knows anything about.

"In physical alimentation, it is that selection of foods which will supply the body with the elements the body needs in precisely the right proportions. In mental alimentation it will be that selection of reading which will supply the mind, nerves, and disposition with what they need in the right proportions.

"At present, in the way of reading, all is empirical when it is not chimerical. You walk into a bookshop and look about vaguely. The salesperson cannot help you. You really require 'The Friendly Arctic' and you get 'The Abolishing of Death'. In the condition you are in, mentally, the thought that there is no longer death to bring you release is highly injurious. You are laid low, and yet you know you will not succeed in dying but are like Mahomet's coffin. You wonder peevishly why, in view of the facts, Mahomet should have thought a coffin necessary. If one is not to die, a coffin seems a useless luxury; yet some people have them around—order them and have them charged, and a very bad habit, too.

"Again: you are going to Florida and some one has told you to buy a mystery story by Isabel Ostrander called 'Ashes to Ashes'. So you seek out a book counter and ask for 'Dust to Dust'. They wrap up the parcel and you undo it on the train and find 'The Gibson Upright', by Tarkington-Wilson, the volume selected for you by a scientifically (in his own mind) trained bookseller who read your countenance like an open—like an open agreement, openly arrived at. Reaching Jacksonville and consenting to receive the newspaper men for a moment, you refer to the book: 'I was transported as I turned the pages.' (This is immediately sent out by the Consolidated Press). But whether

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transported with rage or by the Sea-Board Air Line you leave to inference. Your carefully prepared statement to the press does not say you *read* the book. Sweet are the uses of ambiguity.

"A possible danger suggests itself. With reading accurately selected and prescribed after correct diagnoses, a few persons will still resort to all sorts of concealments and ruses to gain the books they want but which are bad for them. Like drug addicts. Great patience is going to be essential in dealing with such cases, and I would not counsel harsh methods: Horatio Alger in small doses may be permitted to young boys until the curative effect of Ralph Henry Barbour is firmly established. Though, of course, it is difficult to understand how a youth can be so depraved in his tastes as long to prefer tales of ragged newsboys to well-tailored narratives of manly young lads who captain the rugby teams at St. Hotaling's Academy.

"In the rush of modern civilized life our intellectual and emotional faculties have suffered even as our digestions. We cannot sing the old songs, read the old books or eat the old meals. Locke's essay on the human understanding and the old-fashioned dream-book are equally beyond our enfeebled powers of assimilation. We have to depend upon homeopathic doses of 'Power of Will' and Sigmund Freud.

"Already we hear the cry 'No brains! No brains!' but those who have none continue to exist in the world and often seem not one whit less happy than those who have.

"The possession of brains carries with it, indeed, a serious responsibility, inferior only to the heavy responsibility imposed by the possession of great wealth. And the problem confronting the owner of great brain-power is immensely more difficult than that facing the owner of great riches. Andrew Carnegie could give away $350,000,000 and keep only about $30,000,000; but who can give away an ounce of intellect or emotional receptivity, eugenically or otherwise?

"It is to meet such formidable difficulties as these that we need the balanced ration for readers—as a starter, anyway."

IV

So much for our friend, the Literary Specialist. Dare we permit ourselves a further contemplation of the situation he describes so vividly?

This is, by Declaration, a free country. The equality of man has been proclaimed in our midst. As every one knows, proclaiming a thing makes it an Ipso Facto instead of a Status Quo Ante. The legal maxim runs: Ipso Facto Status Quo Ante Quod Erat Desperandum—That Which Was to be Despaired Of (or Demonstrated) Has Become a Fact. Yet a serious cause of inequality remains.

The uneven natural endowments of our people are intensified, often to an unbearable extent, by haphazard reading. Instead of chewing the cud of a common thought, instead of feeling the thrill of a common purpose, we rush around wildly, each for himself.

What will the harvest be? Intellectual revolution. Let us face the dire consequence boldly. The adherents of Harold Bell Wright and the followers of May Sinclair will arm themselves and wordshed will follow. The Library of Congress will suffer the fate of that at Alexandria and the Proletariat will put it all over the Prolegomena.

That will be a black day for the In-

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dustrious Readers of the World. Let us take warning in time. Let us cease, fellow countrymen, to read at random, the devil taking the hindermost. Let us call on science to help us, yet once again, to save ourselves from ourselves (or each other) by making the world safe for anagnocracy.

CRITICS AND CREATORS OF THE THEATRE

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

TO the standing question: "What is the matter with the American theatre?" a person given to unscrupulous verbal short-cuts might well reply: "David Belasco and Brander Matthews." Taxed with the ruthless implications of his remark, such a person might easily answer that he was inaccessible neither to the superb skill of Mr. Belasco as a decorative craftsman of the stage nor, assuredly, to the wit, charm, urbanity, and learning which Professor Matthews has never failed to command. But he would still insist that Professor Matthews's theory of the theatre and Mr. Belasco's practice of that theory are necessarily fatal, from the outset, to any improvement of the condition of the drama in this country.

Briefly stated, the theory in question is this: the drama is, in its essence, not a branch of literature at all, but a form of tribal entertainment and tribal self-expression that arises within the mechanism of the theatre through a collaboration of author, actor, manager, and audience. Characterization, convincing or beautiful dialogue, philosophic implication—these are all secondary and strictly accidental. They may help a play to survive; its immediate success is wholly independent of them. But immediate success is the proper aim of the contemporary playwright, as it was the aim of Shakespeare and Molière. Now this theory which Professor Matthews drives home once more in "The Principles of Playmaking", and which Mr. Belasco serenely regards as final in "The Theatre Through its Stage Door", is founded upon, I should say, two thoroughly false historical analogies. It is true that the theatre derives its origin from a non-literary tribal ceremony. But so does poetry. The most primitive poet who differentiated himself from the tribal mass, did so merely as *its* voice. He was a mere precentor, not a free personality seeking to lead, to guide, to impress himself upon the mass and draw it to the heights of his personal vision! But surely Professor Matthews would not therefore insist that Shelley's "Adonais" was, in its own time and land, a failure because it did not commend itself at once as a communal chant. The character of the dramatist has undergone the same transformation from a tribal voice to a free personality. He speaks no longer only *for* but primarily *to* his fellows.

It is likewise true that Shakespeare was an immediately successful playwright. But he wrote for a very small and thoroughly homogeneous audience with whom he could honestly feign, at least, to be spiritually and intellectually at one. Today we have, in

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each centre of civilization, many audiences whose intellectual stratification is of the most troubling complexity. There are the millions who read Harold Bell Wright, the hundreds of thousands who read Robert Chambers, the thousands who prefer Galsworthy and Somerset Maugham. Hence if immediate success is the playwright's aim and if such success means, as unhappily it does today, a season's run in New York, it follows that the contemporary American dramatist can and, according to Professor Matthews should, appeal to no stratum higher than that of the hundreds of thousands. It follows also that Willard Mack is the perfect dramatist. And finally it follows that a young American Ibsen or Hauptmann, were such an one to be born among us, should abandon his own notions of dramaturgic and intellectual veracity and go again and again, as Professor Matthews literally counsels, "to see the successful plays of the season" in order to observe, Heaven help us, how Messrs. Samuel Shipman and Willard Mack and Roi Cooper Magrue come by their box-office receipts!

The truth is, of course, that every master in the modern theatre—the single example of Ibsen will suffice—has, while adhering to the very few fundamental conventions of the stage, written to satisfy his own artistic and intellectual honor and has slowly created or, at least, gathered the audience that was ready to rise to the height of his vision and his argument. Mr. Belasco does not, of course, desire to interpret great plays written in such a spirit. He desires, as he makes abundantly clear, to drape the scaffoldings built by some willing henchman. But it has long been a source of regret to the many who, as pupils or friends, have felt the influence of Professor Matthews's personal charm and great learning, that he has constantly lent the authority of his voice to a theory of the theatre that is disastrous to all progress, supported by nothing but brittle analogies, and refuted by every phenomenon in the dramatic history of the living present.

Gordon Craig regards the theatre from an entirely different angle. But he too has his vision fixed upon the theatre alone—not upon the drama which it is the function of the theatre to produce and interpret. He dreams of a durable theatre, of a temple that is to be the home of a vast and universal ritual acted by marionettes. No doubt his imagination is filled with beautiful and noble forms and colors, —for there can be no doubt of his ability as a graphic and plastic artist, —but his mind, the intellectual part of him, is filled with confusion and amiable but empty fancies. Like many romantics in all periods he considers the present vulgar and shocking, and desires to return in art and life to a purely mythical past which he has built up in the image of his own favorite dreams. It may be that in order to improve the theatre we must first destroy it. But we shall surely not erect in its place a temple in which to perform the sacred rites of an undiscovered and undiscoverable mysticism.

Beset on the one hand by Professor Matthews and on the other by Gordon Craig, it is no wonder that a really sane critic of the theatre is driven into an impatient sharpness of speech. But George Jean Nathan's critical manner in "Comedians All" is not quite so fine as his use of it. One often feels that he would be more trenchant if he were less exuberant, and even more vigorous if less explicit. Concerning the substance of

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his criticism there can, however, be no doubt. He has a wide and exact and ever ready knowledge of the modern theatre, and a mind that will endure no sham and be put off with no falseness however speciously arrayed. Nor is he, as a common opinion will have it, prevalently negative in intention. He cannot give us good criticism and good plays too. The theatre is as he finds it. But his cordial support has been given to every man and to every movement—his pages on Arthur Hopkins with their discriminating veracity are a case in point—that held the promise of a saner and a freer art. His work is sanative and bracing, an antidote to the delusions and the oversoftness of our actual drama, a certain herald of the better and the stronger things to come.

II

The spectacle of an eminent comic dramatist widely heard and read but grudgingly accepted in the deeper sense by his contemporaries, is not a novel one. Large sections of Attic society probably detested Aristophanes; neither the courtiers nor the bluestockings nor the doctors of his time could have loved Molière. The function of the art of comedy makes its practice troublesome and joyless enough. For that function is to cleave to the difference between appearance and reality, to castigate the shams, the false emotional posturing, the self-deceit to which men are given in all ages, and to confront them with the blinding realities of themselves and of their world. Well, people will deny the charges and scurry back into their favorite delusions, tax the great comic writer with falseness and frivolousness and malice, next with a lack of patriotism, and finally with the stale old cry of revolution. That they do so shows that his thrusts have hit the mark, and Mr. Shaw needs no critic to tell him that he must resign himself to share the fate, as he shares the character, of Lucian and Rabelais, of Swift and Heine.

It has been said that the contents of "Heartbreak House" are inferior to those of Shaw's earlier volumes. But it is necessary to distinguish, in all such criticisms, quite sharply and scrupulously between the objective judgments and the protective gestures of those who feel their minds stripped bare in the harsh and tonic weather of Bernard Shaw's art and thought. What is obviously true, on the more literary side, is that the play which gives its title to the volume is more symbolical in method than his earlier plays. In this change he follows what has come to seem the inevitable development of every modern dramatist of the first rank. Ibsen, Strindberg, and Hauptmann all sought to broaden and deepen the substance of their thought, as the years went on, by an increasingly symbolical presentation. In this play Shaw is as searching and as profound and as vital as his best work, and yet softer and mellower and more imaginative. And for those that seek the joyous satirist who can project his cleaving criticism of human society and of the human mind in broadly popular forms, Shaw has added to his major play a group of brilliant one-act farces, of which the best and keenest and most memorable are "O'Flaherty, V. C." and "The Bolshevik Empress".

It is a very curious experience to turn from Bernard Shaw to Jacinto Benavente. Both are satirists. But Benavente's satire is all implicit and is not guided—nor is this a reproach—by any central or controlling thought. He is far more hopeless

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than Shaw and has, upon the whole, a far lower opinion of human nature. He has passed the point where he considers protest anything but futile. He contents himself with a quiet, exact, biting dramatic record of the sayings and doings of his Spanish contemporaries. The texture of his art is probably far finer and subtler than we are permitted to perceive, because the English of the translations is quite set and stodgy and devoid of any inner modulation. What is clear, however, is that the author of "Princess Bébé", and still more of "The Governor's Wife" and of "Autumnal Roses" has that chill and weary aridity of soul which is found primarily in the purely Latin countries and is totally different from either the extremest naturalism or pessimism of the North European. The latter is always, even in his darkest moods, uttering if only by implication a cry for more light and freedom and beauty. Galsworthy wrote "Strife" and Hauptmann wrote "The Weavers" because they loved justice. Even Flaubert, a Frenchman of the Norman north, wrote so cruelly of romantic falsehood because he loved veracity. Benavente writes with a hard disillusion, a sapless inner irony that will always keep him, despite his obviously immense ability, a little alien and remote and strange.

Miss Mayorga's "Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors" is an admirably useful and interesting volume. Despite certain omissions, due probably to no fault of the editor's,—the name one misses primarily is that of Thedore Dreiser,—the book does give a very full view of a movement of considerable importance in the American theatre. For these plays were nearly all written for the small, experimental, non-commercial stages that have made, upon the whole, so interesting and encouraging a contribution to the life of our drama during recent years. The plays here gathered make it possible at last to give chapter and verse for the fundamental and necessary criticism to which the plays of the Little Theatres have so constantly been open. These plays, whether naturalistic or idealistic in mere method, have so often been anæmic. They have so often lacked the sense of inner life, of concrete experience. They have been too predominantly clever, ingenious, fantastic. One missed the conviction that the authors had really been there! Thus arose an unhappy impression of large gestures and inner triviality, an impression now confirmed from the printed page by Mr. Mackaye's "Sam Average", Miss Alice Gerstenberg's "Beyond", and practically all the semi-poetic and wholly fantastic pieces which are always graceful but always empty. The note of strained sentiment, more akin to that of the popular stage, is also here and is heard especially in Miss Jeannette Marks's "The Merry, Merry Cuckoo", and Mrs. Mary Aldis's "Mrs. Pat and the Law". And that note is also, of course, a sign of an insufficient saturation with the realities of one's subject. The plays that stand out, then, are first, certain cool little satiric exercises like "Suppressed Desires" by George Cram

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The Principles of Playmaking. By Brander Matthews. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Theatre Through Its Stage Door. By David Belasco. Harper and Bros.

The Theatre—Advancing. By Edward Gordon Craig. Little, Brown and Co.

Comedians All. By George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf.

Heartbreak House, Great Catherine, and Playlets of the War. By George Bernard Shaw. Brentano's.

Plays by Jacinto Benavente, Second Series. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Representative One-Act Plays by American Authors. Edited by Margaret Gardner Mayorga. Little, Brown and Co.

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Cook and Susan Glaspell, and "A Question of Morality" by Percival Wilde; and, above all, those very few plays in which the authors have, with complete sincerity and fullness, identified their inner experience with that of their characters. Of the latter kind kind, there are but three: Eugene O'Neill's "In the Zone", a massive episode in the lives of rude and homeless men, Rita Wellman's "Funiculi, Funicula", a fine study in fundamental and conflicting passions, and Bosworth Crocker's "The Last Straw", a poignant one-act tragedy of humble souls, spare, inevitable and complete.

BALLADE OF A SECOND-HAND BOOK SHOP

BY ARCHIE AUSTIN COATES

BOOKS, old books in an endless rout,
Forgotten men in a dusty line,
Covers of canvas, faded out,
Buckram, calf, and levantine;
Old books, as rich as musty wine
Silently stand in a frowsy row;
Brief sojourners in this shrine—
Where do they come from? Where do they go?

"Pepys" in paper; "The Land of Doubt";
"Camille"; "Lazarre"; and "Frankenstein";
"Sunday Sermons"; "Tales of a Scout";
And "Journeys on the Lower Rhine";
"Fires of the Faith"; "Rules for the Sine";
"Fables that every Child should Know";
"Poems and Songs to Columbine";
Where do they come from? Where do they go?

Oh the cronies of baccalaureate gout!
Companions of the outcast vine!
Where are ye now—the idlers flout
Your wisdom. Aye, ye must resign
Yourselves to worms, that they may dine.
Books too must join the onward flow
Of Time and Custom's slow decline....
Where do they come from? Where do they go?

ENVOY

Ah, dust is now the Palatine,
And empty song is Persia's show,
And Shaw is *passé* as Antonine....
Where do they come from? Where do they go?

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WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

NEW YORK, *January*, 1920.

A FRIEND of mine (and aside from this error a very fine friend he is, too) not long ago published a book which he declared, in his Preface, should be read in bed. He insisted, to such an extent was he the victim of a remarkable and pernicious fallacy which I find here and there, that this book could not otherwise be properly enjoyed.

Now the difficulty about this particular book, that is, the circumstance wherein my friend has got me in a position where it is not so easy for me to overturn him all at once, is this: one, not knowing any better, might take the author's advice, and find pleasure reading the book in bed, not being aware that this simply was because here was a book that one would find pleasure in reading anywhere. But because you have got hold of a book which it is possible to enjoy reading in the wrong way, it naturally follows (does it not?) that you'd enjoy it much more reading it in the right way. That, I should say, was simple and logical enough.

I know, I know! I'm coming to that: there are plenty of other people who have this ridiculous reading-in-bed idea. There, for instance, is Richard Le Gallienne. I had a letter from him awhile ago, in which he remarked that it was his practice to do most of his reading in bed. Then I had a letter recently from Meredith Nicholson, in which there was some such absurd phrase as "going to bed and reading until the cock crows". Also I one time read an essay, a very pleasant essay outside the mistaken notion of its main theme, by Michael Monahan, which was largely about the pleasure of reading in bed. Spoke of the delights of being tucked in, with what satisfaction you got the light just right, and all that.

It must, of course, be acknowledged that all these gentlemen are, if perverse in their method, persons of some reading. However, a fact such as that, an accident as you might say, cannot be permitted to upset the course of a profound argument. Why! as to that, a suspicion just occurs to me that maybe someone could dig up Lamb, Hazlitt, Mark Twain, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, Cowper (perhaps all of them, and more) to the effect that it is pleasant to read in bed. Didn't Thackeray have some nonsense about "bedside books"? I haven't time to refute each of these persons separately. It is sufficient, I take it, to roll into one point of attack all this bed-reading heresy, from whatever quarters it comes, and put an end to that.

Understand me; I have no complaint against the reading in bed of persons confined there through physical disability. The world war, which brought more people to bed for indefinite periods than any other matter since time began, thereby probably got more souls into the way of reading than seventeen times several hundred schools ever did. All of them, however, would find that they were much better off in the matter of reading when they had got out of bed. What I say is that, in a manner of speaking,

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there is no use in taking the air in a wheel-chair if you can take it on horseback. Why do a thing in a half-way fashion when you can go to it right?

Another thing. There are people (I've seen them at it) who read on porches. Sometimes in swings, rocking to and fro. Even in hammocks, slung above the ground from trees. On trains, too. I have (with my own ears) heard people say that they would "take a book" and go out into the park, or into the woods, or out in a boat, or up on the mountain, or by the sea, or any conceivable place except where one should go to read.

All of these ways of reading are worse, if anything can be worse than that, than reading in bed. Because in bed you do, at least, have your mind sandwiched withindoors. You do not feel the surge and rumble of the world—the sound and movement of the things of which literature is made; but any contact with which (at the moment of reading) is destructive to the illusion which it is the province of literature to create.

For literature (reading it, I mean) is, in this, like love: richest are the returns to that one whose passion is most complete in its surrender. And a man lapping his frame in soft indolence, though he have a book in his hand, is indulging in sensuous physical pleasure at least equally with intellectual receptivity or æsthetic appreciation. No. Reading should not be taken as an opiate.

The way to read, then—but, a moment more; a couple of other points are to be cleared up. There is much babble of slippers and dressing-gowns, easy chairs and "soft lights" in connection with the comments about the pleasures, the "delights" as I believe some people say, of reading.

What is wanted to *know* the relish to be got from reading is, first (of course), an uncommon book. And by that term is meant merely one uncommonly suited to the spirit of the reader. (The only perfect definition, that, of a "good book".) Some people still read Stevenson. Well, there's no great harm in that. Providing you read him (or anybody else)as follows:

You should read as you should die—with your boots on. You take a wooden chair, without arms, such (this is the best) as is commonly called a "kitchen chair". It has a good, hard seat. You sit upright in this, crossing and recrossing your legs as they tire. Nearby you is a good, strong light, one with a tonic effect, a light that keeps your eyes wide open. You sit facing a dull, blank wall. No pictures or other ornaments or decorations should be on this wall, as, in case such things are there, and you happen to raise your eyes for an instant, in ecstasy or in thought, your vision lights upon one of these things; and the heart which you have given your author is, certainly in some measure, alienated from him. Maybe, indeed, you go back to him almost at once. But the harm has been done—you have not read with supreme abandon.

MURRAY HILL

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THE PROBLEM OF THE PLUGS

BY GEORGE H. SARGENT

DEALERS in second-hand books, collectors, librarians, and book auctioneers are alike interested in the puzzling problem of "the plugs". Probably to the last-named class the interest is not as great as to the others, for the simple reason that generally speaking they have washed their hands of it. So far as lies in their power, they will have nothing more to do with the "plugs", but the other classes cannot escape so easily. The collector has only an incidental interest in it, because in a large measure he can refrain from buying "plugs", but to the librarian the problem is a very real and pressing one, and the dealer in old books has it always with him.

"Plug" as used by the bookseller, has no exact definition, but broadly speaking it may be applied to those books, of which there are uncounted millions, which are of no salable value. The Boston book-auction firm of C. F. Libbie and Company, which after forty-one years of successful business has retired from the field, has for the past few seasons dealt largely in plugs, with the result that there was no particular profit to the original owner, the vender or the purchaser. It is an axiom in the book-auction business that it does not pay to catalogue a book which sells for less than a dollar, yet the Libbie catalogue abounded in sales of old libraries in which there were hundreds of items sold which would not pay for the cost of cataloguing. Libbie has given it up, and the New York and Philadelphia houses do not make a practice of cataloguing these items separately, either classifying them and selling them in lots or under the head of "Miscellaneous books, 100" or "Miscellaneous books, a parcel", after the English method. The books thus sold go at low prices, as indeed they should, but the cost of cataloguing is thereby reduced to a minimum, and there may be a few cents per volume left for the owner of the material thus dispersed. The purchaser is likely to find, along with the one book that he desires, a dozen he does not want, and he is left with the problem of their disposal; for they occupy shelf room, and despite the confident assertions of the astronomers, there is a limit to space —in the general book buyer's library.

The recent sale of the library of Evert Jansen Wendell furnished a melancholy example of the difficulty of disposing of plugs to advantage. Instead of criticism, one should have only feelings of pity for the cataloguer. The amount of undesirable material dumped on the market and the astounding quantity of duplicates in the sale, not only forced the conclusion that Mr. Wendell was rather a bibliotaph than a collector, but it placed the auctioneers and the purchasers in an embarrassing position. The dealer who loaded up with sixty copies of some cheap dramatic work of which there was a possibility of selling not more than half a dozen, necessarily was precluded from making any

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such liberal bid as he would had there been but one copy to be contended for; and the auctioneer had to be content with seeing record low prices made on many items which he had previously sold for good figures. And the worst of it is that this literature still remains in the world, to bother the future dealers and collectors.

To the librarian the problem of disposing of the plugs is a serious one. To him come, through donations and bequests of well-meaning people, hundreds, if not thousands of these volumes in the course of a year. Nowadays most large libraries are somewhat particular about accepting gifts with restrictions, but they generally cannot refuse to accept whole libraries in which there is a certain proportion of undesirable and undesired books. Mr. Wendell was thoughtful enough, in leaving his library to Harvard, his beloved alma mater, to rid her of the problem by placing the disposal of the undesired items in the hands of an old friend, passing along the burden. But most beneficiaries of libraries are not thus thoughtful, and so every library accumulates thousands of volumes which heretofore have been sent to auction sales, to be dispersed for what they might bring. Now that the auction houses have discovered that such items are not worth anything they decline the transaction, and the libraries seem to have no recourse left except the paper-mill. Even this resource carries a hardship, as the paper manufacturers refuse to accept the practical donation unless the donors will have the covers of the books removed, and this entails more work than the library—even in these days of low wages for library assistance—can afford to pay for.

It is not difficult, for anyone who looks through the pages of that monumental work the "Publishers' Trade List", to understand why there is such an overwhelming number of plugs in the world. The literary output of a single year would fill a good-sized library. Multiply this by any number of years, and the problem of disposing of this mass of material is appalling. Happy an institution, like the John Carter Brown Library, which can claim that it does not have a book on its shelves published later than the year 1800! The American Antiquarian Society does not desire any book published in the last hundred years, but these are exceptional cases. Few libraries and still fewer dealers find themselves in such a happy position.

It is not difficult to understand how the average novel becomes a plug. The best sellers of yesterday are in the plug class tomorrow. The novel-reader's demand is for something new, and the novel of the middle of the nineteenth century has few attractions for him. People still buy Dickens and Hawthorne, but their works are in a class by themselves—the "standard" authors. The great mass of literature produced during the eighteenth century is now regarded of use as having an historical value. The literary product of the nineteenth century must wait until it becomes "old" before it can be regarded seriously by the book collector. Those works which were produced before, during, and after the Civil War, dealing with a momentous historical epoch, have largely become plugs, because there were more of them than the present-day collectors of Civil War literature can assimilate. Take, for instance, the ideal plug: "The Impending Crisis of the South; How to Meet It. By Hinton Rowan Helper. New York: 1857." This contribution to anti-slavery literature may be found in al-

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most every old library formed before the war in the northern states. That a work should be once so popular and now altogether forgotten, may occasion surprise, but the explanation is found in a copy of the fourth edition, which bears pasted on its front cover a leaflet stating that a New York abolitionist has bought five hundred copies of the work for free distribution and can circulate in his own state ten times the number. Funds are solicited for this purpose, and the recipient is asked to buy five hundred more copies to be circulated in the same way. Thus, by an endless chain, this somewhat violent piece of antislavery propaganda was placed in every household possible, north of Mason and Dixon's line, and there many copies of it remain to this day. The issue raised is dead and the propaganda died with it, but the product of antislavery zeal survives, to vex the souls of men. A "ghost-book" has its attractions to the student of literature, but this corpse of literature still remains unburied.

Now there are some books which in their outward appearance and their prices in the auction room have all the indications of being plugs, but which do not rightly deserve the name. Their low price is due to a lack of appreciation and they are not book collectors' books because they are valuable only for their contents, and their contents appeal only to the few. Such, for instance, is "A Brief Notice of the Life of Mrs. Hannah Kinney, for Twenty Years. By Ward Witham, Her First Husband. Published by the Author. 1842." When husband and wife who have become divorced believe it necessary to place their troubles before the world in book form, the result is an addition to the gayety of communities, if not of nations, and Mr. Witham's little book regarding his first wife and her subsequent husbands is worthy of consideration, especially with the "Appendix" as a volume of "curiosa" rather than a plug. C. H. Webb's "The Wickedest Woman in New York" with illustrations, 1868, cannot claim to be anything more than "a scarce book". It is not even "curiosa" and must go into the heap of plugs.

When Leon and Brother published their first catalogue of American first editions in 1885, they included something like three hundred authors. Undoubtedly the publication of this priced list had something to do with the increasing fancy for "firsts", but it was not until P. K. Foley's "First Editions of American Authors" appeared, in 1897, that the collectors of first editions realized what a wilderness to be traveled lay before them. It is safe to say that many of the carefully-treasured first editions of that day have now gone into the plugs, and the ease with which the common editions of our first-class American writers can be procured has placed them dangerously near the edge of the bottomless pit. The readjustment of prices has been curious. Whittier's "Moll Pitcher", in 1832, was then valued at twenty-five dollars and ranked as the rarest of Whittier first editions. "Miriam", 1871, was worth a dollar and a quarter. The former brought ninety dollars at the Halsey sale last season, and a very good copy of the latter ought to be picked up at any second-hand bookseller's at less than a dollar. The popularity of a writer leads to larger editions, and though the number of collectors increases, the competition is for the rare items issued in small editions. There are enough of the later ones to supply everybody. To the specialist in first editions they have become plugs.

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But if of the making of plugs there is no end, there is a satisfaction in believing that in course of time they will disappear of their own volition, and that the plugs of yesterday will become the treasures of tomorrow. The history of book auctions is a living proof of this fact. Go through the series of volumes which make up the catalogue of the famous Heber sale in 1834 and the following years. How many of the thousands and thousands of volumes in that wholesale dispersal of printed books are now in existence? Page after page will reveal books of which not a single copy is known. Many of the works which are now eagerly sought and which have a provenance running back to the Heber sale were the plugs of that day. Who now has a copy of the undated "Court Convert, a Poem. Printed for the Author"? There were three copies in the first Heber sale, and one in the fourth. If one might pick up a copy of Henry Anderson's work of the edition which has the dedication signed by Audley, for a shilling and sixpence today, he might congratulate himself on the possession of a plug of other days. Cataloguing was not as expensive or as elaborate an affair in those times as it now is, or the result might not have been as filling to the Heber coffers; for the number of books sold for a shilling is surprisingly large, and the highest prices bear slight comparison with those of the same works today. In this accumulation of years of collecting there was an interminable mass of "junk"; yet if such a library were to be dispersed today there would be a scramble among the dealers and collectors to possess the commonest of these volumes.

It would seem as though a library of divinity, sermons, cook-books, geographies, medicine, and old school books would offer an absolutely hopeless case. But even here there is a probability that at least one volume in a thousand will prove to be of substantial value, even under the acid test of the auction room. Age itself confers no particular merit upon a book, but a book that survives the mutations of time and chance generally has some redeeming quality about it; and it may be encouraging to the collector to know that his descendants in the fourth or fifth generation may call him blessed for saving the plugs of his own day. To be sure, this does not offer a very practical solution of present difficulties, and if all the members of a family follow the example of the illustrious founder of a library and keep everything that comes their way, some means must be found for the housing and preservation of the material. Public libraries cannot adopt this plan, for duplicate books gather more rapidly than duplicate buildings, and their remedy must be found elsewhere. The bookseller, too, has not only this difficulty, but the greater one of tying up capital which might be turned over and used again, in an investment of dead stock, subject to charges for insurance and taxes.

There is a theory that no book was ever printed which was not of value, provided it could get into the right hands. Under this theory, the question of the disposal of the plugs resolves itself into one of distribution. To a certain extent, the auction room formerly furnished such a means. With this closed, the only solution along this line appears to be the establishment of a central clearing house. The difficulties of this plan appear insuperable. There remains the paper-mill, to which, after the

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covers have been removed, the loathed items may be sent; but about as satisfactory a plan would be the burning of the volumes, thus utterly putting them out of the way of continuing to cause perplexity. Possibly someone might invent briquets made from the plugs, and thus help to solve the fuel problem at the same time.

The chances are, however, that libraries will be forced to dispose of their duplicates to the second-hand bookseller at his own price. In the second-hand store there is a chance that the printed book may ultimately find its way into the hands of the one for whom it was written. The natural wear and tear will in time remove a large portion of them. When they have practically disappeared, we will miss them. Then the stock from which the bottom had dropped will begin to go up, and a new generation of plugs will go through the same process. But the problem will remain, so long as books are printed. There may be some plan worked out of getting every book into the right hands to do some good in the world. But you and I will not live to see it worked out.

NOTES FOR A CALIFORNIA TRILOGY

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

IT has always seemed to me that—just as the life of the embryo has been held to epitomize the entire physical evolution of the animal, and as the social development of the child passes him rapidly through every phase, from savagery to such civilization as he possesses—so the history of California gives, in a very brief period, what elsewhere has taken hundreds or even thousands of years. We are accustomed to look on the old missions as very ancient. As a plain matter of years they are junior to many English country places whose owners consider them painfully modern. In the true sense of antiquity they are, however, indeed, very ancient, contemporaneous perhaps with the Saxon abbeys before the Norman conquest. It is not a matter of years, but of the age in evolution for which they stand. Fortunately their dilapidated appearance helps.

Thus California offers great advantage to the historical novelist. It is a good deal of a chore, and more of a feat of divination, to penetrate the mists of centuries to a moderately true idea of the pastoral age of any civilization worth while. California was in the pastoral age fifty years ago. Living men can tell you about it, and prove you wrong. The age of pioneering lies but just beyond, and the dim age of exploration with its queer maps and its fabulous tales of fabulous monsters, only just beyond that.

Knights in armor rode the plains of Arizona, and must have felt like grilled sardines therein; padres raised the cross, and died for it, and builded mightily, and converted the Indians to the exaltation of their souls and the extinction of their bodies. Vast ranches came into being. Haughty Spanish governors established a feudal system, so that foreigners came in on bare sufferance; smugglers flourished in their picturesque calling; the church was defiled, fought down, finally despoiled.

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The country had no industries. It raised cattle and sold the hides and tallow, and it took in exchange articles of use and luxury according to its tastes.

Here are some of my notes on the time, reproduced literally as "lifted" from various books, without quotes or credits, merely as they came. They suggest more than they explain; and yet to my mind they make a patchwork that hints a definite pattern.

Horticulture and gardening were confined almost exclusively to the missions. As for grains, so also for fruits and vegetables, California was one of the best adapted countries in the world. But comparatively little use was made of its capabilities.... Robinson described the orchards connected with the mission of San Gabriel as very extensive, having among their trees: oranges, citrons, limes, apples, pears, peaches, pomegranates, and figs. There were also grapes in abundance. The vineyards were so productive that the missionaries made annually from four to six hundred barrels of wine and two hundred of brandy, from which they derived an annual income of over $12,000.

When the Americans came, they took advantage of these capabilities of the country, and embowered their houses in sweetness. But the Californians had no taste for gardens that had to be cared for; and as they planted no trees, so also they cultivated no flowers.

The manufactures of the country were about as primitive as the agriculture. When Vancouver visited San Francisco in 1792, he found a large room at the mission occupied by Indians in the fabrication of a coarse sort of blanketing, made of wool produced in the neighborhood.... In 1795 Governor Borica wrote that all the missions except Soledad were engaged in manufacturing coarse woolen cloth, tanning leather and making shoes, leggins, cuirasses, saddles, and other leathern articles. He also mentioned, in the same connection, a watermill for grinding grain as having been constructed at San Luis Obispo, where suitable millstones had been found, and another at Santa Cruz; and he likewise spoke of a handmill and a windmill made in imitation of the specimen which had been presented to the missionaries of San Carlos in 1786 by De Langle of La Perouse's expedition. The mills referred to by Borica do not appear to have held out long; but one was afterward constructed at San Gabriel, which lasted some years; and this was subsequently replaced by two others, a gristmill and the other a sawmill, which for a considerable time were the only watermills in California, either for grinding or sawing.

There were a few other manufactures in the country. In the construction of the mission buildings and presidios and some of the dwelling houses, tiles were employed; and the making and burning of them occupied a considerable share of attention. Masons, carpenters, and blacksmiths also found employment. It is a matter of some astonishment, however, that there was no encouragement for shipwrights.... The only vessels built were a launch constructed in San Francisco about 1824, a schooner built at San Gabriel and from there carried down in pieces and put together at San Pedro about 1831; but the first was the work of an Englishman, and the last of a Yankee. The only other vessels or boats that were used, had been sent up from Mexico or purchased from the Americans or Russians.

The ox-cart used for the transporta-

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tion of heavy goods and sometimes to carry a family on an excursion, was a clumsy affair, consisting of a large wooden frame covered with rawhide, set upon a heavy axle and having two solid wheels, not exceeding two feet in diameter and very thick.

The yoke used upon the oxen for drawing carts was the same as that used for drawing plows, consisting of a piece of timber tied with rawhide to their horns and foreheads. The oxen yoked had no freedom to move their heads, but went with their noses turned up and seemed to the foreigners who saw them to suffer great pain.

For almost everything in the way of manufactured articles, the country depended upon commerce.... September, 1840, the importations by the Mexicans amounted in value to $50,000; those by the Americans to $70,000; by the English to $20,000, and by the others to $10,000, or $150,000 in all. The exportations amounted in value to $280,000, of which $200,000 represented hides; $50,000, tallow; and $15,000 skins, furs, wood, and other inconsiderable articles.

The trade in hides and tallow had, however, already by this time very seriously declined. Wilkes said, in 1842, that they could no longer be procured in any considerable or profitable quantities. The destruction of the missions, and the onerous laws, duties, and prohibitions imposed by the government, had nearly destroyed the traffic that had once existed....

The property considered valuable by the Californians—not including their clothing (which was mostly imported) and the vegetable raised for food—consisted almost exclusively of domestic animals and particularly cattle, horses, and sheep. Land was of comparatively little value until some time after the American occupation. The chief value of a rancho was supposed to be the stock upon it. This had increased from the time of the original settlement of the country with astonishing rapidity. At first domestic animals belonged almost entirely to the missions; but by degrees private persons, usually retired soldiers, acquired ranchos and a few head of stock, which soon increased in numbers; and afterward when the missions began to secularize and be despoiled, it did not take long to transfer almost all the stock that still remained from the missionaries to the rancheros.

There were immense numbers of horses which were not accounted for in the returns. Large bands of them ran comparatively wild. Their great numbers and rapid increase even at an early day, had interfered so seriously with the pastures of the most valuable cattle, that it was on various occasions deemed necessary to kill them off.... Dana, in 1835, found horses to be one of the cheapest things in California. If a person wished to take a day's ride, he would pay only for the use of the saddle and the trouble of catching a horse. If the saddle was returned it made little difference what became of the animal.... The usual gait was either a walk or a fast gallop. There was as a general rule no medium gait like the amble, the pace, or what Dana calls the "genteel trot". The common practice was to keep a horse on the gallop until tired, and then rest it with a walk.

Riding was the universal mode of traveling, with women as well as men, though the woman usually rode with a man on the crupper behind her. A lover could carry his sweetheart in this manner twenty or thirty miles to a fandango, and back again as soon as the dance was over.

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There were, of course, favorite horses—some for speed, some for endurance, some for experience with the lasso, and some for all these qualities combined. It was not uncommon for a ranchero to have a few trained for special purposes, such as lassoing bears. Mares were not used for riding purposes.

With a people such as the Californians, there was little prospect of any development of the resources of the country. When Vancouver was at Santa Barbara in 1793, he had occasion to replenish his water casks, and proceeded to the usual watering place on the beach. He found there a couple of wells, which had always been used by the Spanish sailors. Though great pains had been taken to keep them clean, they were very dirty, and the water was not only brakish, but scanty in supply, unwholesome and unpleasant in character. He looked around for something better, and at a distance of only a few yards discovered an excellent spring of fine water in a clump of bushes in a sort of morass. Upon inquiry, he found that the existence of the spring was totally unknown to the residents and equally so to those employed in furnishing the shipping. The careless negligence thus exhibited was typical of the people. In fact, up to the time when the American came, comparatively nothing was known among the inhabitants of the immense capabilities of the country; or, if known, no advantage was taken of them. Foreigners who visited the coast recognized them; and here and there native intellects brighter than the common sort, saw them also. But the people as a people were entirely unenterprising, unappreciative, apathetic.

Of the so-called native Californians, meaning thereby the Californian descendants of Spanish and Mexican blood, there were several distinct classes. The upper class consisted mostly of those who were, or had been, in official station. There were only a few families of them, but they were very aristocratic in their feelings and intermarried only among themselves. They were, therefore, all more or less closely related to one another. They prided themselves on what they called their Castilian blood and speech; and were in general lighter in complexion, more intelligent, and better educated than the other classes. From this upper class there were regular gradations downward, tolerably well indicated by color, growing more dark and muddy, until the black hue and Tartar features of the Indian were reached. Generally speaking, the caste of each person was decided by the quality of the blood which he carried, or was supposed to carry, in his veins. Pure blood was exceedingly rare; most of even the proudest and haughtiest families had Indian characteristics; but a very small admixture of Spanish was sufficient to entitle an individual to call himself "Espagnol" and to reach the upper class if he had brains or luck.

The men of California were tall and vigorous, and withal they were picturesque. Their costume was made up of a dark-colored, low-browed, broad-brimmed hat; short jacket; open-necked shirt; rich waistcoat; knee breeches and white stockings, or trousers slashed below the knee and gilt-laced; deer-skin leggins and shoes; a red sash and a serape. The women were not tall, but, as we know, they had glossy black hair, lustrous black eyes, and the whitest of teeth. Their habit was a gown of silk, crepe, or calico, loose and short-sleeved; bright colored belt; satin or kid shoes; neck-

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lace and earrings; with hair, if unmarried in long braids, and if married on a high comb. Within doors the head-dress was the rebozo; out of doors it was the mantilla. Beef, red beans, and tortillas constituted the food of the humbler class—a fare to which folk of greater means added chocolate, milk or coffee, but not usually wine, as it was costly. Moreover at meals families, except at the best houses, remained standing.

Children were numerous,—thirteen to twenty per wedded pair,—and the deference paid to parents was profound. No son, even if fifty or sixty years old, dared to smoke or wear his hat in his father's presence, and fathers not infrequently chastised a grown son with a lash. At the Guerra home the régime was patriarchal. Rising at dawn, the household repaired to the dining-room, where they partook of coffee, the father at the head of the board (standing), with sons and daughters on either hand. Breakfast, a hearty meal, was taken at eight or nine o'clock. At noon luncheon was served; at four o'clock tea; at eight or nine, supper. After supper there were prayers.

There was very little land under cultivation in the vicinity of Monterey, but still there was no lack of potatoes and other vegetables. That which seemed to strike the foreigner most, was the utter neglect in which the soil was left, and the indifference with which the most charming sites were regarded. In the hands of the English and Americans, Monterey would have been a beautiful town, adorned with gardens and orchards, and surrounded by picturesque walks and drives. The natives were, unfortunately, too ignorant to appreciate, and too indolent even to attempt such improvements.

Traders entering harbors of Monterey, Santa Barbara, and San Diego, saw considerable villages of adobe houses with tiled roofs, some with their low walls neatly whitewashed, or trellised with flowering vines.... In none of these primitive towns were the buildings arranged in order, along regular streets, nor even on lanes; each had seemingly been located where the owner chose to locate it, though there was a pathway more or less defined from the presidio to the beach. Santa Barbara was three quarters of a mile from the landing, and San Diego nearly a mile; and those who went from town to meet the ships on their arrival at either place, usually went on horseback. No labor had been wasted in grading the trails or bridging the gullies that lay in their way. The trail at Santa Barbara crossed a small stream; the banks of which were so steep that the mule which Daniel Hill rode down to the beach to meet his friend Robinson, and convey him to his home on the morning of his arrival, easily managed to tumble both riders off his back and nearly into the water, in crossing it.

We carried passengers from shore to ship,—men, women, and children,—all desirous of seeing the latest styles of goods from Boston, and all anxious to buy, and to have their accounts charged, to be paid for at some future period in hides and tallow. When asked about the time the cueros would be forthcoming, the Mexicans would close their eyes, shrug their shoulders, and say,—

"Quien sabe."

They didn't know, and never cared when their debts would be paid. If the rains were plentiful and the grass strong and good, the cattle fattened and in the springtime were killed for the hides and tallow; and the debtor

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would send us one or two hundred of the former and a lot of the latter, or dispatch all to some rival ship. It made but slight difference to the Mexican who got the prizes finally, as he owed every vessel on the coast and was in no hurry to pay his debts. There was no way to compel a native to do so unless a large amount of bribery was resorted to by the Europeans and Americans. Once in a while a rich man like Don Noriego of Santa Barbara, one of the best hearted and most honest of the grandees of the country, would send us five hundred hides, at one time, but the occasions were rare. He always paid his debts very promptly, and it was a pleasure to sell his family goods, for he did not ask for six months' credit, and then repudiate his obligations.

It would not answer to refuse even the meanest ranchero what he desired; for if we did, he would throw distrust on the ship, and prevent his neighbors from trading with us; or perhaps our agent might want to stop at his house some night, when riding through the country, and then where would his body be in the morning? As the Mexicans say, "Quien sabe". Mr. Mellus did not run any risk and so, very considerately, charged the rich for what the poor took, and thanked the saints that the wants of the rancheros, in the way of luxuries, were few and far between and not expensive.

To be sure, the fort was armed with four long, brass nine-pounders, the handsomest guns that I ever saw, all covered with scroll work and figures. One was appropriately named the Apostle Paul, another was called Saint John, a third Saint José, and the fourth bore the name of a lady—the sacred name Santa Barbara, although why she was so sacred I never learned. The guns were mounted on ruined and decayed carriages; two of them were planted toward the planet Venus, when in sight, and the other two were so depressed that had they been loaded or fired, the balls would have startled the people on the other side of the hemisphere, like a clap of thunder. Therefore, it is no wonder that when a demand was made for a surrender, by a man-of-war, the request was complied with immediately; and that the soldiers left the fort, and took to the woods, remaining there until hostilities had terminated. Then they returned to the fortification, much to the relief of the rancheros, who had farms and cattle in the vicinity, and were rather jealous of their wives.

Forbes tells of a man who once remonstrated with a Spaniard against his way of yoking cattle, explaining to him that elsewhere a yoke was used with which the ox drew his load with his shoulders, as nature evidently intended, and so performed his work with comparative comfort. But he was answered with some heat, that cattle had always been yoked that way in Spain; the wisest people in the world lived there, and if there were a better way of yoking cattle, they would undoubtedly have known it.

In 1826 there were in California not less than 200,000 head of cattle. At the private rancherias, slaughter (matanza) took place yearly, and at the missions weekly. The hides, when not sold green, were staked out to dry; while the tallow was tried and run into bags of bullock skins (botas), each with the capacity of one arroba, —twenty-five pounds. An agent or supercargo (we are told by Thomas O. Larkin) would fit up a store on board ship with shelves, showcases and drawers, and from it dispense tea or shot, from a pound to a box or bag; silk or calico, from a yard to a bale.

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The slaughtering itself came later. A band of vaqueros armed with knives rode over the fields, selected each animal, deftly severed a nerve in the nape of the neck, and it fell dead. Or —a more common procedure—the cattle were dispatched after having been corralled and bound with riatas. In either event, peladores (flayers) stripped off the hides, and the meat was cut up by the tasajeros (butchers). The matanza necessarily caused much offal, and scores of dogs were kept for consuming it. A ranchero riding to town was, it is averred, not infrequently attended by a train of dogs half a mile long. Horses when in excess were destroyed by being driven over a precipice; or by being thrust into corrals, whence as they were liberated one at a time, they were pierced with a lance——.

In agriculture, the ranchero was neither interested nor versed. He raised grain (barley and wheat) in quantity barely sufficient for his own need, cultivating it with ludicrous plow and harrow, reaping it with the sickle, threshing it under the feet of the mares, and winnowing it in the wind. Save for the block-wheeled ox-cart, low, crude, and creaking, and the volanta of the padre, vehicles there were none. He was not enough of a domesticator of cattle to provide himself to any extent with milk, butter, and cheese.

Concerning the Vallejo house at Sonoma, Torres says: "I found the patio full of servants of both sexes, but in the group the women prevailed.... I asked the General's wife in what so many Indians were occupied. 'Each one of my children, boy or girl!' she said, 'has a servant who has no other duty than to care for him or her. I have twenty servants for myself. Four or five grind the corn for the tortillas, for we entertain here so many guests, that three grinders are not enough. Six or seven serve in the kitchen. Five or six are constantly busy washing the clothes for the children and servants. And nearly a dozen are required to attend to the spinning or sewing. As a rule the Indians are not inclined to learn more than one duty. She who is taught cooking will not hear to washing dishes; and a good washerwoman considers herself insulted if she is compelled to cook, sew, or spin. All our servants are very clever. They have no fixed pay; we give them all they need. If sick, we care for them; when their children are born we act as godparents, and we give their children instruction."

The mission carts were clumsy as the plows and other implements. A very long pole, prepared without other effort than was required to peel the bark from a small tree, was mortised or otherwise fastened to a heavy axle, and these formed the frame. Thick planks, hewn rather than sawed and about four or five feet long, with a hole in the middle and sufficiently rounded at the ends,—so that a piece of bent wood added to either side made them passably round,—formed the wheels. A rough frame in which some high stakes were set to enclose the load, completed the vehicle. It was all of wood; not even a nail was used in its construction. It was drawn by the pole, as the plows were, and as no grease or tar was ever applied to the axles, it was not moved without notice to all within miles of it.

The threshing was accomplished in a very primitive way: a circular piece of ground known as hera—containing, say an acre and a half—was inclosed by a fence, smooth on the inside. The ground was prepared by

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putting water on it, leveling and pounding it until it became firm and hard. A large quantity of grain was then thrown into this circular space, and seventy-five to one hundred mares were turned into the place, with two or three vaqueros mounted on powerful horses, with whips in their hands, who drove the mares round and round the circle, shouting "Yeguas! Yeguas! Yeguas!"

When the mares became dizzy from circling round in this way, they were turned and driven in the opposite direction. This was continued actively until the grain was all well threshed out. The grain was winnowed in an equally primitive manner, the process requiring a day when a good breeze was blowing. The threshed grain was pushed well to one side of the inclosure by the harvesters, and a good space cleaned off; then with large wooden shovels, they took it up and threw it as high as possible against the wind, which blew off the chaff and straw, while the heavier grain fell down on the clean ground which had been prepared for it.

These notes, unfortunately, do not cover the large and lavish hospitality of the old rancheros, the picturesqueness of their daily lives, the mingled kindness and pride of their dispositions, and the leisurely beauty of their pastoral age. But enough is shown, perhaps, to fire the imagination, and at the same time to give an inkling of why the old days could not endure.

II

Then followed the days of gold. The forty-niners rushed in to shoulder aside the old, and to be forced in spite of themselves to substitute a new, however crude. Gold seemed at first to them the most important thing in the world. It proved to make few fortunes in the long run; but it did attract a large population. It was the bait to draw in a new civilization, and when its work was done, it fell to a secondary place in importance.

After the first rush, the scene of interest shifts from the strongly individualized struggles in the mining camps, toward the first cohering of organized society in San Francisco. Men had left the old ordered homes in the thought that at last they were free of all responsibility toward society and government. They had to learn that such responsibilities exist wherever men are gathered together. They must be met. If postponed, then a heavy interest rate of crime and injustice must be paid. Here again are a few random notes taken bodily from many books; not to present anything like a coherent or connected narrative, but merely to flash the vivid color of the time.

Our first destination was Indian Creek, in Kansas, which was the place of rendezvous of California and Oregon immigrants. Here we found about five hundred wagons, two-thirds of which were bound for Oregon. We proceeded very happily till we reached the South Platte. Every night we young folks had a dance on the green prairie. We started on our passage over this desert in the early morning, trailed all day and all night, and all the next day and the next night, and on the morning of the third day, our guide told us that water was still twenty-five miles away. Our teams were so exhausted that they could not haul the wagon. William Fowler here lost his seven yokes of oxen. The man who was in charge of them went to sleep, and the cattle turned back, and recrossed the desert—or perhaps died there. Thus he was left with his two wagons and no teams to haul them.

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Next day I started early and drove till dusk, as I wished to tire the cattle so that they would lie down and give me some sleep. They would rest for two or three hours, and then try to go back home to their former range.

Arriving at the fort, Captain Sutter bade us stay there all night, and said the next day he would give us passage to Yerba Buena in his launch. While waiting at the fort, we were astonished to see how the Indians were fed. There was a mill at the fort for grinding, or rather crushing the grain. This, without being sifted or bolted, was boiled till it formed a kind of mush, which was poured into a long trough. There were some seventy or eighty young Indians, aged from three to eight or nine years, and they got down on their knees beside the trough and lapped mush, like so many dogs. To me, it was an odd sight, and not a very pleasant one.

Uncle Peter had four children, three boys and a little girl—my cousins. While the mill-race was being dug, the children found it to be a place which they liked to play in. One day while thus playing, little John Wimmer, the second oldest boy, found a piece of gold of about eight dollars. It was bright and pretty, and he ran to the house to show his father and Marshall. It was washing day and at Marshall's suggestion, the nugget was put into the wash-kettle among the boiling suds. After some little time it was found to be untarnished, and Marshall said it must be gold, and he took it to Sutter's fort where it was tested and found to be truly gold.

One of the men was a count, or some such thing, who used to sing at his work like an actor on the stage. And Charlie Elleard's little black racing nag would come and put up his fore feet on the step and have them polished, just like anyone else; then trot off down Clay Street, to Charlie's fancy drinking house, march up to the counter, get his piece of sponge cake, and off by the back door to his stall in the yard.

Another reason for pressing ahead, particularly in the start, was to outrun the cholera, which attacked some of the emigrants about the time of leaving the Missouri frontier, and pursued the trains like a ravenous wolf that could not be stopped by a trap, snare, or gunpowder. A great many—estimated by some at four thousand—died and were buried in shallow graves along the road; but still the trains moved on, and the ranks of those who fell, were filled by those who came on after them and took their places.

One of the most enthusiastic promoters of the gold excitement was our friend Brannan, who stirred San Francisco (at first indifferent to the fever of agitation) over the event. Coming down from Sutter's fort, where he had a store, he brought with him, as did others, gold dust and nuggets from the placers. "Gold! gold! gold! from the American river!" shouted Brannan as he strode down the street, swinging his hat in one hand and holding in the other a bottle of yellow dust which he displayed to the gaping crowds that gathered round him. Sight, reinforcing rumor, kindled a fire that could not be quenched; Brannan's paper, "The California Star", added fuel to the flame; and from the wild rush to the gold fields that followed, San Francisco was in some danger of being depopulated.

The spirit of these gold-devouring days was the spirit of individualism, absolutism. Each was for himself and no other. He carried his life in his pocket, his hip pocket as he fancied it;

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to those about him his life was of no consequence; if he lost it that was his affair. Touch his property, his comrades were quite ready to help hang the thief, as in the sacredness of property rights, all had a common interest. There was nothing sacred in human life, all must die sooner or later; a little time more or less made no difference. Entertaining such sentiments,—the greatest of crimes being theft, the least of crimes murder,—gold became king and ruled royally. On the hut floor or cabin shelf were loose nuggets and tin cans of gold dust, unguarded alike—whether the owner was off at work during the day or carousing at night, none dare touch it. Few desired to touch it; it was better to go out among the boulders and gather it.

"We would like to have both law and order, but if we must choose one, it will be the order, rather than the law."

"Our citizen soldiery, invisible in war, invincible in peace."

To intending juror—"Have you any objections to capital punishment?"—"Yes, your honor, I have—that is, unless administered by a vigilance committee."

The "California" remained five days in the roadstead, during which time I ascertained that the immigrants—who were bound to San Francisco—were, the majority of them, professed gamblers from the southern states, particularly from New Orleans; a singular class of men to settle a new country. When they were gone, the town resumed its wonted dullness and tranquillity.

Rents were enormously high. The Parker House, the principal hotel in town, rented for $175,000 per annum! The tenants were principally gamblers, who in some instances paid as high as $1,000 per month for the privilege of running a monte or faro table.

In the Parker House and El Dorado full brass bands were engaged at a cost of several hundred dollars a night, to draw victims into their toils. Pyramids of golden nuggets of various sizes, aggregating in value thousands of dollars, were displayed on the gambling tables, to excite the avarice and cupidity of the unwary.

The above were mere samples from many files; appetizers as it were.

III

But there came a time when San Francisco had cleaned out its gamblers and cutthroats, had established the (temporary) purity of its city government. Had in fact, bridged in five or six years the usual several-hundred-year gap between the village council form of government and modern methods. The old Spanish régime too, had passed away, at least as a factor that determined the note of the country. Industry, agriculture, and horticulture were beginning to get a real foothold. Nevertheless, the state at large was still in a transition stage. Big ranches occupied the hills and valleys. A patriarchal, large, and charming life informed them. Men lived on a big scale that reckoned its gains, its hospitalities, and its failures by colossal standards.

That was the period of the Stanfords, the Lucky Baldwins, the Colonel Hollisters, the Ralstons, the millionaires of Nob Hill. Tourists came from the east on trains that consumed a week in the passing. They found a land so nearly like heaven that it seemed not worth while to die. They could pick all the oranges and flowers they wanted, free and welcome. They went back east reluctantly, and bored everybody with "California stories".

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About this time somebody discovered, or rediscovered, the value of irrigation. The transcontinental railroads started in on a rate war. One day you could actually get a round-trip ticket for one dollar! The result was the great land boom of 1886. They sold land with brass bands and barbecues; they bid in fifty-foot town lots, out in the sage brush, forty miles from anywhere; they sold other fifty-foot town lots that lay twenty feet under water, on the chance that sometime the government, or somebody, would drain the water away. They did a whole gorgeous series of wild and fantastic performances; and when the smoke had cleared away, we had once more a brand new California. And what they had done to the old was a caution and a shame, and relegated it definitely to the irrevocable and romantic past. California thus entered the phase of modern civilization, like that of the rest of the world. Starting at about the early Saxons—say the seventh century—she had passed through history, with due though brief emphasis on each phase, right down to the present time. And in the lifetime of a man—a pretty old man to be sure.

And in her physical confines, California offers samples of about every other country on earth. You can get snow any time of the year, or you can live in a palm-beach suit at any time of year. The development of the people and industries has matched the environment. Take your choice. Both in history and in physical facts, California is a microcosmos—a pocket edition for easy perusal.

FATHER DUFFY'S STORY

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

AMONG war books, there are some which make their strongest appeal to men who, in a big or little way, were part of the A. E. F.—books which, by a potent magic, pick them up bodily out of here and now and bear them back across the Atlantic in the swarming transports of memory. Such a one is "Father Duffy's Story", a book which carries A. E. F. readers back to lousy, old French barns, to chill, soupy, Argonne mud and, at last, to a wintry Rhineland, held hostage in gingerly fashion by its diffident conquerors. It is a delightfully characteristic narrative by the priest whose itinerant parish, whose wildly itinerant parish, was the 165th Infantry, that group of Irishmen from New York who put the streak of green in the Rainbow.

Characteristic! Well, something of Father Duffy's shrewdness and a little of his all-steadying serenity is in this book of his memories. Then it is rich in his sympathy for the hurt and lonely, strong with his pride in the brave. And it is full to the brim with his quiet laughter, the unruly laughter that lurks even in the dread chapters of the story. Also, it is no more than half fancy that a bit of brogue clings to the more stirring passages, like morsels of egg-shell to a chicken.

In the regimental history, of which Sergeant Joyce Kilmer had completed only the preliminary chapters when he was killed, there occurs just at the end

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this tale of the first raid by the men of the 165th:

"It is a matter of no military importance but of deep interest to every one who sympathizes with the 69th Regiment and knows its history and traditions, that when the raiding party marched up past Regimental Headquarters on their way to the trenches, there fluttered from the bayonet of one of the men a flag—a green flag marked in gold with the harp that has for centuries been Ireland's emblem—the harp without the crown—and inscribed 'Erin Go Bragh!' This flag had been given to Sergeant Evers of the Band and by a stranger—an old woman who burst through the great crowd that lined the streets when the Regiment marched from the armory to the dock on their journey to Camp Mills and, crying and laughing at the same time, thrust it into his hands. The flag went 'over the top' twice that night, and for memory's sake the name 'Rouge Bouquet' was embroidered on it. Later, the embroidered names became so numerous that the design of the flag almost disappeared. Who the woman was who gave the Regiment this appropriate tribute is unknown. Perhaps it was Kathleen ni Houlihan herself."

Well, it may be said that Father Duffy carried this flag all the way through his book until, back in New York once more, all the men shook hands, looked down a moment and then scattered to the four winds. The book itself is, of course, the one which was to have been written by Kilmer, whose chapters now serve merely as an appendix. Naturally the task fell to Father Duffy, and all the men in the regiment would have had it so.

His story is properly parochial, a storehouse of names, a book for the families of the regiment's dead, and yet the names are so deftly distributed that the casual reader is not crushed by them. The book is skilfully kept from reading like the Dublin telephone book. It remains an eminently readable, plainspoken history of one of the most picturesque, characterful, and likable regiments in the A. E. F.—a great regiment, all in all, which, in its latest adventures, so honored its old tradition that its new history belongs on any Five Foot Shelf of the war.

The flavor of it you can taste for yourself from such a typical passage as this:

> It was a beautiful soft June night. No moon, but the French highway rolled out before us dull white in the gloom, as if its dust were mingled with phosphorus. The men trudged along behind—joking and singing—it was the beginning of the march. After a couple of hours, we entered Chalons, a dream city by night.

Or this:

> I came to Grand and thus made the acquaintance of the establishment of Madame Gerard at the sign of the Golden Boar. I have seen a M. Gerard but, as in all well-regulated families, he is a person with no claim to figure in a story. I am in love for the first time, and with Madame Gerard. Capable and human and merry, used to men and their queer, irrational, unfeminine ways, and quite able to handle them, hundreds at a time. A joke, a reprimand, and ever and always the final argument of a good meal—easy as easy. She reigns in her big kitchen, with its fireplace where the wood is carefully managed but still gives heat enough to put life and savor into the hanging pots and the sizzling turnspits. Odors of Araby the Blest! And she serves her meals with the air of a beneficent Grand Dame of the age when hospitality was a test of greatness. Private or General—it makes no difference to her. The same food and the same price and the same frank, motherly humor—and they all respond with feelings that are common to all. I sit before the kitchen fire while she is at work, and talk about the war and religion and our poor soldiers so far from their mothers, and the cost of food and the fun you get out of life, and when I get back to my cold room I go to bed thinking of how much I have learned and that I can see at last how France has been able to stand this war for three and a half years.

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You can learn from that single paragraph a good deal about three great institutions—France, the A. E. F., and Father Duffy.

Then it is a satisfaction to find his story candid, to find that he is not one of those censored historians who feel obliged to pretend that everything worked smoothly, that mistakes were never, never made. Certain episodes in the great adventure of the Rainbow, which were rather comically ignored in a recently published history of that splendid division, are discussed frankly enough by Father Duffy. He tells the story of the recall blown too late to delay the charge across the Ourcq; he makes no bones about the collapse of pay and supplies; and he goes at length into that bitter Argonne business when so many men were killed and wounded, and when the brigade and regimental commanders were summarily removed by a corps commander, with whom Father Duffy very obviously does not agree.

It is best to have these things gone into. Indeed it is to be hoped that the entire overseas achievement will be unsparingly scrutinized, that America will learn whatever lessons can be learned from her mistakes in France. Of course, the more exuberant onlookers will grow despondent then. Realizing that much of what was said and written at the time was exaggerated (and some of it sheer buncombe), they will begin to wonder if none of their pride and enthusiasm of 1918 was justified. Then they will go down into the valley of reaction and wish to forget about the war.

Yet it would be a pity if we lost, even for a little while, our belief in the great spirit of our troops. Whatever the cost of unpreparedness, whatever the mistakes of the higher command, whatever the streaks of corrupting selfishness and indolence to be found here and there, there was evidenced again and again by the rank and file that dauntless bravery which no chronicler could exaggerate and which no later critic has any right to forget. Our industrial age, in time of need, called upon its multitudinous youth to show a courage as high and pure and self-forgetting as men showed when the world was young. They showed it. To that courage, one of their priests bears witness a hundred times in a narrative that warms the heart.

Father Duffy's Story. By Francis P. Duffy, Chaplain 165th Infantry. George H. Doran Company.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

MR. RHODES'S NEW VOLUME

By L. E. Robinson

THE publication of the eighth volume of James Ford Rhodes's "History of the United States" will be welcomed as a stabilizing intellectual event in the midst of a surfeit of semi-historical books stimulated by world conflict and written too hastily for the wear of years. This volume satisfies at least by its sincere calm, its even method, and by its clear, candid, and restrained expression. Mr. Rhodes has an established reputation for judicial investigation of sources and authorities as well as for his apposite use of these in the construction of his narrative. Whatever differences of opinion his critics may entertain as to the completeness or treatment of events he has chosen for record in this volume, all will agree that the subjects which make up the story of its four hundred and sixty-one pages have sprung from the historic currents of our national life and reveal the character and the workings of our organized democracy.

A reader accustomed to consider the present in the light of the past is likely indeed to think of the volume as timely; for it furnishes a strikingly suggestive background for a sane and constructive study of contemporary social and economic disquietude. The twenty years "From Hayes to McKinley" are generously punctuated with strikes quite appalling at the time, with serious problems of economic adjustment, as well as by obstinate clashes between the executive and the legislative functions of the government. Thanks, however, to the progress of the merit system during that period, there is far less irritation today from the "low-thoughted care" of political spoilsmen. President Hayes promptly furnished federal troops to suppress the terrible riots which grew out of the railroad strikes of 1877 when state troops proved deficient in leadership and morale. At the end of the period President Cleveland courageously employed the army to enforce law and order in Chicago in the face of incompetent state control. Hayes spoke golden words for civil service reform struggling for recognition in his day, while Harrison and Cleveland so far reenforced the cause that it passed from the condition of party controversy into an insistent demand of the national conscience. Curtis and Schurz spoke not only as the voices of that conscience, but in large measure as the creators of it. Hayes and his secretary of finance, John Sherman, stood uncompromisingly for sound money against the silver sophistries of "Dick" Bland and his followers in Congress, just as Cleveland and J. G. Carlisle maintained with similar firmness the integrity of the gold standard against the captivating plausibilities of Mr. Bryan and his host of supporters in the South and West.

Collaterally with this trilogy of dominant issues, Mr. Rhodes interweaves many other events which grew out of the existing social conditions or marked the evolution of the national consciousness. The career of the Molly

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Maguires among the coal miners of Pennsylvania contained all the elements of ancient tragedy with an impressive dénouement. It reminds one of the sad vacancy in the thought of the day in respect to ideals and methods of Americanizing the raw recruits of foreign labor in industries essential to the support of those finer human products of our civilization who comfortably assumed that *le monde va lui-même*. He notes the Benner pig-iron prophecies of 1876, the tariff changes, Chinese exclusion acts, presidential succession act, the defeat of the "Force bill", the income-tax decision of 1895, Harrison's indecorous diplomacy in the Chilean affair of 1892, Cleveland's contract with J. P. Morgan in the interest of the gold reserve, and particularizes the secret surgical operation which removed a malignant sarcoma from the president's mouth when his life was in serious danger. Mr. Rhodes does not sympathize with President Cleveland's application of the Monroe doctrine to the critical controversy with Lord Salisbury over the Venezuelan boundary dispute in 1895.

If in this category of subjects the reader misses a chapter on the expansion of capitalism and industrialism, phenomena remarkably distinctive of the period, he will find comfort in the historian's intimation that these may be more properly treated in connection with the Roosevelt administrations. A Rhodesian treatment of the fundamental facts of these phenomena, which have survived as the most persistent national problems of our time, will possess unusual interest for those disposed to approach their explanation and solution in the light of their development and earlier effects.

Although a historian is finally tested by his insight into the events and policies that underlie a nation's welfare and its errors, for the reader the portrayal of personalities in the course of the narrative contains a peculiar charm. Many engaging figures were in public life during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Many others with masterful imagination fashioned huge business combinations and boldly laid the foundations of immense private fortunes. Many interesting conflicts divided public opinion. For writers of emotion there were men and movements that might easily kindle the historic imagination. Mr. Rhodes consistently subdues every form of dramatic appeal. His report of the outstanding personalities is reduced to their essential connection with the main streams of national experience. Hayes's diary is made to do excellent service in lifting that worthy president from a certain curious obscurity to his proper place as a broad-minded, wise, and independent statesman. John Sherman commands the author's highest respect. Blaine, Garfield, and Cleveland are well characterized so far as they fit into the events of national moment. Mr. Rhodes succeeds in this volume in maintaining an admirably Greek-like detachment as he keeps his eye faithfully upon the progress and the moral welfare of the nation itself.

History of the United States from Hayes to McKinley. By James Ford Rhodes. The Macmillan Co.

A FINE ADVENTURE IN IDEAS

By Benjamin De Casseres

IN the essay on "Civilization", in Havelock Ellis's new book "The Philosophy of Conflict and Other Essays in War-Time", the author says:

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"It is dangerous to leap to conclusions about anything in this world, most of all when Man and his civilization are concerned." It is this sentence that gives us the keynote to the intelligence of Havelock Ellis himself, and makes of him one of the most stimulating and profound writers of the time. He might have added that it is also dangerous not to leap to conclusions about anything; and as Mr. Ellis never does, it makes of him one of the most delightfully dangerous thinkers of the time. His breadth, tolerance, and spiritual cosmopolitanism leave everything from the divinity of Christ to Bolshevism open matters. There is always room for your own dogma or your own nihilism between the lines of his writings; and when he affirms his belief in spiritual progress, one feels that he does so because there is as much danger in leaping to that conclusion as there is in the doctrine of the ultimate and imminent "demnition bow-wows" of things social and celestial.

Havelock Ellis, like the two great French thinkers that he is always quoting, Remy de Gourmont and Jules de Gaultier, is a disassociater of ideas, a picklock of the brain, a thinker forever prying apart feelings and ideas long married and finding for them more suitable mates. When he has found them he leaves them with a smile, saying: "Maybe you'll be happier in the new bond; maybe not—God bless you both, anyhow!"

He is that rarest of products in English thought—a man without a program or a system, although there are inklings in his latest book that he is edging toward a modified socialism; not because, I suspect, he believes in the collective ideal as a solvent of any ills, but because his soul of experimental scientist and psychologist takes a delight in watching the result of any new combinations of the elements that make up the endless drama of Man. He is thus not a moralist, but something infinitely greater—an æsthetic spectator of Life in the manner of Gœthe, Spinoza, Nietzsche, and Jules de Gaultier; a being to whom nothing that is human is foreign; a tourist in all intellectual, emotional, and spiritual climes; a man who would crave immortality as a gift if he could only sit on the hub of the stupendous wheel of Change and make notes on the Charivari of the Eternal Becoming.

His style is as clear as the great French prose masters, rising at times to a quiet and contained lyricism which carries on its crest blazing images and fulgurant quotations culled from the depths of a culture that seems coextensive with the evolution of man.

This latest book of Havelock Ellis is a fine adventure in ideas. There are twenty-four essays in the book, ranging from the "Origin of War" and "Cowley" to birth-control and Baudelaire. The lustres of his mind throw a blazing light on the River Drift Man, illuminating the landscape of that lost age with brilliant flashes, only to turn them a moment later into the lairs and dens of the subconscious world. He glorifies Man as the epic of Time, holding a brief for the wayward wraith against the pessimists and cynics. Civilization? Is it a failure? Well, there were civilizations that failed before only to be born again under another and more colorful form. Another civilization will be born out of this one. Each civilization believes it is the first or the last. We are all foolish egoists! France and Shakespeare's plays, together with New York and the paintings of Ve-

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lasquez shall fade away and leave not a wrack behind. It is well, for newer glories shall be born out of the pulsing heart of the Eternal Mother so long as the atoms dance and combine. Have faith in calamities! Havelock Ellis celebrates Europe—"the cockpit of the world"—as the stage where Man came to individual self-consciousness. Instead of merely worshipping gods, like the East, the Europeans have acted like gods, using forces instead of deifying them. Instead of getting lost in Nirvana, they have condensed it to shape and form in their blood and sweat. The European is the real superman of the races and the Yogis of the East are renegades.

In his chapter "Drink Programme of the Future" he is, of course, opposed to prohibition. Thirst is mightier than the pen, and will outlast it. There is a fine chapter in the book on Freud and psychoanalysis. He says that "the human soul will never again be to human eyes what it was before Freud explored it." In reading Havelock Ellis I am conscious of "more light", and the humor of Michel de Montaigne.

The Philosophy of Conflict. By Havelock Ellis. Houghton Mifflin Co.

ROBERT LYND'S CRITICISM

By Philip Goodman

WE have been hearing much lately of the Englishman, Robert Lynd. Mr. Lynd is unmistakably a critic of fine literary taste, but as commendable a book as his "Old and New Masters" is, I find in it not one new literary valuation. It may be asked why one should expect new valuations, and my answer is that there can be no other *raison d'être* in a book of literary criticism written in this day which contains such names as Jane Austen, Wordsworth, Keats, Browning, Ronsard, Villon, Pope, Rossetti, and Thomas Hardy. They are, I should say, very "safe bets" for a critic to tackle. Cenotaphs have been erected to all of them (Mr. Hardy has been dead for some years), and hence a critic can do but one of three things: he can destroy the cenotaph, or he can build a still larger one, or he can let it entirely alone. That Mr. Lynd has not wished to destroy or to build larger is his own intellectual business; but that he has chosen not to let them alone is, to some extent, the reader's business, for he casts over his pages a kind of twice-told tedium that is inevitable when the new-old point of view is once more brought out, dusted off, and redecorated. And it is precisely in the work of filigreeing safe and accepted ideas that Mr. Lynd is most adroit. There are paragraphs without number in the book that yawn for a pencil-mark—paragraphs that are as highly eloquent as criticism ever permits eloquence to soar. But to repeat: they are all offered in support of those ideas that no longer need support.

For example, Jane Austen has been praised as a natural historian, but, Mr. Lynd observes, she is a naturalist among tame animals. She despised poverty and could not endure to write about poor people. She is not happy, Mr. Lynd says, in the company of a character who has not at least a thousand pounds.... Browning, to Mr. Lynd, is the poet of love. In "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came" he is also the poet of the heroic spirit in which he achieves as profound and imaginative expression as can be found in all English literature. "To belittle Browning as an artist after

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such a poem is to blaspheme art. To belittle him as an optimist is to play the fool with words...." Rossetti was the ritualist whose,—

> . . . . great gift to his time was the gift of beauty to be worshipped in the sacred hush of a temple. His work is not richer in the essentials of beauty than Browning's—it is not, indeed, nearly so rich; but while Browning served beauty joyously, a god in a firmament of gods, Rossetti burned a lonely candle to it as the only true god . . . .

These are but snacks of a dish that would be more savory to me were I drawing up to it for the first time. As "Dr. Buddenholm" has so tersely put it: "Ideas, when they are cooked again, even with new garnitures, make an unpalatable stew".

But there is a brighter side to Mr. Lynd's book. I refer to the chapters on those who have not quite yet appeared in the curricula of our colleges, men such as Damon Belloc and Pythias Chesterton, Synge, Flecker, Shaw, Masefield, Yeats, Augusta Gregory, Cunningham Graham, T. M. Kettle (who has left behind a great deal to interest America), J. C. Squire, Joseph Conrad, and Rudyard Kipling. Here Mr. Lynd plays at hazard and takes a sporting chance. He runs the risk of being wrong—as, indeed, he is more than once. His chapter on the fantastic animal which Shaw called the Chester-Belloc is the best in the book. He understands Belloc thoroughly and Chesterton does not fool him for a minute. He says that "if Mr. Chesterton were a schoolmaster he would give all the triangles noses and eyes, and he would turn the Latin verbs into nonsense rhymes". And as for Belloc, "the world is to him at once a map and a history and a poem and a church and an ale-house". Synge "was a byway, not a highroad, of genius. That is why he has an immensely more enthusiastic following among clever people than among simple people". Shaw "is something of a natural peacock" but, for all that, Mr. Lynd, too, succumbs to the general impression that there is a nimbus (size seven and three-quarters) over the head of this apostate Irishman.

With regard to Masefield, "we miss in his lines the onward march of poetry. His individual phrases carry no cargoes of wonder. His art is not of the triumphant order that lifts us off our feet". Well, here, at least, Mr. Lynd ventures an opinion and I, for one, like the finality of his error better than the reasonableness of his concurrence. His account of Yeats seems to me like a lot of tarradiddle. He is balancing a hair on the end of his nose. Yeats "has created, if not a new world, a new star". In a deserved laudation of Lady Gregory, he mentions a number of her plays but glaringly omits the purest gem, "The Workhouse Ward". The chapters on Graham, Kettle, and Squire rank next to the Belloc-Chesterton chapter. The appreciation of Squire, particularly, is well worth the reading. As for Conrad, I am like the man who is blind to blue or who cannot compute a sum if the number seven is in it, so I pass on. To Kipling, "verse is a platform that tempts him at one moment into the performance of music-hall turns and the next into stump orations the spiritual home of which is Hyde Park Corner rather than Parnassus".

These excerpts which I have taken explain what I mean when I say that Mr. Lynd is not critically venturesome. And yet I concede the unfairness to him of taking a line here and a paragraph there to support my case. In justice to his book, I commend it to the reader with the final opinion that a lot of excellent writing has been ex-

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pended in refurbishing what we, in this country, would call "safe and sane" ideas.

Old and New Masters. By Robert Lynd. Charles Scribner's Sons.

ELLEN GLASGOW'S NEW NOVEL

By Louise Collier Willcox

THE most interesting point in Ellen Glasgow's new novel, "The Builders", is its wide divergence from the attitude of the English novels of the year. Abroad there seem to be two forms of reaction from the war and its upheaval of standards: on the one side the groping after spiritualistic phenomena; on the other the letting down of all moral standards, especially all accepted standards as to sex relations—as witness Arnold Bennett's "The Pretty Lady", Galsworthy's "Saint's Progress", W. L. George's "Blind Alley", May Sinclair's "Mary Olivier", Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence", Phyllis Bottome's "A Servant of Reality". Whether or not these novels represent society as it is in England, or the actual thought of any large body of people, they must lead us to believe that standards which civilization has been centuries in erecting, are falling into chaos.

On the other hand, Ellen Glasgow—certainly one of the foremost novelists of our country and the one most likely to reflect the country's attitude—reacts against the horrors of the past few years with a new rigidity of morals, a sterner application of the ancient law; an insistence on the doctrine that self-fulfillment must wait on law and order, and the general social welfare. In fact her book shows that now as heretofore, Kant's maxim that every act should be such that it might become an universal law (which by the bye Somerset Maugham says is "sheer rot"), holds good in the tragedy and sorrow of today as in the past. Her fine characters renounce, that law and tradition may be upheld.

Again where in the English novels the stress is entirely upon sex, her novel is a novel of politics and patriotism.

Virginia owes a large debt to her novelists. No state can more completely reconstruct her history, her social régime, from the fiction writers native to it. The best part of this work has been done by Ellen Glasgow. She shows in this novel particularly that the novel need not be constructed about a single theme. Political opinions, patriotic interests, and national standards are not only as legitimate but as interesting a field.

Caroline Mead is a typical Virginia woman, trained from infancy to make the best of things and to laugh when hurt, to take life gaily and rely on her own resources rather than any fortuitous events. Blackburn, the protagonist of the book, believes that America has traveled, as he has, the road through materialism to idealism, and that the great men of America, the real builders, are those who are seeking to do a great constructive work through idealism, expressing an imperishable idea in material substance. Blackburn is against the league of nations, and this part of the book will doubtless cause much discussion.

The creation par excellence of the book is Angelica Blackburn, the woman triumphant through indirect influence. By sheer beauty of appearance and subtle indirection, she manages always to make the worse appear the better reason, she ruins lives and wins what she wants. Here the novelist

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would seem to be telling us that in a world of appearance, it is appearance rather than truth which conquers, and that appearance rarely expresses the reality beneath. At any rate Angelica is a portrait to hang up among the fictional pictures of unscrupulous and subtle women.

This book is timely, dealing with all the vital questions of the moment, and a book too, that is likely to be more popular among men than women, which is only another way of saying that the sentimental interest is subordinated to more general interests.

The Builders. By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page and Co.

A NEW HUDSON BOOK

By Henry A. Lappin

I HAVE long regarded this W. H. Hudson as one of the chief glories of modern European letters, and as indubitably the most distinguished living practitioner of the fine art of English prose. Yet, until almost the other day, he was suffering quite as persistent a neglect as was Conrad until the tide of that profound and melancholy Pole's fortunes turned with the publication of "Chance". Indeed so inveterate has been the indifference to his work that it was even possible, three or four years ago, for a reviewer in one of the more discriminating American weeklies to discuss at some length a book of Hudson's under the interesting but erroneous impression that the W. H. Hudson of "Idle Days in Patagonia" was none other than an extension lecturer of the same name whose only titles to fame were that he had been at Cambridge with Erewhon Butler, had served as secretary to Herbert Spencer, and had written an innocuous treatise on "The Study of Literature"! But now a veritable Hudson boom has set in: second-hand copies of his books are soaring in price and are snapped up as soon as the dealers catalogue them; American university libraries are instructing their London agents to buy Hudson "complete"; and a letter from his hand fetches as fancy a price as one of Joseph Conrad's. In fine, it seems as if people had at last awakened to the towering importance of the man.

For the significance of his achievement is really of the highest to all who care for literature and have that mysterious "root of the matter" in them. Unless it be Conrad himself, I confess I discern no more commanding literary figure today. And when one has said Hudson and Conrad, there is—to be honest—nobody else writing English (in Great Britain, anyhow) who deserves to be mentioned in the same breath.

In a fine foreword to the American edition of "Green Mansions", Galsworthy has exactly and beautifully displayed the quality of this great artist's genius:

> He has a supreme gift of disclosing not only the thing he sees but the spirit of his vision. Without apparent effort he takes you with him into a rare, free, natural world, and always you are refreshed, stimulated, enlarged, by going there.... Hudson's fancy is akin to the flight of the birds that are his special loves—it never seems to have entered a house, but since birth to have been roaming the air in rain and sun, or visiting the trees and grass....

As richly memorable as anything Hudson has so far written is this latest book, a collection of sketches, studies, and meditations on birds, bats, serpents, foxes, trees, moles, rats, dogs, daffodils, hawk moths, potatoes,—toads, herons, "and such small deer"; in short, almost a new "Ani-

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mated Nature", and all set forth in language comparable for its limpid beauty and perfect grace with that of Goldsmith himself, the Mozart of English prose. Nearly every page provides an example of what has above been characterized as his supreme gift. Take, for instance, his recollection, many years after the experience, of a certain wonderful Wiltshire evening:

> It was June, just before hay-cutting, and for most of the time, until the last faint underglow had faded, and the stars were out, I was standing motionless, knee-deep in the plumy seeded grasses, watching the ghost-moths, as I had never seen them before, in scores and in hundreds, dimly visible in their whiteness all over the dusky meadow, engaged in their quaint, beautiful rhythmic love-dance. It was the wide silent night and the moths' strange motions and whiteness in the dark that gave it a magic on that occasion.

Here there is nothing vague or blurred: he has observed with scientific exactitude; how simple every word, yet how mysteriously beautiful the total evocation, how it enchants the heart! He credits a correspondent of his with a special success in describing the hawk moth because, he says, "she saw the object as a child, emotionally, and after thirty years was still able to recover the precious feeling experienced then and to convey to another the image in her mind". With the emotional intensity of a little child at gaze,—that is how Hudson beholds the animals and scenes of which he writes. Himself he is one of those rarely dowered and radiant spirits whose impressions grow only more vivid and more exquisite with the passing of years; inviolate and undimmed he has kept both heart and eyes of youth.

There are two wise chapters on the dog : "Dogs in London", and "The Great Dog Superstition". On its first appearance in "Macmillan's Magazine" the latter paper fluttered the dovecotes some years ago. But to the present writer—who, he ought to add, like Mr. Hudson but for far other reasons, keeps not a dog—the views therein propounded sound eminently sane and convincing. Rudely to summarize them: the author believes that our ancestors erred gravely in selecting the wild dog (or jackal, or wolf) for purposes of domestication, and that marvels, far beyond any mere canine triumph, could have been wrought by the patience of man had he taken in hand any one of various other mammalians, to wit, the marmoset, lemur, squirrel, chinchilla, Andean vizcacha, or even the engaging little Patagonian dolichotis. At least the profanity of the lower orders might have been a shade less monotonous, but can you imagine the owner of a dog called, let us suppose, Tristram Shandy, advertising for a missing Patagonian dolichotis which answers to the name of William Jennings Bryan!

The Book of a Naturalist. By W. H. Hudson. George H. Doran Company.

UNCONDUCTED WANDERERS

By Herbert S. Gorman

WHEN two young women, tired-out war workers, seek mental stimulus by a trip that takes them through Hawaii, Samoa, Savai, Tonga, Fiji, Java, Sumatra, New Guinea, the Malay States, Siam, Cochin China, South China, North China, Korea, and Japan there can be but one result—a book. It is a fact that volumes of travel through excessive familiarity have bred an inordinate contempt in the once humble but now supercilious reader, and this has not been without reason. Most travel writers in the

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past have been wont to carry their provincialism with them, and to view the strangeness of their new surroundings with an egotistical eye nicely calculated to express the extreme of disapproval. But the world grows broader, and national customs recede in importance. The war has brought the uttermost ends of the earth into a closer communion, and while the provincial pedant goes on forever (being one of the rewards of Victorian virtue) his genius is dwindling and his importance is nil.

The difference between "Unconducted Wanderers" and the travel-books of a generation ago, is quite obvious. It shows a marked difference in spiritual values. In past periods if two unchaperoned young women started forth on an unconducted series of desultory wanderings through the mysterious East (which, by the way, they wouldn't), any book written by one of them would be a pompous, dull affair, compact with the obvious things and pugnacious with gentile bigotry. Rosita Forbes's attitude is quite different. She was guided by an extreme curiosity, and drank in the vivid qualities of the Orient through senses wholly open to their values.

There are no lasting evidences of scholarship in the narrative, no attempts to focus upon economic aspects, or bring new facets of strange life uppermost. In a light, colloquial manner, often sparkling with an acute realization of humorous possibilities, the writer expends her energy in simple description that seizes upon the picturesque and blandly passes over what is dull. It is all quite charming and readable and does give the reader a certain amount of information, none of it particularly new, but most of it entertainingly retold.

After crossing the Atlantic and successfully avoiding any German submarines that might be lurking about, Miss Forbes and her traveling companion—who is identified as Undine—are whirled across the United States, visiting, of course, the Yellowstone National Park, the Painted Desert of Arizona, and Salt Lake City. While in this country her most terrifying experiences are confined to outwitting the American reporter. She is entirely successful.

From Frisco the two girls leave for the South Sea Islands, and the sprightly chapters dealing with Hawaii, Samoa, Tonga, and Fiji possess both humor and vividness. Sleeping in small, insect-ridden rooms surrounded by snoring natives, eating their strange foods, watching their ceremonials and colorful dances, drinking in the glory of marvelous skies and creaming ocean beaches, is all set down in a manner that captures the beauty and lets the non-essentials pass. Among the greater episodes that marked their progress through the Pacific islands was a huge "Meke" given in their honor at Numbemakito. After a solemn presentation of food—consisting for the most part of baskets full of yam and that staple of the South Seas, tare-root, brought by a long procession of women and piled before them—a huge war dance brought the evening to its climax. During this ceremony a hundred magnificent warriors, polished with oil and streaked with charcoal, clad in short petticoats of straw and with an elaborate array of floral decorations, gave their impression of the Battle of the Somme. Miss Forbes writes:

> Shouldering huge ancient clubs, painted and carved, the two parties advanced towards each other with mincing polka steps. After advancing and retiring several times with warlike gestures and much brandishing of weapons, they did a sort of *chassé-croisé* step, turned

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round and danced towards the center of the sward with crouching, panther-like movements. At this point all the German party suddenly fell dead and lay flat on the ground till the medicine-men danced in among them sprinkling them with water, when they immediately leaped to their feet and renewed the fray.

By which it will be observed that the natives' idea of the great war was slightly inaccurate.

From Fiji the two travelers went to New Guinea, after an extremely short stop at Australia, that land apparently being too civilized for them. There is some entertaining comment here on cannibal customs, New Guinea being one of the surviving places where the natives are taught to love thy neighbor as thyself in the matter of taste anyway. Then through Java and Sumatra they go, the author setting down in picturesque language the Arabian Nights atmosphere of these little-known places, with their temples and quaint customs. A short trip through the Malay States is followed by a stay in Siam where all sorts of queer things are found. Bangkok reminds the writer of the stage-settings for "Chu Chin Chow" or Edmund Dulac's illustrations for Omar Khayyam.

It is interesting to note how the various cities of the East appeal to Miss Forbes. Somewhere in the book she describes Bangkok as a dancing girl, shaking a chime of golden bells from her fluttering skirts, dropping perfume from her henna-stained finger-tips. Macao is haunted by the the click of high heels, the gleam of dark eyes and a tortoise-shell comb under a dark mantilla, a wistful spirit dragging tired feet through silent, deserted streets. Canton is something primæval, fierce and grasping, hiding raw wounds under gorgeous silk, clutching at knowledge and wealth behind a veil that is never lifted. And then there is the great grey city of Cambodia, Angkor. According to Miss Forbes, Angkor reigns supreme among the perished cities of the old world.

After Siam and Cambodia comes a brief trip through Cochin China. Then come the adventures in that country that knew coherence before the veils of mystery parted on ancient times and history brought its light—China. China was in a state of unrest when Miss Forbes and her friend reached there. The North was fighting the South and, adventurous always, the two girls calmly made up their minds to pierce through both fighting lines and so reach the North. They did get through one army after no small amount of acute personal discomfort, but found it impossible to continue all the way and so retraced their steps—a thing that any healthy Anglo-Saxon young woman simply hates to do. However, Pekin and the Great Wall are eventually visited.

It was in China that a sense of insecurity first crept upon them although there was no apparent cause for it. Says Miss Forbes:

It is queer that China always gave us a sinister impression, even though on no single occasion did anyone do anything deliberately to frighten, annoy or hurt us, and this in spite of the fact that we always went about alone in the slums of Pekin, that we traveled night and day in troop-trains, and that we got mixed up with several armies in Hunan. Nevertheless, the whole country is like a volcano. I have a feeling that it might erupt at any moment, but I am sure it would erupt *silently*. My own impression of John Chinaman is that he is an arrant coward when alone or in small numbers, but that he is also simple-minded and amiable when not hustled or worried. Of course he is frightfully cruel in odd ways.

After the trip through China, which is quite the most dramatic portion of the volume, Miss Forbes and Undine go to Korea and from there to Japan, once again to view the snowy cone of Fujiyama. Then the booming of the

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guns seems to call them across the seas to a land of strife, and the holiday is over.

There is not much that can be said about a travel book beyond a description of it and some comment on its attitude, for such an endeavor is primarily a personal concern. To be good it must be the action and reaction of alien lands on an individual. It must be able to capture its subject-matter in sufficiently vivid phraseology to call up a picture in the reader's mind. All this Miss Forbes does admirably. Best of all she does it modestly. There are no attempts to approximate the entire spiritual geography of any land. It is by means of shifting pictures and personal anecdotes that she brings a bit of her holiday to those who choose to rejourney through the Orient by the vicarious means of her volume.

Unconducted Wanderers. By Rosita Forbes. John Lane Co.

MR. GALSWORTHY'S ADDRESSES IN AMERICA

By Dorothea Lawrance Mann

MR. GALSWORTHY'S visit to the United States of necessity took on importance. Any distinguished Englishman arriving before the signing of the Peace Treaty must have resigned himself to endure the searching gaze of America. Mr. Galsworthy has the habit of regarding his responsibilities seriously; wherefore he turned a sympathetic ear and an interpretative tongue to the strengthening of the bond between his country and ours. Upon this international friendship depends "the general welfare of mankind", to use his own phrase.

> We need no formal bonds, but we have a sacred charge in common, to let no petty matters, differences of manner, divergencies of material interest, destroy our spiritual agreement. Our pasts, our geographical positions, our temperaments, make us beyond all other races, the hope and trustees of mankind's advance along the only line now open—democratic internationalism. It is childish to claim for Americans and Britons virtues beyond those of other nations, or to believe in the superiority of one national culture to another; they are different, that is all. It is by accident that we find ourselves in this position of guardianship to the main line of human development.

In Mr. Galsworthy's "Addresses in America, 1919", one is bound to be reminded of the Tennysonian phrase —"not like to like but like in difference" . Beneath all his politeness he is acutely aware of the differences between his own people and those among whom he is a guest. He is aware, moreover, that they are the small differences that make for misunderstanding. One is not annoyed with a cannibal because his ideas of an attractive menu differ from other people's, but the visiting Englishmen who used to find humor in the American proclivity for pie-eating left a residuum of rancor behind them. Mr. Galsworthy tried to maintain—and to some extent succeeded in maintaining—an artistic attitude of detachment; but his own character was molded in an English public school and at Oxford, and it sometimes got the better of his intentions. The Oxford manner which he tried to explain in other Englishmen triumphed in him. Between American and Briton he found the uncomfortable relationship of cousins. He writes:

> Deep in our hearts, I think we feel that only the American people could ever really understand us. And being extraordinarily self-conscious, perverse, and proud, we do our best to hide from Americans that we have any such feeling. It would distress the average Briton to confess that he wanted to be understood, had anything so natural as a craving for fellowship or for being liked. We are a weird people, though we look so commonplace.

Mr. Galsworthy's position was difficult. He could scarcely escape the

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acute consciousness that the community of language, which he mentions so frequently, has given him fully as large if not a much larger reading public in this country than in his own. His readers were bound to feel a certain possessive interest in him and to regard his utterances attentively. Conscientiously he lived up to his sense of duty, trying in a dozen different ways to make his countrymen clear to Americans. He explains why the Englishman criticizes his country and then rushes to her aid from the far corners of the earth. He strives to make Americans understand how "good form" came to be the fetish of the English people and how much regard should be given it. He lays bare for us certain discoveries of his own psychological laboratory, and I imagine he had no slightest idea what solid boundaries he lays for us, or how completely he establishes the idea of cousinship. He allows us a right in all English literature before the sailing of the Pilgrims. However close the community of language may draw us to other great figures of English letters, who chanced to come later than the early seventeenth century, in them we may feel only a cousinly interest. To regard even Milton in other than an avuncular relation is presumption on the part of American authors. That is, I think, the essence of Mr. Galsworthy's Oxford manner and it is something of which he is completely unconscious. It may also be part of that insular heritage no Englishman quite escapes.

The last warnings of Mr. Galsworthy are for both nations. He cannot calmly contemplate the menace of the air. "In five or ten years it will, I think, be impossible to guarantee the safety of Britain or Britain's commerce by sea power.... Armaments on land and sea will be limited; not I think, so much by a league of nations, if it comes, as by the common sense of people who begin to observe that with the development of the powers of destruction and of transport from the air, land and sea armaments are becoming of little use.... I verily believe mankind will come one day in their underground dwellings to the annual practice of burning in effigy the Guy (whoever he was) who first rose off the earth."

Addresses in America, 1919. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons.

LEAVES IN A VERY GENTLE ZEPHYR

By Edward N. Teall

THEY hardly rustle, these "Leaves in the Wind"—leaves that grow on some tree of the imagination in whose shade Alpha of the Plough takes his rest. The "wind" they are in is the gentlest breeze that ever stirred.

Who is Alpha? Someone who writes weekly articles for the London papers (vide Author's Note); lives in a Midland town (page 1 *et passim*); has children (dedication); did not die, in spite of reports to the contrary, after having a molar yanked two and one-half years ago (page 136); has execrable "taste" in ties (page 150), and who hates to get up in the morning (page 159). That's Alpha.

What does Alpha write about? Traveling, in trains and busses. Pockets. Talk and talkers. War gardens. The Yanks. Clothes. Dogs. Soldiers who can't hate the enemy. Sawing wood. Harry Lauder. Virtues that don't count. Happy faces. Word magic. This, that, and the other thing. Almost everything. No end

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of facility. A vexatiously uniform felicity.

Professional essayists write well on anything. Also, they frequently write well on nothing. (Not meaning to be ambiguous, at all!)

It is not natural—or perhaps, it is—for a chap to be equally clever about death and digging in a garden; no—those things are too much alike to make the case—say, rather, "On Fear" and "On a Distant View of a Pig". These essay fellows hypnotize us. We look on with the fascination of a child squinting into a kaleidoscope.

Perhaps the leaves might better have been left to wither on the bough of the parent tree; to grow fragrant in the file. To the 1957 and 1958 delver in then-to-be ancient scriptures, these articles of '17 and '18 will mean more than they do to the busy folk of this uneasy year.

Still, there are lots and lots of people right now, who will find not only pleasure but comfort and strength in Alpha's reflective articles. They have fair right to exist. They ought not to be assailed, even by a reviewer to whom the publishers have sent a "damaged copy", one in which several pages have been printed over other pages, palimpsest fashion. Our copy has eight of these print-shop accidents. The matter would not be mentioned at all save for the fact that it opens the way on a genuine compliment to the book. We are sincerely sorry to lose even two and nine-tenths per cent of its thoughtful, good-natured pages.

There can be no quarrel with the book as it is written. Those who do not care for it need not begrudge it to those, many, who will love it. The only quarrel is to spring from the thought of what might have been. Instead of reprinting his old articles, Alpha might have made a book of new ones: good, strong, detonating stuff.

Don't we need, today, new ways of presenting the good old eternal verities? Don't we need trumpet more than flute?

We need someone to stir us up—and calm us down. We need someone to show us heaven, call us down—and make this a saner earth. We want to cut out the jazz, and get going together again.

Nice, gentle essays, Pebbles on the Shore and Leaves in the Wind, seem so anachronistic just now!

Leaves in the Wind. By Alpha of the Plough. E. P. Dutton and Co.

GAUGUIN IN TAHITI

By Hulbert Footner

A MAN finds pretty much what he looks for in life. The worst of it is that so many are not looking for anything in particular. An inveterate simplicity of nature caused the painter Gauguin to dream of life in the South Sea Islands, and finally in middle life, led him to visit Tahiti on an "artistic" mission from the French government. One infers that his mission was not much more than a gracious governmental gesture. It is a far cry from Paris to Papeete. None knew that better than Gauguin. He was terribly disappointed in Papeete when he got there. He says:

"It was Europe—the Europe which I had thought to shake off—and that under the aggravating circumstances of colonial snobbism, and the imitation—grotesque even to the point of caricature—of our customs, fashions, vices, and absurdities of civilization. ... Was I to have made this far

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journey only to find the very thing which I had fled?"

But he found a fellow-spirit in Papeete, the Princess Vaïtüa, who when he was lying half-sick came and sat on his bed (at imminent risk to that article of furniture), and drank a bottle of absinthe with him. "Vaïtüa was a brave drinker," he says. They said little to each other; as Gauguin puts it: "The conversation did not want to become animated"; but before she left Vaïtüa summed up everything in two phrases:

"How beautiful our realm was when nothing was sold there! All the year through the people sang.... To sing always, always to give!"

Gauguin presently shook the dust of Papeete from his heels, and accompanied by Titi his *vahina*, set out to sojourn among the natives in the wilderness. Between the sea and the mountain he found a hut thatched with pandanus leaves, and there he settled down. "A Maori hut does not separate a man from space, from the infinite.... The rays of the moon play through the bamboo reeds standing equidistant from each other before my hut, and reach even to my bed. And these regular intervals of light suggest a musical instrument to me—the reed-pipe of the ancients which was familiar to the Maori, and is called *vivo* by them.... Under this music I fell asleep."

But Titi had been spoiled by the contacts of the town, and he presently sent her away. For a while he was utterly alone among the savages. Savages! to them *he* was the savage, and he wondered which was right! Then finally they began to make friends with him, and Gauguin began to paint.

"But the landscape with its violent pure colors dazzled and blinded me. I was always uncertain; I was seeking, seeking.... Oh! the old European traditions! The timidities of expression of degenerate races!"

Soon his work came better, but his solitude continued to disturb him. He suspected that many among the young girls "tranquil of eye" would gladly have shared his life, but he understood that they desired to be "taken", literally seized. The explanation he gives for this feeling is a novel one; the girls did not wish to assume any responsibility for embarking on such an association. Anyhow he did not dare seize one. Europe was too strong in him.

But he made a friend of a young man, Totefa, who almost brought tears to Gauguin's eyes by remarking one day that he, Gauguin, was not like other men, that he could do things which other men were incapable of doing, and that he was *useful to others*.

"I indeed believe...the first human being in the world who used such words toward me. It was the language of a savage or a child, for one must be either one of these—must one not?—to imagine that an artist might be *a useful human being*."

Finally, Gauguin, moved by he knew not what impulse, made a journey around the coast of Tahiti. A native asking him the object of his journey, he replied involuntarily: "To find a wife." Instantly a golden girl was thrust upon him. This was Tehura. He doubted what she might think of the arrangement, but: "I saw unmistakably the serene expression which in young beings always accompanies an honorable and laudable act." So he accepted her. "The mocking lines about her otherwise pretty, tender, sensual mouth warned me that the real dangers of the adventure would be for me, not for her."

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The experiment was a complete success. Tehura "was not very talkative. She is at the same time full of laughter and melancholy and above all given to mockery.... We did not cease studying each other, but she remained impenetrable to me, and I was soon vanquished in the struggle.... A life filled to the full of happiness began. Happiness and work rose up together with the sun, radiant like it. The gold of Tehura's face flooded the interior of our hut and the landscape round about with joy and light.... I was permeated with her fragrance—*noa noa.* She came into my life at the perfect hour.

"Tehura never disturbs me when I work or when I dream. Instinctively she is then silent. She knows perfectly when she can speak without disturbing me. We talk of Europe and Tahiti, and of God and of the gods. I instruct her. She instructs me."

However it transpires later that Tehura could be jealous like common women, and that too, she had a weakness for gilded earrings, and that as soon as she got them she despised them because they were gilded. One loves her better then.

This little book holds in store a rare, rare treat for the simple. One's only quarrel is with its brevity. Two years in Tahiti and only this slender sheaf of impressions to show for it! But these few impressions have been selected with an art so sure as to become perfectly luminous with suggestion. After reading one feels that one knew the land and the people and, above all, Gauguin the simple-hearted. It is a great book for exactly the same reason that Gauguin was a great painter. With his simple heart he combined the seeing eye. One closes the book with a feeling of sadness at the thought that it appears to be the white man's destiny to utterly destroy that which would renew him—the lovely simplicity of a state of savagery.

Noa Noa. By Paul Gauguin. Translated from the French by O. F. Theis. Nicholas L. Brown.

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AMONG THE NEW NOVELS

BY DOROTHY SCARBOROUGH

THE novels of the month spring from an interesting variety of impulses. Books are curiously like human beings, made in man's own image, and each may be found to reveal its ruling motive. To hold an arresting hand before this onrushing fiction and inquire of particular volumes their reason for being is as diverting and futile as for a traffic policeman to ask passers-by where they come from and why. Yet as the bluecoat does from his vantage-point learn a lot about human nature, so one watching the stories stream by may guess with some accuracy as to their origin.

There's the usual proportion of novels written primarily to make money. Money is, of course, a desirable thing—so conceded even by those who possess none of it—and writing is an attractive way of making it, so that if an author is chiefly concerned about cash, he's pretty likely to have his reward. Without passing any age-worn comments about how the poorest writers are sometimes the highest paid, one may feel it a bit unfair that some novelists simply wallow in money, while others far more talented avoid with no effort whatsoever the ignominy of dying rich. But one must grant that it does take time, a certain cleverness to begin with and much persistence, to sink to the depths which some of our commercial novelists have attained. After all, however, the purely commercial novel has its place among us, since there's a large reading public with no special yearnings after culture in fiction. But a book written from a standpoint higher than the basis of the cash register must feel more pleased with itself. And if some volumes were vital enough to be anything but dummies, wouldn't they arise more in anger than in sorrow, and reproach the authors of their being? When a book past its first youth sits down by the fire to reflect, wouldn't it like to have something besides a bank account to gloat over?

There are novels of the month that are written for entertainment, pleasure books, readable for the time, but that obviously don't expect a permanent place on the shelf. Such a book is "The Rain-Coat Girl", by Jennette Lee, like a pleasant young girl with no pronounced characteristics of strength. "Blue China", by B. M. Croker, tells entertainingly of a man who collects old china and lets his passion for his blue vases rule his life and cause exciting complications. When, out of jealousy for his collection, he jilts the little widow he has planned to marry, she indulges her unsuppressed desire to smash things and goes into his cabinets with a stonemason's hammer. The situation is fun for the reader as well as for the widow, since it's more dramatic than the tea-table scenes of most social comedies. Emotions in fiction as in life are too carefully repressed for the most part, and so it is enlivening to find them allowed loose rein as in this instance.

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A. Merritt's "The Moon Pool" is a lively but ephemeral yarn about scientific theories carousing with the supernatural, the weird being laid on too colorfully for the best effect. The awesome events do agitate the reader's scalp and spinal column, but not with the terrifying pleasure that the best uncanny tales impart. But it seems that every writer must take his pot-shot at ghosts some time or other, just as every small boy longs to be a pirate and sail the wicked seas. If he doesn't pull off the stunt in real life, he puts it into fiction, as Peter B. Kyne has done in "The Green Pea Pirates". Here he introduces a lot of youthful wish-fulfillment in his tale of the man who becomes king of a savage island by marrying the colored queen, meets adventures with cannibals and has a gorgeous time—as a small boy visions gorgeousness. But it's poor reading compared with some of Peter Kyne's earlier stories, and gives one a melancholy feeling that Kyne isn't living up to his talents. I for one, wouldn't give his "Three Godfathers" for a whole south sea full of pirates with cannibals enough to cook them all. But luckily the readers aren't all alike, else publishers would die of monotony.

Then there are books that are more concerned with political ideas than with fiction itself, that try to handle a situation or make a stump speech rather than tell a story for its own sake. George Agnew Chamberlain's "Not All the King's Horses" is a case in point. Chamberlain, who was formerly consul-general at Mexico City, has a political message to get across, and he chooses a novel for his megaphone since he thinks he can make more people hear him in that way. He mobilizes his incidents as arguments for America's intervention in Mexico. His book is corking propaganda but not worth so much as fiction, for the tone is of excitable controversy rather than the cool restraint of literature. There's certainly dramatic material for American fiction in Mexico, but when propaganda enters the door, art flies out of the window.

There are novels that are editorials on industrial subjects, for fiction is the most popular platform and pulpit today. No license is required, no permit is needed to advance one's theories in story form, and the police won't interfere unless the book seems clearly an incitement to trouble. John Herman Randall in "With Soul on Fire" discusses labor questions and tries to settle the problems of today's industrialism and religion. He does so apparently to his own satisfaction, though probably a good many tax-paying readers may disagree with him. His leading character gets all stirred up over conditions in America—after his conventional family disapprove of his marriage to a Russian Jewess who presently leaves him—and finds a happy home in Russia. That's Randall's idea of a happy ending! The incidents are somewhat distorted, though the style possesses strength. The author puts his heart into what he writes and the reader gives him credit for sincerity whether he agrees with him or not.

Another social study that is serious and sincere, and that has more power, is "Sanctus Spiritus and Company", by Edward A. Steiner. This is a discussion of immigrant life by a man who speaks with authority since he has made that his special field of research. It moves like a wonderful pageant of life, glorious, sordid, piteous, and inspiring. The story begins in a village looking out upon the Car-

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pathians, with three men comrading happily together—Moritz Redlich, a Jew, Father Anton Kalman, a Catholic priest, and Pan Yan Szenitzky, a Calvinist; "survivors of a good time when in that corner of the wide world Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, Slav, German and Magyar had lived together amicably, undisturbed by the religious and nationalistic struggles which were convulsing the people of that unfortunate Austro-Hungarian monarchy of which their village was a part." The pictures of peasant life have the power of actuality, so vivid are they. One can see the scenes the author describes, the work in the sugar beet fields, the strange, forbidding funeral services, the celebrations of the harvest home, the appalling night when women and men are herded together in the barracks and locked in. One realizes as one has not done before how complex a thing is immigration, and how vast its effects for good and evil. The book might well be used in Americanization courses with profit to both Americans and immigrants, since it shows the weaknesses and mistakes of both.

Arnold Mulder's "The Outbound Road" is written to show one aspect of the unassimilated foreign element in America. This is a record of Dutch prejudices, narrowness, and power. It seems hard to believe that any section of America could show the ignorance and bigotry that Arnold Mulder reveals in East Nassau and De Stad; yet he makes us credit it all, by the simplicity and directness of his style and the sympathy with which he relates events and describes characters. He seems to have discovered a new field in sectional fiction in America—that settlement of Dutch farmers, isolated from the outside world, among the bleak sand dunes beside Lake Michigan. The novel is well constructed as to plot, too, for we don't suspect the secret which is kept from us till the last. The characters are human folk, lovable because sincere. Arnold Mulder should contribute something of value to our fiction if he goes on as he has begun.

Sermons there are this month, too, moral capsules disguised as novel bonbons. Unexpected pens are called to preach. Robert Hichens, for example, leaves his color-drenched deserts, his renegade monks and vampiric females, to write a plain, unadjectived story of a woman's craving for religion, a longing which she seeks in various ways to satisfy. He doesn't make mediumistic seances as absorbing as deserts; but while the book lacks the sensuousness of Hichens's other novels, it has a sincere emotion. He shows sympathy in his account of the bereaved mother's quest for help, and the last chapter, where Mrs. Marden finds by way of pain and approaching death the spiritual stay she has missed in her worldly life and her psychic adventurings, is affecting.

We haven't had a sermon by Wells this season—since he's taking a little while off to write a history of the world—but Jerome K. Jerome, once humorist, acts as pulpit supply for him with a novel, "All Roads Lead to Calvary". The theme here is the secret and eternal struggle between the flesh and the spirit, between the love of power and the love of right. The most original character in the book is Hilda, that extraordinary child, abnormally ambitious for her father, willing to sacrifice her mother's happiness and even life to advance her father's worldly interests at a time when most children of her age are concerned only with play. The story

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has something of the poetic significance of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back", though it is less distinctive.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's ostensible motive for writing "Helena" is to present the modern young woman, but the real reason probably is habit. About this time of year that esteemed and sometimes tiresome British author is accustomed to turn out a volume, and so—another. The present book is written with the top of her mind, without inside help from the heart. The author may simply have turned her well-trained typewriter loose with it while she went on a needed vacation. She doesn't seem to have any unified purpose or plan in the story, since for about half the time she's headed toward a match between the rebellious young woman and her martyr-like guardian, and then suddenly jerks up and starts down another road of romance. As a piece of plot construction, it is badly bungled, and the character work is equally unsatisfying. Mrs. Ward obviously wishes to portray the modern young woman as she thinks of her—unconventional, high-headed, wilful, attractive. But she's really not in sympathy with the modern young woman, doesn't know her, and so can't portray her. The new girl is too many for Mrs. Ward,—and how the young creature must chuckle at such imaginary pictures of herself as "Helena" and Margaret Deland's "The Rising Tide"!

Alice Brown's latest book, "The Black Drop", reveals again an interest in the German spy. Miss Brown's recent flair for villains—all of Teutonic taint—and her unexpected outbreak into melodrama are among the surprising phenomena of the war. I have an "inkling and thinkling" that "The Black Drop" was probably distilled before the armistice. The style is gratifyingly smooth and finished, as is always the case with her work—a pleasant thing to contemplate in comparison with the ungrammatical crudeness of much of our current fiction. The characters are cultured, but less vital than the humbler folk in some of her earlier narratives. This is a book to be respectfully admired, but not one to quicken the pulse or stir the emotions to any great extent, though the form is admirable for its ease and grace.

The war is still being fought with print type—with less frequent attacks, however, than for several years. We have fewer straight trench stories, and the war novels now are likely to aim at definite targets. "The Fortune" by Douglas Goldring, for instance, attacks the idea of war itself, and bomb-shells England's action in the Irish Revolution. The author is an Englishman who can be fair to Ireland. The story has spirit and fire and moves toward idealism like an army with banners and bugle calls. No wonder Romain Rolland praises it!

Another war novel with a special theme is "The Call of the Soil", by the late Adrien Bertrand, the winner of the Prix Goncourt for 1916. This is a study in patriotism, "the sacred egoism of the love of country", showing how the French soul with its selfless passion for France achieved the impossible in the war. It is not so brutally strong as Barbusse's "Under Fire" or Latzko's "Men in War", but it has a force and beauty that make it worth while, and cause one to think with sadness of the author's death. One echoes the exclamation of the German prisoner as he dies among his French captors, "Triste guerre!"

Gilbert Cannan's "Pink Roses" might be called a study of the indirect

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effects of war, of the reaction of those who didn't go. "Pink Roses" is a curious and complex volume. London society during that abnormal time must itself have been curious and complex, but one stubbornly hopes that it wasn't quite as Cannan paints it. He assembles a crowd of characters that seem extraordinarily alive and varied. The book is like a street fair, where one jostles against all sorts of persons, some of whom he wouldn't care to associate with, but who are vital and present, seen with distinctness in the instant of passing. Some of them are unclean, but their rags are gaily colored and worn with an air, and they are untroubled by qualms. Why does the Cannan who shows such fastidiousness in style, and who has evident ideals of workmanship, choose the pornographic material he does? His novels are disproportionately engrossed with sex, and he uses to excess what Mordell writes of as the erotic motive in literature. "Pink Roses" has a unity and clarity that some of Cannan's earlier work failed to attain, and one realizes that his art is developing. In some of his stories one feels that he writes through a glass darkly, but here is more singleness of purpose and effect. Here also, is the irony which in his critical study of Samuel Butler he calls one of the essential ingredients of the true novel. "A novel is an epic with its wings clipped, that is, with its action and characters viewed ironically."

Some novels of the month have a motive of abnormal psychology. One sees beneath the silken lure of style the play of morbid emotions. In "The Burning Secret", by Stephen Branch —to name an instance—a twelve-year-old boy is made the centre of a repellant sex drama, and comes to hate his mother and her suitor. The whole story leaves a slimy feeling in the mind, so that one feels like sending his brains to be dry-cleaned after reading it. There's a certain skill about the style, and a good deal of feeling in the handling of character and situation that might well have been given better material to work on. The book is a translation from the German, though not so announced. Do the publishers think they can keep that burning secret hidden?

"Ecstasy", by Louis Couperus, is a detailed clinical analysis of peculiar mental states, which might have been written by a nurse in the observation ward of Bellevue, if she had imagination and skill with words. A good country doctor would diagnose the work as a case of hysteria. It beats the Dutch how that chap can make you feel squirmy about the world you live in, and show you the neurotic weaknesses of people. He calls this a study in happiness, but it seems more like misery. There isn't a well-balanced person in the book. The boy Jules, for example, who should be playing baseball or going on hikes with the boy scouts, wishes to do nothing but play on a harp that he calls an angel with golden hair, and moans out: "It is terrible to be alone! In myself I am always alone!" But one couldn't expect much more of him, since his mother nurses a queer feeling in her head and refuses to see a doctor lest he send her to an asylum. The hero and heroine—save the mark! —are most peculiar of all, for they can't marry each other since they're so much in love with each other. If this morbidity about a widow who is distressed because her admirer thinks of her as a madonna, and the suitor who retreats because she doesn't remind him that he's a beast,—if this

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is the *sensitivist* style, many readers will prefer rhinoceros-hide fiction. It's well-written, but not to be compared with Couperus's "Small Souls" books, and the fact that it is much earlier in origin shows that Couperus's art is changing for the better.

Alfred Ollivant's "Two Men" is an interesting study in abnormal types, for there isn't a really well-balanced person in the book,—the father being an aimless dreamer who dawdles his life away, the mother a shrew, the girl whom the two men court a weak and yielding creature,—and there's some mental or moral crimp in everybody in the cast of characters. One brother, despite his weaknesses does have some admirable traits; but the other, a misshapen creature whom really advanced science might consider unfit to live, is an example of arrested development, a case for criminal pathology . His ruling motive is cruelty, a desire to inflict pain on others, and to cause trouble. The novel as a whole is interesting, though the style is jerky because of the number of short chapters. The setting is admirably pictured, with frequent touches that have the suggestive force and beauty of Hardy's work, and the power of environment is brought out effectively. There is much that is worth while in Ollivant's fiction.

It is a relief to turn from analyses of abnormal psychology to a book so sunny and normal as Hugh Walpole's "Jeremy", from neurotics to a happy-hearted small boy. There aren't any obsessions here, except a few eccentricities of aunts—unless one considers Mary, the seven-year-old sister, as too erratic with her moods and her devotion to her brother. She is an odd, pathetic little thing, with her burning passions for indifferent objects, chiefly Jeremy. Jeremy, now, is a healthy youngster, happy, selfish in a gentlemanly way, no more unkind than occasions seem to demand, avidly interested in what goes on about him. True, the average small chap in America would think him too hedged about by nurses and governesses and consider his career lacking in dramatic qualities, and the "preacher's boy" over here does generally have more liberty and a more masculine range of fun. But Jeremy does have his good times. I'd delight to celebrate another birthday with him, for instance, though some of his later adventures don't entirely lure me. Children in novels—particularly those that have a touch of the autobiographical about them, as Mr. Walpole's publishers suggest is the case here,—are frequently more vivid and significant than adults, perhaps because they have a flame-like eagerness which maturity dims or extinguishes. Jeremy and Mary and Helen seem to go on

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The Rain-Coat Girl. By Jennette Lee. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Blue China. By B. M. Croker. Brentano's.
The Moon Pool. By A. Merritt. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
The Green Pea Pirates. By Peter B. Kyne. Doubleday, Page and Co.
Not All the King's Horses. By George Agnew Chamberlain. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.
With Soul on Fire. By John Herman Randall. Brentano's.
Sanctus Spiritus and Company. By Edward A. Steiner. George H. Doran Company.
The Outbound Road. By Arnold Mulder. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Mrs. Marden. By Robert Hichens. George H. Doran Company.
All Roads Lead to Calvary. By Jerome K. Jerome. Dodd, Mead and Co.
Helena. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Dodd, Mead and Co.
The Black Drop. By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Co.
The Fortune. By Douglas Goldring. Scott and Seltzer.
The Call of the Soil. By Adrien Bertrand. John Lane Co.
Pink Roses. By Gilbert Cannan. George H. Doran Company.
The Burning Secret. By Stephen Branch. Scott and Seltzer.
Ecstasy. By Louis Couperus. Dodd, Mead and Co.
Two Men. By Alfred Ollivant. Doubleday, Page and Co.
Jeremy. By Hugh Walpole. George H. Doran Company.
The Strong Hours. By Maud Diver. Houghton Mifflin Co.

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living, too vital for an author's finis to put a howsoever happy end to them, to be remembered as one remembers Tom and Maggie Tulliver. That waggish dog Hamlet is one of the most human characters in the book, with his secret ridicule of Mary. He laughs sarcastically at her, wriggles his skin in a retreating fashion when she tries to stroke him, and pokes ironic fun at her in sly ways, when he doesn't ostentatiously leave the room on her entrance. It is to be questioned if a seven-year-old girl would be so philosophic in her sensitiveness, so mature in her misery, such an altogether renunciatory heroine, as Mary is, but at least we believe in Mary while we're reading.

Maud Diver's "The Strong Hours" has another very likeable little chap in it. I so much enjoyed the first chapter describing Derek the child that I was resentful at turning the page to find him grown up. I could easily spare part of the war scenes, or the later analyses, for more pictures of the little rebel facing high-handed authority with such gallant spirit and honor. Derek grown to manhood is less of a colorful personality, less instinct with life and valor. I feel like shaking him when he refuses to help his father, at a time when that father is ill and alone and in need of him, and I think he shows signs of brain-softening in the matter of his marriage to a girl so manifestly unworthy of him, and for whom he cares nothing. That incident seems like an author's expedient to furnish complications, for there's no logic nor reason in it.

This is a good war story, dealing well with the strong hours that test the souls of men and women. Maud Diver shows how some women merely developed war nerves, while others were a healing, strength-giving power; how some men proved themselves heroes, while others were cowards. Lord Avonleigh expresses the theme of the book in the last chapter, the message the author would convey, "the glory of going on":

"There stole into his mind a deep commanding sense of some Inner Stability that endured through all the striving, evolving forms of life; something independent of the material envelope, informing it, breaking through it into ever new marvels of self-expression; the symbols and shapes eternally changing; the Inner Essence eternally pressing outward and upward—'the glory of going on—and still to be'."

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POETRY BOOKS MANIFOLD

BY CONSTANCE MURRAY GREENE

So many books have been written within the year on how, where, why, and when to appreciate poetry that we begin to feel like the centipede in the old verse who was,—

> ... happy quite
> Until a frog in fun
> Said, "Pray which leg comes after which?"
> Which worked him up to such a pitch
> He lay distracted in the ditch
> Considering how to run.

Not that our excellent mentors have been having us out for fun—far from it. Their intentions are honorable and serious and their books often learned and brilliant, but we no longer pretend to know how to run and we are not so happy as once. Yet we can still find it in our hearts to like poetry and will, if you allow, lay before you some of that which we have lately been failing to enjoy or enjoying in quite an unauthorized manner.

By a queer trick of contrariness, the two poems which we looked for first in John Drinkwater's "Poems, 1908-1919" have been omitted—this is one of the saddest things about a mature collection by a discriminating poet. His discrimination always leads him to hurt someone's feelings, and yet anything is better than the poet who retains everything, whose books usually run to three or four volume collections, the ultimate resting place of which is, or should be, the ash-heap. We would rather have had "The Crowning of Dreaming John" and "Morning Thanksgiving", than "The Fires of God", "The Carver in Stone", and "Reverie"—the three most pretentious poems in Mr. Drinkwater's new book. So much for personal heartbreak. It is not the Drinkwater of more pretentious mood who matters so much after all, but the Drinkwater who wrote,—

> God laughed when he made Grafton
> That's under Bredon Hill,
> A jewel in a jeweled plain.
> The seasons work their will
> On golden thatch and crumbling stone,
> And every soft-lipped breeze
> Makes music for the Grafton men
> In comfortable trees.

That Drinkwater who is "not wise as cunning scholars are" but,—

> Wise of cloud and star
> And winds and boughs all blossom hung,—

who can sing of England's lanes and hedges, her hidden lives and loves, as few have sung and none are singing now, until,—

> Earth's little weary peoples fall on peace
> And dream of breaking buds and blossoming,
> Of primrose airs, of days of large increase,
> And all the coloured retinue of spring.

Much has been said and written about the people who compile anthologies, though no physical harm has come to any one of them so far. Some of the poets feel that anthologies damage the sale of individual books of verse, and thoughtful men with high poetic aims consider an anthology too easy a way of studying poetry. It is merely another example of the way we are eternally trying to keep the public from having what it wants. Taking anthologies away from the

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present poetry-reading public is like taking beer from the working man. It is so much easier to have someone else select good poems than to select them yourself, and furthermore hundreds and thousands of people who read poetry with keenest enjoyment are not capable of selecting for themselves. That such men and women are reading poetry at all is not a fact to be treated lightly, or discouraged.

There are anthologists whom we have come to trust. Foremost among them, and justly so, is Jessie Rittenhouse. No one at the present time has shown qualifications equal to hers. "The Second Book of Modern Verse" will fill a want which can only be gauged perhaps by the number of printings through which its predecessor "The Little Book of Modern Verse" has passed. It is Miss Rittenhouse's intention to publish such an anthology every five years. The present volume contains approximately a hundred different authors represented by over two hundred poems selected in a surprisingly democratic manner, chiefly from work published since 1913. Amy Lowell and Witter Bynner head the list with five poems apiece. Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Joyce Kilmer, Carl Sandburg, Cale Young Rice, Sara Teasdale, John Hall Wheelock, and Margaret Widdemer follow with four apiece. Among those to whom space for three has been allowed are: Anna Hempstead Branch, George Sterling, Aline Kilmer, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Charles Hanson Towne, Mary Carolyn Davies, and James Oppenheim. This leaves about thirty poets to languish on one poem per head. We will all, whom the book touches closely, have our little personal grievances, as it is inevitable we should. But only after years will the inestimable service be appreciated which Miss Rittenhouse renders in preserving detached poems by authors whose work in general will not live.

Books of sonnets are quite as unpopular as anthologies are popular, and authors who wish to pander to the public taste as well as to publish their sonnets, have hit upon the scheme of beginning a book of poems with miscellaneous selections and introducing the sonnets in a soft-footed manner somewhere along the middle of the book. So few books of sonnets are good that the poet is placed at a disadvantage before you begin to read, if he lets his intention be known. But Benjamin R. C. Lowe adopts no such subterfuge in "The Pursuit of Happiness", a book consisting chiefly and frankly of a sonnet sequence of gravely thoughtful beauty in which those accustomed to the severer classicism of the old poets will find a renewal of content. Sonnets which seldom fall below the standard of this from which we quote have led him victorious from under the pall of disapproval:

Words are to dreams a wired and golden cage
Wherein made captive, some enchanting bird
Is listened to for music that is heard
In wooden freedom only; or a page
Of butterflies, wing-spread for pilgrimage,
But never, never flying, nor bestirred
By happy preference; each printed word
A theft from youth all overgrown with age.

Karle Wilson Baker's "Blue Smoke" recalls through some twist of memory Bret Harte's young girl,—

As light and as up and away
As rifle smoke blown through the woods.

But these poems are not all smoke. There are many glowing embers and a few blazing coals. Mrs. Baker shows something of antique restraint and not a little of the newer and freer impulse. "The Dead Forerunner" is a

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touching reincarnation of Mrs. Browning's "The Cry of Children":

Do you hear the women marching, little mother,
Where you slumber in your narrow bed apart,
With your little hands locked fast
Icy, motionless, at last,
Above the ashen crater of your heart?
You, the passionate forerunner of the morrow,
You, who died before the breaking of the light,
Frail, Promethean foe of hoary wrong and sorrow,
Can you hear the women marching through the night?

Curiosity, if nothing else, will cause much interest in Charles Wharton Stork's volume of translated poems, "Sweden's Laureate". Verner von Heidenstam, in addition to his national honors, received the Nobel Prize for 1916—an award perhaps slightly tinctured by the desire to find a poet whose nationality could not be made the pretext for unpleasant recrimination: and if not for that, the award must have been made for an excellence which is in a large measure lost by translation. But the cover declares that he is a poet of content rather than of form, and with Mr. Stork translating we are safe in assuming that Heidenstam has received all the justice that he could expect from any translator. Mr. Stork's selections are made from three of Heidenstam's books, "Pilgrimages and Wanderyears—1888", "Poems—1895", and "New Poems—1915"—which together with "Hans Alienus" and "Karolinerna", a novel, make up his literary work. So constituted, and combined with the translator's excellent introduction, the English book offers a satisfactory opportunity to learn something of the poetry of a country whose literary nexus with our own country has been up to this time established almost solely by the works of Strindberg and Selma Lagerlöf.

Two volumes of old standbys which are always in demand for gifts are the de luxe editions of Edgar Allan Poe's complete works and the "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam", the latter containing the first, second, and fifth editions of the translations with variations on the third book. Both books are illustrated by Edmund Dulac.

Eunice Tietjens's "Profiles From China", a reprint, may be described as both antique and ultra modern, since its naturally western feeling is charged and colored with the spirit of the East. Mrs. Tietjens has the cunningly precious craftsmanship and the insidiousness of the oriental, his acute but slanting insight into life and character, rather than the wider and looser impressionism of some less artistic though greater observers. She gives us the picture of an Abandoned God—absorptions and reflections of a strange old soul, swathed still in invisible trappings as curious as the material draperies, rich with scarlet and gold dragons and hung with carvings of ivory and jade. But her unsparing eye reveals not only the incarnate old world consciousness poised with baffling and eternally remote serenity against a background of silver shadows and blue lights and frail blossomy things, but filthy boats on canals black with slime, evil eyes, rotting self-mutilated beggars and little dead children crunched by dogs—all the sharp reversals of the under side of the world.

"Body and Raiment", brought out recently, is declared by Mrs. Tietjens's publishers to be her first collection of poems, "Profiles From China" being a series of reactions in free verse to a single environment. It is richer in variety of theme and treatment but of the same pervasively exotic bouquet—sweets and poisons gathered from many pastures. Now and then a dominant personality claims or invites a

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tribute, and there is even more masterful handling of animals and inanimate things such as "The Steam Shovel", which bears a physical resemblance to Thomas Hardy's "The Thrashing Machine":

The iron head
Set on a monstrous, jointed neck,
Glides here and there, lifts, settles on the red
Moist floor, with nose dropped in the dirt, at beck
Of some incredible control.
He snorts, and pauses couchant for a space,
Then slowly lifts; and tears the gaping hole
Yet deeper in earth's flank. A sudden race
Of loosened earth and pebbles trickle there
Like blood-drops in a wound.
But he, the monster, swings his load around
Weightless it seems as air. His mammoth jaw
Drops widely open with a rasping sound
And all the red earth vomits from his maw.

Cale Young Rice is one of our most faithful poets and if one may judge from the preface to "Shadowy Thresholds", one of the most persecuted as well. "Every poet who is called by any considerable number of reviewers a foremost or *the* foremost, poet of his country" (quotation from Mr. Rice's objurgatory preface), "is naturally a mark for criticism by those poet-critics who aspire to his place." And there must be a certain comfort to Mr. Rice in feeling, as even he must, that any reviewer, poet-critic, or other unfortunate who has called him a foremost, or *the* foremost, poet of the country, has by the same token become something of a mark for criticism himself. Although his familiar poetic quality is abundantly in evidence in the new book, there is little to add to the reputation which Mr. Rice has been fortunate enough to establish. A good deal of what he writes is dream-foam.

John Masefield's "Reynard the Fox" considered in the light of his previous work presents a curious phenomenon. If one may characterize the poetry of as great and versatile a poet as Mr. Masefield, it may be said that his more extended efforts have dealt with themes of profoundly ethical import. Certainly there can be no dispute that "The Widow in the Bye Street", "The Everlasting Mercy", and "The Dauber" are poems of the human soul, stark and unrelieved, universal treatments of naked human pain and burning desires. And when the latest poem is placed beside these great forerunners, for so it must be placed, the contrast is so sharply clear as to be breath-taking.

For "Reynard the Fox" is a picture of the English countryside of another and happier year—a thrilling story of a hunt meeting, with the fox's viewpoint dominant, the whole seen by the eye of a man who loves the land from the red mud of the valley to the larch-crowned boulders of the highest hill-top. In fact this passion for England, —embracing the fair land, the things that grow thereon, the wild animals, the coursing dogs and horses, the men and women who live so merrily and lustily, and, not least, the myriad nomenclature of an English community, —this magnificent passion forms the thrilling undertone of the composition. And in this undertone may be read much of the war's effect on John Masefield.

The poem opens with the gathering of the hunt at "The Cock and Pye". You will read a few lines and murmur "Chaucer"—a few pages, and add, "Not Chaucer but his son". Man, woman, and horse are touched on as they arrive with strokes now deft, now broad, with a diction notably diverse and effective. An example or two will suffice to give the spirit:

His wife, Sal Ridden,
A loud, bold, blonde abundant mare,
With white horse teeth and stocks of hair.

And again,—

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Came Minton-Price of th' Afghan border
Lean, puckered, yellowed, knotted, seared
Tough as a hiderope twisted hard,
Tense tiger sinew knit to bone.

But presently the hounds,—

Around the corner down the road
The bob-bob-bobbing serpent flowed.

How Masefield loves those good dogs, "those feathery things", can be learned only by reading the poem.... Then the hunt moves out and the action becomes wind-swift and blood-thrilling. Over ten miles or more of English fields it sweeps. We see the countryside, we feel the exulting ecstasy of speed, the agony of torturing fatigue, of hope deferred, of impending victory and imminent defeat. And in the tensest moment we come upon bits of such lovely countryside that we are forced suddenly to remember that this enthralling story is being told by a very great poet, as,—

Beyond it darkness of yews together
Dark green plumes over soft brown feather
Darkness of woods where scents are blowing.

In the end Reynard crouches, strength gone, in a fir clump while the hunt sweeps by on a new scent. It was the only way. Reynard was too gallant to be sacrificed and the unknown, unloved fox makes no demand on our sympathies.... We do not hesitate to say that no poem this season has given us so fine and keen a pleasure.

Marguerite Wilkinson has (in the words of her publishers) written a book "for everybody who wishes to know what the poets of today are thinking and feeling, how they are saying what they think and feel, and why they say it in these ways". In bringing out "New Voices" she is merely following modestly and naturally in the wake of a distinguished precedent. Her book is complete and comprehensive, and although it contains 200,000 words or so of criticism of say two hundred poems, is singularly free from malice and prejudice. It should be especially useful in clubs, literary circles, schools, and homes where there is no proper poetic direction.

The pathos of Dora Sigerson Shorter's brief life and her passionate patriotism, set apart her last book "Sixteen Dead Men and Other Poems of Easter Week". Grace and strength of expression, enhanced by some magic in her personality, have given Mrs. Shorter a peculiar place among the recent Celtic lyricists; and this work to which she gave the last weeks of her life, will find its way to many hearts. The poem "Telling the Bees" gives a new significance to this old custom, but "A Nature Lover Passes" —Daniel Henderson's "Life's Minstrel"—is a more strikingly lyrical adaptation of the same motif. Mr. Henderson is the torch-bearer of the new poets, and a strong white flame burns in his poems of patriotism and love. It was this exalted human quality as well as his poetic skill which won him the National Arts Club prize on our entrance into the war. We quote a fragment:

Ah France—how could our hearts forget
The path by which came Lafayette?
How could the haze of doubt hang low
Upon the road of Rochambeau?
At last, thank God! At last we see
There is no tribal liberty!

War has not had this effect on all of our non-fighting poets. It often fans to a flame the poetry in soldiers, but throws ashes upon the divine fire of those too remote to feel the actual heat of battle, at least temporarily. But Amelia Josephine Burr's war verse in her recent book "Hearts Awake", is spirited and emotional, and distinguished by tenderness and

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exaltation of mood. However, almost half of the book is devoted to a poetic drama, "The Pixy", which necessitates a belief in fairies and an appreciation of the romantic Cornish coast, the atmosphere of which is evolved with skill and poetic feeling. All of the fire and color which distinguishes Miss Burr's earlier plays is here in full measure ; and those who know her work as playwright, before she wrote much poetry, will be rejoiced to find that her talent has not been laid away in a napkin for these years without ripening.

E. Powys Mathers had no need of a fan for the producing of warmth when it came to "Coloured Stars". And it is evident that he did not desire the opposite effect. The fifty or more poems which fill his little anthology are of Asiatic origin, and guaranteed to lift the hair on any scalp excepting possibly the Asiastic. Mr. Mathers's method in selecting material from the primitive and subtle peoples of different centuries has brought results which are extremely interesting. From the Afghan of Muhammadji we have the unforgettable "Black Hair" with its haunting refrain:

Last night my kisses drowned in the softness of black hair,
And my kisses like bees went plundering the softness of black hair.

Where ten people are interested in reading the books of our wholly estimable younger poets, a hundred will turn the pages of the new and attractive "Inclusive Edition, 1885-1918" of Kipling's poetic works, and at least half of these readers will be people who will not buy another book of poems in a decade unless Service rediscovers the lode of his "Yukon Trail". And they will not buy this handsomely bound eight-hundred page collection for the sake of Kipling's recent work, but for the enjoyment of his Indian poems, the "Barrack-Room Ballads" of sainted memory and perpetual enjoyment, and perhaps in a few cases for the vulgar pleasure of "Gunga Din" and his ilk.

"With malice for all and charity toward none", is the inscription which J. P. McEvoy has chosen for "Slams of Life", one of the funniest funny books which has come along in a length of days. There are, of course, whole pages when we wonder how in mercy's name the author can possibly imagine that he is being funny, but this is inevitable with the wilfully humorous. You will like especially "The Crime Wave", wherein a diligent policeman pursues footprints backward on hands and knees, while in a nearby doorway thieves secrete the safe.

Two books of ballads are offered from two prolific pens, "McAroni Ballads" and "Buddy Ballads", by T. A. Daly and B. Braley respectively. T. A. Daly doesn't like being known simply as a dialectician any better than Edwin Markham likes being known as the man who wrote "The Man With the Hoe", or Gelett Burgess as the man who wrote "The Purple Cow"; and yet these conceptions, once fastened on the public, are hard if not impossible to break. There are so many good poets, and so few good dialect poets, that the best dialect poet of them all can scarcely hope to be widely known for his other attainments. "McAroni Ballads" are more often in non-dialect form than not, but it is to be feared that such poems as "So Glad For Spreeng" will be responsible for the popularity which the book is sure to claim.

Berton Braley's "Buddy Ballads, Songs of the A. E. F.", are rollicking, sixty-horse-power bits of good spirits served in doses calculated to tickle the

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fancy of doughboys and their friends.

Mr. Braley believes that the true heroic spirit is in the undertone, and consequently his verse is not ambitious, most of it, but rather about such homely topics as the "Gosh-how-it-clings-to-us mud", and "You wouldn't know your Percy now" because of what the army has done for him.

We are by no means in favor of confining you to good poetry. "The Sons of Maine" by John Chick Murray, for instance, may not be good poetry but it is decidedly good reading, old-fashioned in style and sentiment. Mr. Murray's heart beats to the tune of about sixty-five years ago, and his pen appears to be a quill. His time is spent in moaning over lost delights and faces, there being nothing congenial in the passing age. We sympathize with the wrung heart beneath the lines:

> Till lately I feared love had flown from my breast—
> Its hearth, its furnace of yore.

When Louis Untermeyer snaps his whip, only the brave dogs turn in the wrong direction. Mr. Untermeyer is one of the severest taskmasters that the world of poetry knows. Poetry to him is a living, breathing being with whom his days are spent in tense concern. All the more extraordinary, then, that a poet-critic who takes things so seriously can turn aside and write the cleverest parodies of anyone in the ring. "Including Horace" is a series of clevernesses in which Mr. Untermeyer attempts to right the wrong done Horace by other translators, and to show the old Roman in his true aspect.

It is possible that the book presupposes rather too great a familiarity with Quintus Horatius to prove widely diverting, but the sly, searching, learned humor of the thing must command respect even where it brings no noticeable enjoyment. You may tire of "Integer Vitae" as it might have been translated by twenty-six poets, and of the sixty-five other odes which Mr. Untermeyer has set himself the stunt of interpreting, but however lowly a reader you may be, there are crumbs of pleasure to be had from such selections as that in which he treats "Integer Vitae" familiarly, in the mode of Franklin P. Adams.

Poems, 1908-1919. By John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Second Book of Modern Verse. By Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Pursuit of Happiness, and Other Poems. By Benjamin R. C. Lowe. John Lane Co.

Blue Smoke. By Karle Wilson Baker. Yale University Press.

Sweden's Laureate. Selected Poems of Verner von Heidenstam. Translated from the Swedish with an introduction by Charles Wharton Stork. Yale University Press.

The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. George H. Doran Company.

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. Illustrated by Edmund Dulac. George H. Doran Company.

Profiles From China. By Eunice Tietjens. Alfred A. Knopf.

Body and Raiment. By Eunice Tietjens. Alfred A. Knopf.

Shadowy Thresholds. By Cale Young Rice. The Century Co.

Reynard the Fox or The Ghost Heath Run. By John Masefield. The Macmillan Co.

New Voices. By Marguerite Wilkinson. The Macmillan Co.

Sixteen Dead Men and Other Poems of Easter Week. By Dora Sigerson Shorter. Mitchell Kennerley.

Life's Minstrel. A Book of Verse. By Daniel Henderson. E. P. Dutton and Co.

Hearts Awake. By Amelia Josephine Burr. George H. Doran Company.

Coloured Stars. Edited by E. Powys Mathers. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Rudyard Kipling's Verse: Inclusive Edition, 1885-1918. Doubleday Page and Co.

Slams of Life. By J. P. McEvoy. P. F. Volland Co.

McAroni Ballads. By T. A. Daly. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

Buddy Ballads. Songs of the A. E. F. By Berton Braley. George H. Doran Company.

The Sons of Maine. By John Chick Murray. The Four Seas Co.

Including Horace. By Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

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CHILDREN UNDER TEN AND THEIR BOOKS*

WE would by no means limit the reading of a given boy or girl to the books of this list or of any list of books for children. We would see to it that early connection is made with adult books, with histories, books of travel and exploration, natural histories, the sciences and the arts. Allowance must be made for a wide variation of taste among child readers, and for the capriciousness of childhood which frequently enjoys at a later period or under different circumstances the book rejected as "silly" or "not interesting".

The recently published letters of well-known authors concerning the books they read as children leave us with a stronger conviction than ever that the crucial point in any guidance of children's reading lies in having certain books at hand at the psychological moment. It is a fatal thing, especially in New England, to delay the first reading of "Alice" to the reasoning years. Old England has always known this and has stood by the sense of nonsense in her nurseries. When Hugh Walpole learned to read by reading "Alice in Wonderland", he was asserting the natural right of childhood to choose for itself among the books at hand. No one who has read "Jeremy" will regret that "Alice" rather than "Jonas" was his choice.

In response to many inquiries from parents, and out of a varied experience in the suggestion of children's books as gifts, we have arranged two lists of books in an approximate order of purchase for a child or a family of children under ten years old. Many of the books will be read to children long before they are able to read for themselves. Herein lies the real opportunity of the parent or teacher who knows how to read nonsense in verse or prose, and has faith in the power and beauty of the English of the Bible, the great poets, and of such writers as Bunyan, Defoe, Hawthorne, Stevenson, and Kipling. The selection of titles has been made with the idea of giving right of way to literature and good drawing during the most impressionable years of life.

*A supplement to the January article.

SOME FIRST BOOKS

THE FARMER'S BOY. *Illustrated in color with line drawings by Randolph Caldecott. Frederick Warne and Co.*
We have given this book in paper covers, as a first picture book to many children between the ages of one and three. Fifteen more indispensable titles of old nursery rhymes will be found on its cover. The sixteen books may be had in boards in two or in four volumes.

MOTHER GOOSE. *Illustrated in color by Kate Greenaway. Frederick Warne and Co.*
That Kate Greenaway was a child psychologist as well as an artist, every young mother who studies her drawings will discover for herself. Her "Marigold Garden", "Under the Window", "The Pied Piper", "A Apple Pie", and "A Day in a Child's Life" should not be allowed to stay out of print.

A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. *By Robert Louis Stevenson. Illustrated in black and white by Charles Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons.*
Kate Greenaway's child pictures and verses suggested to Stevenson the writing of his own verses for children.

SONGS OF INNOCENCE. *By William Blake. John Lane Co.*
"The most perfect expression of Blake's vision of life". Scudder.

THE BIG BOOK OF NURSERY RHYMES. *Edited by Walter C. Jerrold. Illustrated in color and in line drawing by Charles Robinson. E. P. Dutton and Co.*
This collection has been a favorite gift book for about fifteen years. It contains others verse than traditional Mother Goose melodies.

THE COMPLETE NONSENSE BOOK. *By Edward Lear. Edited by Lady Strachey, with an introduction by Lord Cromer. Duffield and Co.*
This edition contains "all the original pictures and verses together with new material". c. 1912.

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THE POSY RING, *a book of verse for children. Compiled by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Doubleday, Page and Co.*
We would add, with this collection, E. V. Lucas's "Book of Verses" in the more expensive of the two editions, published by Henry Holt and Co.

THE TALE OF PETER RABBIT. *By Beatrix Potter. Frederick Warne and Co.*
The "little book" makes a distinct appeal to many children and no one has understood this better than Beatrix Potter. Her "Tailor of Gloucester" is a Christmas story.

THE STORY OF THE THREE BEARS. *Illustrated in color and with line drawings by L. Leslie Brooke. Frederick Warne and Co.*
Leslie Brooke's "Three Bears", "Three Little Pigs", "Tom Thumb", his "Golden Goose", and his nursery rhymes are loved by children of all ages. The books are published in paper covers and in boards.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK. *By Horace E. Scudder. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Co.*
"A collection of the best and most famous stories and poems in the English language."

THE BIBLE FOR CHILDREN. *Arranged from the King James Version. The Century Co.*

THE FABLES OF ÆSOP. *Edited by Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated by Richard Heighway. The Macmillan Co.*

GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES. *Translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. J. B. Lippincott Co.*
There is a good edition of Grimm, edited by Lucy Crane, illustrated by Walter Crane, and published by the Macmillan Co.

ENGLISH FAIRY TALES. *Edited by Joseph Jacobs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.*
Joseph Jacobs was a born storyteller as well as a student of folk lore. His renderings are characterized by humor and idiomatic English.

JUST SO STORIES. *By Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by the author. Doubleday, Page and Co.*
The "juvenile edition", larger in size, is more attractive to young children.

A SHORT HISTORY OF DISCOVERY. *By Hendrik Willem Van Loon. Illustrated in color by the author. David McKay.*
"This little book is an historical appetizer. ...It merely says: Dear Children: History is the most fascinating and entertaining and instructive of arts."

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA. *By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Illustrated by Frederic Remington. Houghton Mifflin Co.*
The childhood of Hiawatha will be familiar to children long before this book, with its fine pictures of American Indian life, is added to their library.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST PICTURE BOOK. *Illustrated in color by Walter Crane. John Lane Co.*
While some young children are attracted by the strong color of the Walter Crane picture books, especially in paper covers, the sumptuous settings and costumes make a more definite appeal to children already familiar with fairy tales.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND. *By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by Sir John Tenniel. The Macmillan Co.*
"Through the Looking Glass" may be had in a separate volume or bound with "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland".

DAVID BLAIZE AND THE BLUE DOOR. *By E. F. Benson. George H. Doran Company.*
Like "Alice" this book is the story of a dream. The first chapter contains valuable information concerning imaginative boys under ten.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, AND OTHER TALES FROM THE OLD FRENCH. *Retold by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. Illustrated in color by Edmund Dulac. George H. Doran Company.*
There are two editions of this fine collection. The larger and more expensive one contains more illustrations.

SELECT FABLES FROM LA FONTAINE. *Adapted, and illustrated in color, by M. Boutet de Monvel. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.*

JOAN OF ARC. *Illustrated in color, by M. Boutet de Monvel. The Century Co.*
The English edition of this wonderful book has just come back into print.

THE BROWNIES, THEIR BOOK. *By Palmer Cox. The Century Co.*
Palmer Cox studied children's interests so faithfully that his drawings are as popular as ever.

THE CHICKEN WORLD. *By E. Boyd Smith. G. P. Putnam's Sons.*
Boyd Smith has done no better work than in this picture book which he made several years ago while living in France.

THE HAPPY HEART FAMILY. *By Virginia Gerson. Illustrated by the author. Duffield and Co.*
A nonsense story, printed for little children as arranged by the artist-author.

JANE, JOSEPH AND JOHN. *By Ralph Bergengren. Illustrated in color by Maurice E. Day. Atlantic Monthly Press.*
Ralph Bergengren's verses are modern but are childlike in spirit, a quality sustained by Maurice Day in his charming pictures of children at play.

SOME LATER BOOKS

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS. *Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Illustrated in color by Maxfield Parrish. Charles Scribner's Sons.*
A fuller selection of stories may be found in the collection edited by Frances Jenkins Olcott and published by Henry Holt and Co.

THE JUNGLE BOOK. *By Rudyard Kipling. The Century Co.*
The Second Jungle Book is published as a companion volume.

UNCLE REMUS; HIS SONGS AND HIS SAYINGS. *By Joel Chandler Harris. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. D. Appleton and Co.*
The age at which children enjoy "Uncle Remus" varies with their distance from the South.

RIP VAN WINKLE. *By Washington Irving. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Doubleday, Page and Co.*
Children should know this story before they are asked to read it as an assignment.

THE PETERKIN PAPERS. *By Lucretia P. Hale. Houghton Mifflin Co.*
The amusing adventures of a large family. We would like to add "The William Henry Letters" of Mrs. Diaz, but it is out of print.

PINOCCHIO, THE ADVENTURES OF A MARIONETTE. *By Carlo Lorenzini. Illustrated by Charles Copeland. Ginn and Co.*
The best known and most popular of Italian fairy tales. The illustrations of the Italian original are fascinating to boys of all ages.

THE ROSE AND THE RING. *By William Makepeace Thackeray, with illustrations by the author.*
Children who have seen Tony Sarg's marionettes made after Thackeray's drawings will read the book at an earlier age and with keen perception of its charm.

THE WONDER BOOK. *By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Illustrated by Walter Crane. Houghton Mifflin Co.*
"The Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood

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Tales" are included in the same volume in an edition illustrated by Maxfield Parrish.

THE HEROES. *By Charles Kingsley. The Macmillan Co.*
Kingsley's fine text is worthy of a new and attractive edition.

THE ODYSSEY. *Translated by S. H. Butcher and Andrew Lang. The Macmillan Co.*
The best version from which to read aloud. "The Children's Homer" by Padraic Colum combines the story of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" in a form more attractive to children.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. *By John Bunyan. Illustrated by the Brothers Rhead. The Century Co.*
The pictures accompanying this text invite more children to read "Pilgrim's Progress" than those of any other edition.

GOLDEN NUMBERS, A BOOK OF VERSE FOR YOUTH. *Compiled by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. Doubleday, Page and Co.*
"The Blue Poetry Book", edited by Andrew Lang and published by Longmans, Green and Co., contains many ballads and is one of the few collections in which "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" is to be found. Burton Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse for Young Folks", published by Henry Holt and Co., should also be given a place.

ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES. *Translated by Mrs. Edgar Lucas. E. P. Dutton and Co.*
The edition illustrated by T. C. and W. Robinson is the most attractive and satisfactory. There is a fine large edition translated by H. L. Braekstad, with illustrations by Hans Tegner and an introduction by Edmund Gosse, published by The Century Co.

IN THE DAYS OF GIANTS. *By Abbie Farwell Brown. Houghton Mifflin Co.*
The best introduction to Norse Myths for young readers.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF NILS. *By Selma Lagerlöf. Illustrated in color by Mary H. Frye. Doubleday, Page and Co.*
A dream story with Sweden for a background. Written for children nine years old by Sweden's greatest living novelist. Asbjörnsen's "Fairy Tales from the Far North" is unfortunately out of print in the English edition. It is one of the most valuable of all collections of fairy tales.

A LITTLE BOY LOST. *By W. H. Hudson. Alfred A. Knopf.*
A dream story with South America for its background. The kind of story that Hudson the naturalist felt he might have liked when a child. To be read aloud.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS. *By Jonathan Swift. Illustrated in color by Willy Pogany. The Macmillan Co.*
A preference is often expressed for the Cranford edition of Gulliver.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. *By Daniel Defoe. Illustrated by Louis and Frederick Rhead. Harper and Bros.*
No illustrated edition of "Robinson Crusoe" has yet realized the possibilities suggested by the text.

THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON. *By Johann David Wyss. Illustrated by Louis Rhead. Harper and Bros.*
There is no diminution in the popularity of the resourceful Swiss Family.

THE STORY OF ROLAND. *By James Baldwin. Charles Scribner's Sons.*
We would always read from "The Song of Roland".

THE MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD. *By Howard Pyle. Illustrated in black and white by the author. Charles Scribner's Sons.*
The best prose rendering of Robin Hood.

THE BOY'S KING ARTHUR. *Edited by Sidney Lanier. Illustrated in color by N. C. Wyeth. Charles Scribner's Sons.*
Howard Pyle's four large volumes may well be left to children over ten. The first and the last of the Pyle books are the best.

DON QUIXOTE OF THE MANCHA. *By Miguel de Cervantes-Saavedra. Retold by Judge Parry and illustrated by Walter Crane. John Lane Co.*
Many children need Spanish background for the enjoyment of "Don Quixote".

THE BLUE FAIRY BOOK. *Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green and Co.*
A favorite collection with children of all ages. The versions of Andrew Lang are not so easy to read aloud as some of the other collections.

THE WONDER CLOCK, OR FOUR AND TWENTY MARVELLOUS TALES. *Adapted by Howard Pyle. Illustrated in black and white by the author. Harper and Bros.*
"Pepper and Salt" in its stories and verses, as well as by its pictures, appeals to children a little earlier than does "The Wonder Clock". Both collections should be included in a children's library.

AT THE BACK OF THE NORTH WIND. *By George MacDonald. Illustrated by Jessie Willcox Smith. David McKay.*
"The Princess and the Goblin" and "The Princess and Curdie" are usually enjoyed by younger children than those who read of "Little Diamond" and "North Wind". Josephine Daskam Bacon's tribute to George MacDonald in "On Our Hill" places these books admirably in relation to other fairy tales read to three children under ten.

THE GOLDEN SPEARS. *By Edmund Leamy. Desmond Fitzgerald.*
This unusual collection of original Irish fairy tales is worthy of a setting more in keeping with its fine literary form.

GRANNY'S WONDERFUL CHAIR. *By Frances Browne. Illustrated by Katharine Pyle. E. P. Dutton and Co.*
The charm of these old stories told by a blind poet extends to the children of today.

JACKANAPES. *By Juliana Horatia Ewing. Illustrated by Randolph Caldecott. Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.*
No modern edition can replace the one in which Caldecott pictured Jackanapes on Lollo's back racing over Goose Green.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. *By Charles and Mary Lamb. Charles Scribner's Sons.*
Some children prefer Shakespeare at first hand, but for those who do not, no rendering has approached this classic.

BONAPARTE. *By Georges Montorgueil. Illustrated in color by Job. Brentano's.*
The universal interest aroused by this book and by the eight companion volumes of French history is indicative of what is needed in the presentation of history to children and young people. The books are all written by the same author, whose text has not been translated, but the striking feature of the books is their pictorial form. They are illustrated by different artists and are of the size of a small atlas with decorative colors. The books are unique in design and we suggest the purchase of at least one of them. We would add very early to a personal library for children, books illustrated by the best artists of Sweden, Russia, Holland, Japan, as well as of France. They are invaluable as a background for the folk tales, history, and geography of the countries.

ANNIE CARROLL MOORE

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in December in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
2.	The Box with Broken Seals	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
3.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY CO.
4.	Jeremy	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
5.	Sherry	*George Barr McCutcheon*	DODD, MEAD
6.	Mare Nostrum	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
2.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY CO.
3.	The Young Visiters	*Daisy Ashford*	DORAN
4.	Mare Nostrum	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
5.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
6.	Mary Olivier	*May Sinclair*	MACMILLAN

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY CO.
2.	The Young Visiters	*Daisy Ashford*	DORAN
3.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
4.	Jeremy	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN
5.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
6.	A Servant of Reality	*Phyllis Bottome*	CENTURY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY CO.
2.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
3.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
4.	Ramsey Milholland	*Booth Tarkington*	DOUBLEDAY
5.	Mare Nostrum	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
6.	The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN

WESTERN STATES

1.	The Young Visiters	*Daisy Ashford*	DORAN
2.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
3.	Dangerous Days	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
4.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY CO.
5.	The Tin Soldier	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
6.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	The Re-creation of Brian Kent	*Harold Bell Wright*	BOOK SUPPLY CO.
2.	The Lamp in the Desert	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
3.	The Young Visiters	*Daisy Ashford*	DORAN
4.	The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
5.	Mare Nostrum	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON
6.	Jeremy	*Hugh Walpole*	DORAN

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
2.	Theodore Roosevelt	*Wm. Roscoe Thayer*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
3.	Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
4.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
5.	A Labrador Doctor	*Wilfred T. Grenfell*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
6.	When Johnny Comes Marching Home	*Mildred Aldrich*	SMALL, MAYNARD

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
4.	Theodore Roosevelt	*Wm. Roscoe Thayer*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
5.	Analyzing Character	*Katherine M. Blackford*	ALDEN
6.	Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
2.	Theodore Roosevelt	*Wm. Roscoe Thayer*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
3.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
4.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
5.	Analyzing Character	*Katherine M. Blackford*	ALDEN
6.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
2.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
3.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
4.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
5.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
6.	Eminent Victorians	*Giles Strachey*	PUTNAM

WESTERN STATES

1.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
2.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
3.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
4.	Raymond	*Sir Oliver Lodge*	DORAN
5.	Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON
6.	Theodore Roosevelt	*Wm. Roscoe Thayer*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children	*Joseph Bucklin Bishop*	SCRIBNER
2.	The Education of Henry Adams	*Henry Adams*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
3.	Theodore Roosevelt	*Wm. Roscoe Thayer*	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN
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5.	The Seven Purposes	*Margaret Cameron*	HARPER
6.	Belgium	*Brand Whitlock*	APPLETON

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

THE Gossip Shop has just been reading a very interesting circular. A very interesting circular, indeed. In fact, a *most* interesting circular! This circular is in advertisement of two books, remarkable books, evidently. One of these books is (so the circular says) "a special book for women". As to that, however, we (though not feminine) think we should see this book ourselves. We think we *ought* to see it. We fear that something is about to be put over on us. This book is called "The Art of Pleasing Men". It was (so the circular says) "written by a woman who knows whereof she speaks". Also, "it will be found very interesting to any female, whether married or single, old or young". Here are a few of the subjects treated in the volume: Lady Beauty, The Girl Who Wins, The Girl Who Fails, The Wife Who is Loved, A Word of Warning, Some Unfailing Methods, Girls Whom Men Like, Secret of the Widow's Power. "Any woman" (the circular declares) "who cannot win a husband by the rules laid down in this book does not deserve one." Finally, it is said, the volume is *highly endorsed by ministers of the Gospel.*

A great many people, doubtless, who otherwise never would have heard of Paul Gauguin have been awakened to a lively interest in this French painter by the fact that the author of the much-discussed novel "The Moon and Sixpence" has moulded the character and career of Charles Strickland, its hero, upon the life and character of Gauguin. There now appears in an American edition a book called "Noa Noa", which is Gauguin's story of his sojourn on the island of Tahiti—the scene of the latter part of the novel. The volume is illustrated by numerous reproductions of paintings by Gauguin.

Gauguin stands with Cézanne and Van Gogh as one of the three dominant personalities who have broken new paths in modern art and have created new beauties. He was born in 1848, the son of a Breton father and a Creole mother. In his youth he was in the French merchant marine, and later became associated with a banking house. It was not until well in his thirties that he gave up his business, left his wife and family, and took to painting. In 1891 he finally broke away from Europe and civilization, and went to Tahiti where he took a wife and lived the primitive life of the natives.

Amid these surroundings, he found the beauty and peace for which he had so long sought, and for his art the decorative grandeur and expressive simplicity of primitive art, as well as a barbarous splendor of color and a unique archaic monumentality of design. In brief, he sought the soul of color and line, as the musician seeks the soul of a tone.

Interrupted only by a few visits to his native France, he continued to live in the South Seas until his death in 1903 on the island of Dominica, one of the Marquesas group.

Harper and Brothers recently announced the appointment of Thomas

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Bucklin Wells as editor-in-chief of "Harper's Magazine" and of Lee Foster Hartman as associate editor. The new editor of "Harper's" and his associate are both known to friends of the magazine through their many years of service under the distinguished editorship of the late Henry Mills Alden. An appreciation of Mr. Alden, by an old friend, James Lane Allen, appeared in the December number of THE BOOKMAN.

There is a lamentable mixup in the Sun Dial column of the New York "Sun" as to what Butler is which. Somebody not long ago wrote in to the "conductor" of the column remarking that he had heard one N. M. Butler mentioned as a nominee for our next President and assuming that this gentleman was one of that name who conducts a chain of grocery stores. Mr. Marquis seemed to be in some doubt as to this, and suggested that in all probability the Butler was the author of "Pigs is Pigs", and the sequel to that well-known work "The Way of All Flesh".

There has recently appeared on New York news-stands what boasts to be the smallest newspaper in the world. It is published by the United Neighborhood Houses of New York, located at 70 Fifth Avenue, and has as its object the awakening of public interest in community work. "Better Times", as the publication is called, is four by six inches in size and contains eight pages. It is an illustrated four-column sheet, and contains approximately three words to a line. It is made up exactly like a metropolitan daily, including—besides news on neighborhood-house activities — cartoons by well-known artists, editorials, a humorous column, and even sport news. George J. Hecht, formerly of the committee on public information, is editor. The associate editors are David S. Hanchett of the "Standard", Arthur Kellogg of the "Survey", and Kenneth D. Widdemer. Gordon Grant, official war department cartoonist, is art editor.

You know Oliver Herford's cat. We do not mean his real, live cat, but that design of an interwoven O and H, on a shield, which he uses as a monogram on the title-pages of his books, and also makes by hand as his signature in presentation copies of his works. Well, the other day, in the office of the Gossip Shop, he was inscribing a copy of "This Giddy Globe" for Berton Braley (who also was inscribing a copy of his "Buddy Ballads" for Mr. Herford). When he reached the place for his signature, Mr. Herford remarked: "Now for my cat-of-arms." Mr. Herford dated his inscription, "Wednesday, 1920."

Paul Adam, the novelist, died in Paris on January 2. He was born in Paris in 1862 and was an officer of the Legion of Honor.

Among the works of Mr. Adam is a series of novels in sequence, giving a history of the campaigns of Napoleon, the restoration and the government of Louis Philippe, the first of which, "La Force", was published in 1899. He was a leading French writer of the symbolist school, and took part in the Boulangist movement in 1889, having been an unsuccessful candidate for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. His first appearance in literature was in 1885, with "Chair Molle", which showed the influence of Zola. Five years later he favored a return to the idealistic novel, and his stories in-

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cluded "Robes Rouges", "Le Mystère des Foules", and "La Bataille d'Uhde".

Competitions for the year's best novel, the most educational and powerful play on American life, the best work on the history of the United States, and the best specimens of newspaper work, the prizes totalling more than $10,000, have been announced at Columbia University.

A jury chosen by the American Academy of Arts and Letters, selected from that body and from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, will make the awards in literature and newspaper work. A prize of $1,000 is offered for the best American novel, presenting the purest atmosphere and highest standard of manners and manhood.

For the best American play best representing the educational value and power of the stage, a prize of $1,000 is offered. For the best book on the history of the United States $2,000 is offered, and $1,000 is offered for a biography that teaches the most patriotic and unselfish services to the people, Washington and Abraham Lincoln to be excluded.

The administrative board and teaching staff of the school of journalism will assist in making awards on papers to be written on the future development and improvement of the school of journalism and on the history of services rendered by the American press for the preceding year, for each of which $1,000 will be awarded; for the best editorial and for the best example of a reporter's work during the year, the prizes for which will be $500 and $1,000 respectively.

The evangelical method was profitably employed with "Children's Book Week" in November. Probably this method will succeed with what is loosely called the "Midwinter Book Season".

Strong publishing, bookselling, and editorial forces are enlisted for the effort to advance common interests, in January and February. Usually these are dull months in book publishing and selling. While manufacturers and merchants in other lines keep nimbly after their trade, the bookseller makes leisurely examination of stock. And the publisher sits Janus-faced, between autumn and spring seasons.

The logic of division between publishing seasons is comparable to that of the famous Bourbon chorus,—

We're here because we're here....

What reason there was is no longer applicable. And drives of the sort noted here are signs of a healthful tendency. While the conventions of publishing—half-business and half-profession—still seem mandatory to the majority, in recent years those of progressive spirit have been increasingly disposed to ask if whatever is, is necessarily either right or profitable. The comparatively few books published in January and early February have prospered—when they were interesting. That is the great test. It is only in the competitive rush of Christmas shopping that books baldly inane are gobbled by the indiscriminate,—to whom anything with a price tag is a present.

The book publisher briskly advertises his wares in certain months. The typical bookseller plays at all times a passive rôle. On both sides the assumption that they deal with something periodic rather than perennial. Why the theory that there are seasons for bookselling,—as for melons, and strawberries, or straw

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hats? If less urgently required than bread and the movies, decent literature of any sort is in steady demand. And it would be more so, with persistently intelligent effort to reach its market.

Truth to tell, the venerable publishing business has still lusty growth ahead. When one reflects that two million circulation for our most famous weekly would mean less than one in fifty of the American population on its roll of subscribers; and that even a novel by our best selling authors reaches scarcely one per cent of possible readers in its sales of years,—we realize that publishing in general is an immature enterprise.

Certain inventions in photography may revolutionize the processes of publishing, and reduce books to the price zone of Woolworth wares. But it is the present we deal with. And promotion of the enterprise described as a "Midwinter Book Season". Inducement to such endeavor is unusual. Owing to recent labor difficulties, to a short supply of paper stock, and other factors operating as blocks between author and reader, many books scheduled for autumn are still held in press or bindery. The interests of writer, publisher, bookseller, and reader, of all concerned, require clearing of the way for the normal output of spring.

Poster space, advertising space, even editorial space, will be devoted to a good cause. Possibly department stores handling books as a novelty in the holiday season, will continue that counter. Every day should be book day. Now is an excellent time to start such a movement.

Berton Braley, whose work, we take it, is far too well known for him to require an introduction to any of the readers of this magazine, has placed the following interesting discourse at the disposal of the editor of THE BOOKMAN:

"No reasonable person excoriates army beef because it isn't filet aux truffles. It isn't intended to be filet aux truffles. It is simply solid, nourishing sustenance for hearty men, and the most meticulous epicure would realize that he made himself ridiculous by expecting it to resemble anything else.

"So it is not legitimate criticism to rail at army beef for lacking the daintiness and savor of filet aux truffles. But it is perfectly legitimate criticism to grumble at army beef which is stale, unsustaining, and unfit for soldiers to eat—which in other words fails of its function of good army beef. Tastes in army beef may differ, but should the critic of the beef's quality object to it on the ground that it wasn't filet aux truffles, his fellow soldiers would undoubtedly point out with loud guffaws that it wasn't ice cream, either.

"Which brings me to my muttons—or my beef, if you prefer. The point I want to make is that when an author presents a book—of verses let us say—which is offered as good army beef, it is not fair to condemn it for not being filet aux truffles, steak châteaubriand, or any other more pretentious dish on the carte de jour.

"To follow out the metaphor, he is both the packer and the cook of his metrical ration, and has intended it to be solid and nourishing substance for hearty men and women too.

"If the readers and the book reviewers who pass upon the product, believe otherwise and say so, that is legitimate criticism. The author may desire to bring them to his point of view with a meat axe, but he can recognize that they are entitled to their own

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definition of quality in army beef. It is also perfectly reasonable and logical criticism to say, 'I don't like army beef, I prefer steak aux truffles'; or 'I don't like this kind of verse, I prefer something more delicate and spiritual.' That is a matter of taste about which there is no use arguing. What I (and here this essay becomes personal) do object to—and what I, as a writer, have had to bear for ten years or more—is the supercilious criticism of literary editors and book reviewers who read my bill of fare, and then complain because what was set down as round steak—to shift the simile a little—doesn't taste like caviare.

"Perhaps this method of comparing verse to food is too tangible and gross to suit fastidious minds. So, having, as I hope, made my attitude clear, I'll leave it. But I don't intend, quite yet, to leave the subject of the particular style of literary criticism which evokes this protest. For I know I am by no means alone in enduring it. I am only a member of a company which numbers many names at which I doff my hat. Kipling has flung a mighty javelin at critics of this sort in 'The Conundrum of the Workshops', wherein he said:

When the flush of a new born sun first fell on
Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under a tree and
scratched with a stick in the mold,
And the first rude sketch that the world had
seen was joy to his mighty heart
Till the devil whispered behind the leaves,
"It's pretty, but is it Art?"

"Cartoonists innumerable, great and little, have been sneered at by art critics because their cartoons were not beautiful pictures, though the test of a cartoon is not its technical drawing but its effectiveness and power; humorists have been flayed because their efforts were not couched in more dignified form—though the humor would have vanished if they were; journalists have been castigated for writing journalese when anything else would have been not only impossible but devoid of application and purpose. Yet the test of an author, an illustrator, a musician, in any given instance is whether he has done well what he has tried to do—not whether he fails in producing an effect or creating something he never intended or pretended to do. Yet the critics who draw rapier or flourish bludgeon at short-story writers for not being novelists, and humorists for not being essayists, and comic strip-makers for not making etchings, and versifiers for not inditing introspective poems, are as frequent as the 'Leaves of Grass' they usually swear by. Against such as these I am tilting herewith.

"It is true that men like Walt Mason, James W. Foley, Arthur Guiterman, Franklin P. Adams, and other popular versifiers—the 'popular' always slung with a sneer by the type of literary critic I am protesting against—make money out of verse. But is there anything damning in that? Is Byron any less of a poet because he made money, or Milton any more of a poet because he did not? I can't see it. If the reviewers who dismiss with a superior smile the contemporary verse writers I have mentioned would read them a little more thoroughly, they might discover that each of these men writes the thing that is in him as honestly and well as he can,—which is mighty well,—that he knows what he wants to say and says it as he wants to say it, and that when, not infrequently, he strikes a 'higher note', he strikes it with a sincerity and a clarity that put to shame the fogginess and crypticality of many a poet who has confined himself so exclusively to great thoughts that he has neglected

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to learn the basic technique of his craft. That the product of the popular versifiers is marketable, simply means that the public likes what they do, not that they have commercialized themselves to do what the public likes.

"Because I have been sometimes listed in the category of such writers as these, I am taking up the cudgels for them and for myself. They don't really need any such defense; they have their audience, far more inclusive and catholic than most critics can either understand or command. But somehow I have the feeling that what I am setting down here is something that ought to be said for reasons of sheer common sense and justice. I am not making an apology, but an attack.

"Humorous verse, topical verse, verse de société—each has its definite place in literature, and the honest critical attitude toward it should be—is it good of its kind? Whatever verse of this nature I have written—and I've written a lot of it—has been as good as I could make it. If the reviewer considers it is not good of its kind, I may quarrel with his opinion but I cannot quarrel with his critical attitude. But when he patronizingly remarks, 'These are facile jingles but they are not poetry', he stirs me to red revolt. There is about as much sense in that sort of comment as in condemning a pocket knife because it isn't a surgeon's scalpel.

"I have written for trade journals, house organs, advertising calendars,—and in each bit I have done for such mediums I have sought to give that particular public a finer appreciation of their work in the world. Most of it hasn't been poetry—but the spirit behind it has been sincere. And in work like this as in the work that reaches a larger public, I have never 'written down' to anybody. I have respect enough for the 'common herd' to believe that a man's best is low enough down for the least of men. After all, 'the mob' includes you and me and Charles Elliot Norton, when we ride in the trolley cars.

"If one brings a little more clean laughter, a little more honest sentiment, a little more keen zest to living, and joy of the job into ordinary people's hearts by his rhymes I think that gives him a literary reason for existing. And if now and then he does something like a poem, he can be glad to take any credit he deserves for it—which isn't much; because while writing verse is a trade that can be learned, writing poetry is a combination of the grace of God and the toil of the artist. If he is a good craftsman the grace of God will be translated into singing lines more easily and simply, but he cannot filch all the credit from that mysterious spirit, influence, or diety which creates inspiration.

"If one must choose between what measure of popular approval he succeeds in obtaining, and the cachet of the critics, he'll take the popular verdict if he is wise; but he can be frank in saying—as every author in his heart feels—that he'd like both.

"But, failing that, I repeat, reiterate, and reassert that a writer is entitled to praise or censure for the thing he has tried to do, not for a something he never planned or claimed. Let the critic judge army beef as army beef, not as filet aux truffles."

The Gossip Shop makes no comment whatever. It does not undertake to dispute the assertion. Nor does it proclaim the fact. It simply quotes from the review in the Springfield

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(Massachusetts) "Union" of the six months of THE BOOKMAN beginning in March and ending with August, 1919. This review concludes thus: "The notes on books and writers" (meaning the Gossip Shop) "are the envy of everyone who conducts a book page. They are of the right gossipy tone and, strange to say of book notes, they are of current interest." As used to be said of another stimulant, "that's all".

The author of the two recently published books "Broome Street Straws" and "Peeps at People" was exceedingly put out by the printers' strike in New York last fall, as these volumes which were to appear early in October were held up until shortly before Christmas. At about the time of the height of his fuming and fretting he happened to glance into a catalogue of first editions, rare books, and so forth, just issued by a dealer in a neighboring city (catalogue doubtless made up some time late in the summer). And here he came upon—listed as "very scarce"—first editions of "Broome Street Straws" and "Peeps at People".

In Chicago there is an association called the Order of Bookfellows. Among other activities, it publishes books, handsomely made. A volume just announced in the Bookfellow Series is "In Praise of Stevenson", a poetical anthology, edited with introduction and notes by Vincent Starrett. The Order of Bookfellows has recently become richer by the following members: Hugh Walpole, Clayton Hamilton, John Drinkwater, George Bronson Howard, and Arthur Machen.

In Hornblow's "History of the Theatre in America" the author tells the following anecdote:

The first Joseph Jefferson on his arrival in America at once won fame in old men rôles. He also made himself generally useful, playing on occasion one of the witches in "Macbeth", and even helping to paint the scenery. A kind-hearted old lady watched him one evening bent over and tottering about on the stage, and determined to help remove such an old person from the stage by raising a subscription to enable him to spend his last days in comfort. The next morning she went to consult the management about her plan, even bringing a list of well-known names which she had procured as probable subscribers, with her own at the head. But Jefferson himself, lively and young, happened to pass at that moment. He was stopped and introduced to his would-be benefactress, who, astounded and confused, and realizing the joke was distinctly on her, made a hasty departure.

James Huneker's two-volume autobiography which he calls "Steeplejack" and which was to have been out last fall but was delayed by the printers' strike in New York, is now announced for February publication. The book will be reviewed for THE BOOKMAN by Benjamin De Casseres. In February will appear, too, a new volume of stories and sketches by John Galsworthy to be called "Tatterdemalion". The most recent letter received from Mr. Galsworthy by his American publishers was from Spain, where he has been taking a vacation previous to the production of a new play in London in the early spring.

We take the following item from "M. A. B.":

A London publisher has recently received the following touching communication from Minieh (Egypt):

Sir,—Please send me your list of books (medical and others) as I am going to deal with you since many here estimate your truth and gentleness.—I remain, yours,

———— (doctor).

An inscription written by Booth Tarkington in a copy of "Ramsey Milholland" which he recently presented to Henry C. Quinby, offers insight

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into the author's personal feeling about this latest of his novels. The inscription was copied, with Mr. Quinby's permission, by a friend. Here is what it says:

This (Ramsey Milholland) seemed to me to be the "average young fellow" I saw turning into a soldier in Indiana in 1917—the boy who "got in" at the first. Perhaps I was too anxious not to let it be seen how much I felt about him, for I find that many readers think I meant to be "funny".

(Signed) Booth Tarkington.

James Branch Cabell has an interesting comment on the word *domnei* which he lately used (in his review of "Linda Condon" in the January BOOKMAN) in the following sentence: "Nowhere has Joseph Hergesheimer found an arena more nicely suited to the exercise of his most exquisite powers than in this modern tale of *domnei*—of the worship of woman's beauty ...as a symbol...a thing to be revered...." Mr. Cabell says:

Certainly *domnei* is a rare word, not, I believe in any English dictionary: but it has no synonym and its meaning is, I think, explained, in the following, by the context:

"The complication of opinions and ideas, of affections and habits, which prompted the chevalier to devote himself to the service of a lady, and by which he strove to prove to her his love, and to merit hers in return, was expressed, in the language of the Troubadours, by a single word, by the word *domnei*, a derivation of *domna*, which may be regarded as an alteration of the Latin *domina*, lady, mistress."—*History of Provençal Poetry, by C. C. Fauriel, Adler's translation, page 330.*

"In and after 1876, when I was in the habit of walking from the north-west of London towards Whitehall, I met several times, driven slowly homewards, a victoria which contained a strange pair in whose appearance I took a violent interest. The man, prematurely ageing, was hirsute, rugged, satyr-like, gazing vivaciously to left and right; this was George Henry Lewes. His companion was a large, thick-set, sybil, dreamy and immobile, whose massive features, somewhat grim when seen in profile, were incongruously bordered by a hat, always in the height of the Paris fashion, which in those days commonly included an immense ostrich feather; this was George Eliot. The contrast between the solemnity of the face and the frivolity of the head-gear had something pathetic and provincial about it."

Thus does Edmund Gosse open his paper on George Eliot in the first number of the new English magazine, "The London Mercury" (November, 1919), edited by J. C. Squire. The table of contents includes the names of: Thomas Hardy, Rupert Brooke, Siegfried Sassoon, Laurence Binyon, Walter de la Mare, Robert Nichols, Robert Lynd, Alice Meynell, and the editor. Mr. Squire, by the way, will shortly begin a series of contributions to THE BOOKMAN.

A new translation of "Aphrodite", by Pierre Louys, has been printed in a limited edition of 1,500 copies "for private circulation only". The book is issued for subscribers only by the Society of Irish Folk-Lore (all roads apparently, lead to Erin), and is for sale only through the New York publishers who are the Society's agents. The present translation is based upon the second French edition (1900) which contains several additions to the original text. All the work of this translation has been done under the direction of T. R. Smith.

It seems that a copy of "The Laughing Willow", one of Oliver Herford's books published last spring, was on board the ship which brought President Wilson back from Paris, and found its way into his hands. When

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the President landed in Boston, in a famous speech he referred to "that very delightful wit and artist, Oliver Herford", and quoted freely from "The Laughing Willow". Mr. Herford apparently pleased by this presidential appreciation, has dedicated his new book, "This Giddy Globe", to President Wilson with this touching tribute, "With all his faults, he quotes me still".

"This Giddy Globe" was one of the best books of the holiday season, being held up until within a few days of Christmas by the printers' strike.

An advertisement in the first number of the new English magazine, "The London Mercury", says: "'Land and Water' makes a serious attempt to supply well-written fiction and, particularly, to revive the lost art of short-story writing." There should be some schools, or something, to teach the lost art of short-story writing. People, we think, would like to read a little of that sort of thing.

Constance Lindsay Skinner, poet, novelist, and historian, comes of illustrious literary lineage. Sir David Lindsay, the famous historian and poet of the sixteenth century, was one of her ancestors, as was Lady Anne Lindsay, author of "Auld Robin Gray" and other well-known Scotch ballads. One of the family, Margaret Lindsay, was a noted Scottish historian. Cyriac Skinner, from whom Miss Skinner is descended on her father's side, was a pupil of Milton, and to him the poet affectionately dedicated two of his sonnets. Charles Reade was a second cousin. Miss Skinner is the author of two volumes, "Pioneers of the Old Southwest" and "Adventurers of Oregon", in "The Chronicles of America" series.

Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, famous insanity expert, and author of "Recollections of an Alienist", died on November 24, in his seventy-second year. Dr. Hamilton was a grandson of Alexander Hamilton. Standing at the head of his own profession, he came into close contact with many prominent men both here and abroad, and was personally associated, either as expert witness or adviser, with many of the famous insanity trials of recent years. In "Recollections of an Alienist" Dr. Hamilton relates his experiences through a long life of interest, not lacking in excitement, in connection with his study of the diseases of the mind. His experiences were not by any means confined to the courtroom and were sometimes attended with great danger.

"I cannot help thinking that the occasional reading of bad books affords a most salutary exercise in patience and restraint," remarks a writer in an English journal.

It is announced that by arrangement with the author and his Paris publishers, an English version of the volume by Maurice Berger, entitled "La Nouvelle Allemagne", will shortly be ready in an American edition, or in an imported English edition, we can't make out from the announcement which.

"Tom" Daly's new book of verse, "McAroni Ballads", recently issued by a New York publishing house, is dedicated "to the memory of Joyce Kilmer".

We reprint Percy MacKaye's preface to his new folk-opera, in three acts:

In the making of this opera, for the first time an American dramatist and an American

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composer have been directly commissioned by producers of opera to write and compose a work for production on the operatic stage.

Early in the present year, Mr. Cleofonte Campanini of the Chicago Opera Association made definite arrangements with Mr. Reginald de Koven and myself in regard to "Rip Van Winkle" and its production in Chicago, New York and elsewhere during the season of 1919-1920. During the next few months I wrote the text of the opera here published, for which Mr. de Koven had completed composing the music by the first part of July. The choice and treatment of subject were my own, and entire freedom, of course, was given for the execution of the text and music.

The legend of Rip Van Winkle, under various names and guises, is one very old and well-nigh universal, having its modified versions as widely scattered as Japan and central Africa. One version, familiar to the Hartz Mountains in Europe, the story-telling genius of Washington Irving translated to our own Catskills, interpenetrating it with characteristics of our early Dutch settlers and legendary memories of the adventurous sea-captain who discovered the Hudson river. This tale of Washington Irving's was popularized even more widely by the acting genius of Joseph Jefferson, who has told in the Preface of the published play "Rip Van Winkle" how the early dramatization of the story by himself was amplified by the dramatist Dion Boucicault and others into the play which he acted for nearly two generations.

In devising this opera, then, I have felt the same liberty as my predecessors to develop the ancient legend in accordance with the nature and needs of the new work in hand: and so the reader, or spectator, who may compare this work with the story of Washington Irving or the play acted by Joseph Jefferson, will discover more differences than resemblances. The differences have developed mainly from the consideration that I was writing—not a story or a play, but an opera; and this constant consideration has resulted in the two main contributions of mine which modify the old legend—the creation of a new character Peterkee, and the introduction of a new element in the plot—the Magic Flask.

These, however, though I may analyze them here in a preface as differences, have never in my mind been consciously set apart (but, rather, have directly sprung) from that initial wonder of feeling which the images of Rip and Hendrick Hudson—and the echoes of summer thunder in the mountains—have never ceased to stir in me since the early, absolute belief of my childhood.

One of the lyrics follows:

THE BROOK MERMAID

Long ago, by a mountain brook,
All under the witch-hazel cover,
A maiden bride sat down forsook,
Lamenting on her lover:
"My false truelove he's gone for ay
And took our wedding plum-cake all away!"

So, she laid off her bridal dress,
All under the witch-hazel flowers,
And drowned her lonely nakedness
In the wild brook's foaming bowers,
Where little fishes, clad in mail,
Clothed her in silver fins and golden tail.

There, when summer has warmed the stream,
With rod of the witch-hazel sapling
A fisherboy still seeks her gleam
Among the brook-trout dappling,
And baits some plum-cake on his string
In token of her truelove's sorrowing.

"The unsolved riddle of Social Justice", by Stephen Leacock, is a discussion of the new social unrest, the transformation of society which it portends, and the social catastrophes which it might precipitate.

According to the "Mercure de France" D'Annunzio has now relinquished his literary career. To his friends he has declared his intention of writing nothing further except for patriotic purposes. He is deaf to the pleas of Italian and foreign editors, and refuses to entertain a proposal that he write for publication in America an account of his Fiume expedition. Moreover, he has lost interest in his literary work and has broken off relations with his former publishers.

Doubtless it is not generally known in this country that Jacinto Benavente, the Spanish playwright, whose second volume of plays recently appeared, is a close student of the work of the Educational Alliance of New York. The Children's Theatre, which he established in Madrid in 1911, was modeled directly upon the work of the Alliance, and he wrote the fairy play "The Prince Who Learned Everything Out of Books" to provide the children

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of that city with entertainment of the sort enjoyed by the children of our East Side.

Agnes Repplier has written a biography of J. William White, M.D. Dr. White was known as a leader in many fields outside of his profession. The intimate friend of Sargent and Abbey and Henry James, he was almost as well known in London as in his native Philadelphia.

An amusing incident concerning Maurice Maeterlinck is that although Mr. Maeterlinck lives near Nice and has had innumerable opportunities to gamble at Monte Carlo, he had never visited the Casino until the past summer. He played and he lost. When his friends commiserated him on his ill luck he shrugged his shoulders and said: "No matter, I will write an essay on gambling and that will recompense me." Maeterlinck's American publishers, in announcing his new book of essays, state that one of the chapters is called "On Gambling"—proof that the author made good his promise.

In a spirit of thoroughgoing optimism in regard to 1920 as a "book year", Sir Ernest Hodder Williams, president of the London publishing firm of Hodder & Stoughton and vice president of the George H. Doran Company here, recently came to New York for a visit, his first in over five years. Before the war Sir Ernest considered a trip to the United States and to Canada, where he has many friends, a regular event of the season, but from the beginning of the war he has devoted all his energies to national activities.

The coming twelvemonth will be, Sir Ernest feels, "the biggest year ever" in the reading of books. In an interview in the New York "Times" he explained the growth of the "reading public" in England and offered some forecasts for the immediate future:

> I think the war has multiplied the number of readers in England by at least five times, and of course the war and wartime conditions have had a great effect upon the reading of the period upon which we are entering. I should sum up, however, by saying that I do not so much feel any one predominant tendency in literature and reading as I do the enormous increase in the numbers, and the advance in the taste of the reading public as a whole.
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> The first effect of the war upon reading is directly traceable to the dark nights. The dark nights closed down every social diversion. Then, too, the men in hospital, the wounded, learned the pleasures of reading, many of them for the first time. And in the trenches men learned it, too. The three things the boys always wanted sent to them were cigarettes, Keating's powder, and books.
>
> Undoubtedly, that will be permanent. In England now, if you go into a cottage where in former years you never expected to see a book, you see two or three at least—cheap editions of novels, often better books, too. And there is another reason for that, too. During the hard and terrible years of the war, people read fiction to "get away" from all that was hard and terrible in their own lives and in the world about them. Now, in these times that follow the war, people are reading in order to "get away" from the drabness of everyday existence.

Generally speaking, Sir Ernest expressed himself as unable to forecast "tendencies" in literature. But he pointed out that the taste of the reading public has both widened and improved.

"There is a tremendous interest, in England, in American books," he said. "Another thing I want to say about taste, and reading, at the present time is that it is my firm conviction that any book that deals sincerely with real life, that is a first-rate book, is bound to succeed."

Sir Ernest also pointed out the extent to which English books have replaced German editions on the continent.

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"We are selling tremendous numbers of art books abroad," he said. "Books in English, published in England, are in great demand on the continent. They have replaced both the German art books and the Tauchnitz editions."

During a recent printers' strike in Paris, the newspaper publishers combined in printing a single paper, which represented them all.

An entertaining sketch of Victorien Sardou is given, in a recent number of "Les Annales", by Marguerite Moreno of the Comédie-Française. Concerning the playwright's direction of his productions, the writer states:

> The slightest detail attracted his attention. He gave as much care to the grouping of the ballet dancers as to the posture of a star. He inspected the costumes, from wig to boot; had the actors repeat ten times an entrance, an exit, the slightest motion; corrected inflections, demonstrated gestures, ran, bounded,—and ended by playing all the rôles. I can still see him, his velvet tam askew, standing on a table which represented a funeral pile, pressing to his heart a sandwich (which he had been on the point of eating when the idea of a new piece of stage business had occurred to him), and enacting like a perfect comedian the death of his heroine.

During the past thirty-nine years, there have been published five separate volumes of poems by Robert Underwood Johnson. Now is announced a complete, definitive edition of Mr. Johnson's poetic works, entitled "Collected Poems, 1881-1919". This volume, representing five books in one, contains all the author's poems formerly published and certain new ones —notably "The Only Doll in the Valley", "Visions of Italy", and "Listen to Yo' Gyarden Angel". The poet, formerly editor of the Century Magazine, is now permanent secretary of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, and director of the Hall of Fame, besides being closely identified with various other national literary movements. His services have been recognized by honorary degrees from several of our leading colleges, and he has been decorated by France, Italy, and Belgium.

LeRoy Jeffers, who contributes to this number of THE BOOKMAN the paper on "Books of the Desert and the Mountains", is secretary of the Bureau of Associated Mountaineering Clubs of North America; librarian of the American Alpine Club; and a member of the Explorers Club, English, French, and Canadian Alpine Clubs, and other organizations.

In "L'Histoire d'une Collaboration: Dumas et Maquet", Gustave Simon tells the story of the part played by Auguste Maquet in the writing of the novels of Dumas the elder. The following is one of many incidents cited by the author to demonstrate how considerable was the contribution of this collaborator:

One day, when "The Count of Monte Cristo" was running serially in "Débats", the manuscript was lost and Maquet was obliged to rewrite it. The same accident befell "The Viscount of Bragelonne", published in the "Siècle". On that occasion, the original manuscript was found the following day; and it was then discovered that in Maquet's version not more than thirty words in five hundred lines differed from the text of Dumas.

The writer who calls himself Sax Rohmer, the author of "Dope", "The Fu-Manchu Stories", and a forthcoming novel, "The Golden Scorpion", was born in Athlone, Ireland, about thirty-six years ago. His real name is Arthur Sarsfield Ward.

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